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October '79

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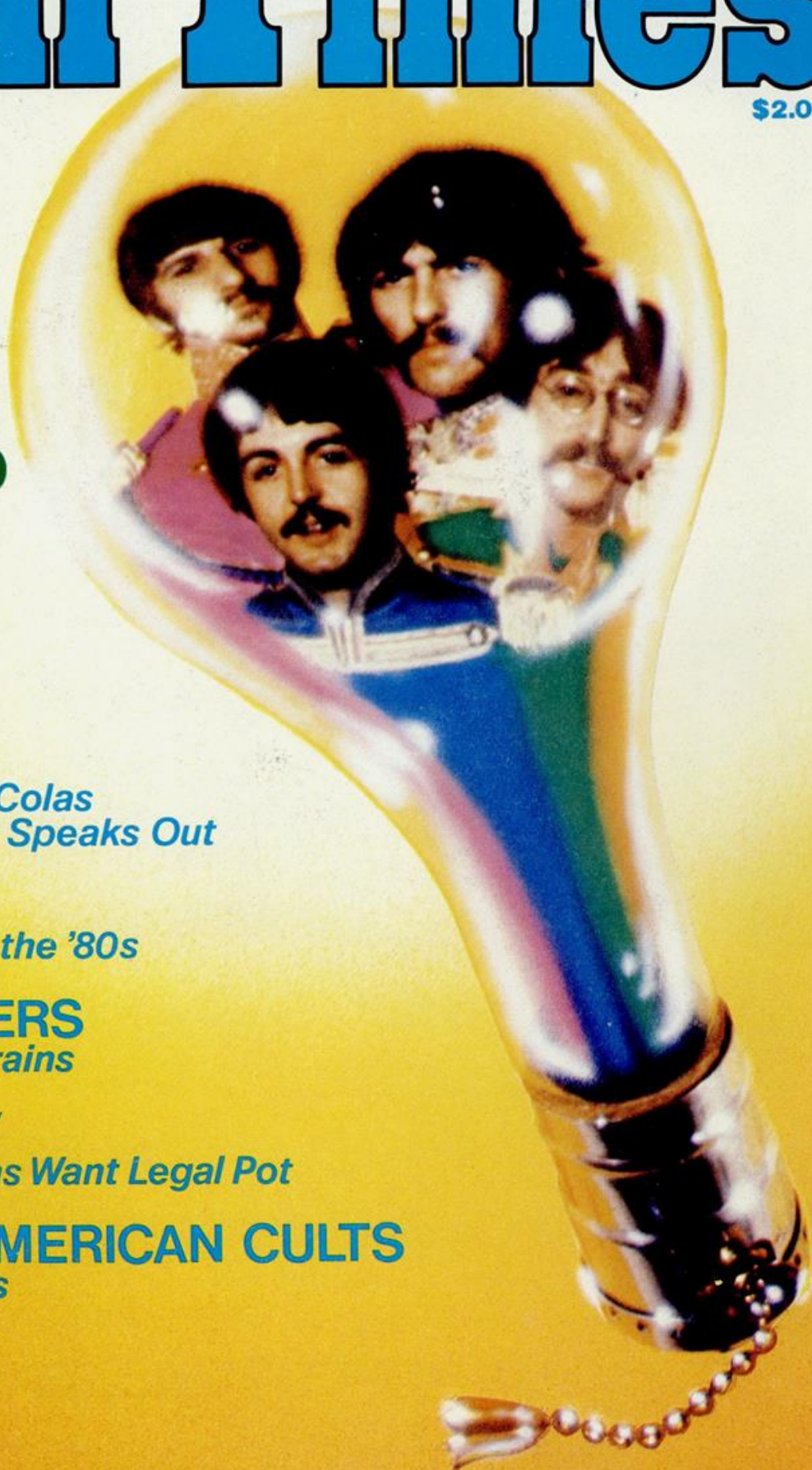
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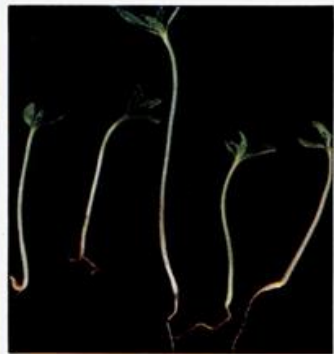
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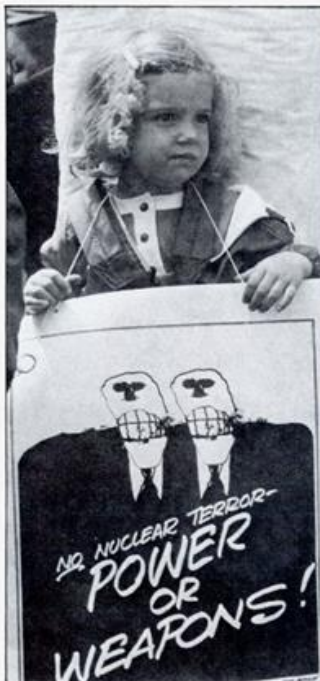
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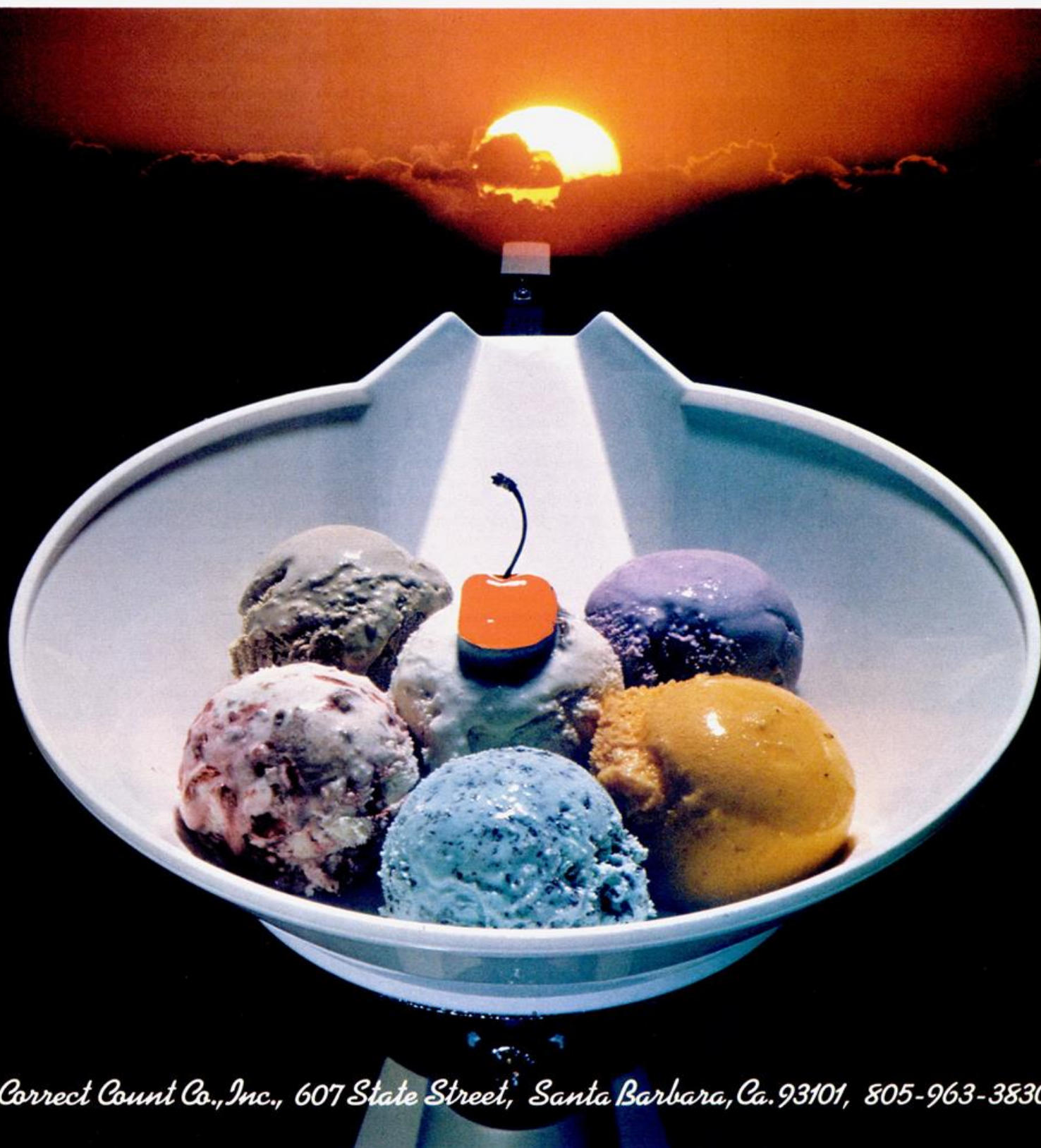
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Opinion



METRIC-SYSTEM FASCISM

Give 'em an inch
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"Ninety-five percent of all Americans believe ..." Who cares what they believe or what they prefer? They'll get what's coming to them. There's a need for nukes, and metrication is a must, because powerful interests demand them, and what's good for transnational finance is good for the USA. So if people want to moan about radiation or march against metrics, let them. They are wasting their time. The issues have already been decided, and there's nothing anyone can do to change things.

Or is there?

This "Opinion" is against metrication—violently, intemperately but quite reasonably so—and for human measures, standards and values, for humane civilization.

The antimetric and antinuclear movements raise an interesting question. To what extent can popular movements change the course of events predetermined by authority? The survival of the world depends on how this question is answered. If the Thing, as William Cobbett well named it, can't be stopped, then the train has already left, destination 1984. No obscurities intended. The plain truth is that human interests, and terrestrial life itself, are threatened by the power-engrossing Thing, controlled by who knows what, which is programmed for total world domination. Either we can derail it or it is already too late and nothing can arrest its progress to universal holocaust.

Who are the Thing busters? Where is the crusade? How does one join? Well, there are plenty of good causes around—No Nukes, Save the Whale, etc.—but the crucial cause on which the success of all the others depends is Cosmological Revolution. That means a complete change in the "official" view of the world, which programs the education system and underlies all institutions of government, science and economics. "The spread of nuclear energy and the metric system are all one as far as we are concerned," says honest, long-serving cause backer Stewart Brand. He's right. Both are expressions of a lingering 19th-century malaise about the urge toward centralist control and worship of technology. At one time there was idealism behind it. People thought that science, having unlocked all of nature's secrets, would bring in a new golden age with a perfectly functioning society based on perfect knowledge of the universal mechanism. Now that technology is captured and manipulated by forces that appear inimicable to human survival, that dream has become a nightmare. So ... Cosmological Revolution, a new world view with human values and the requirements of human nature at the center of things, and revival of the humane, stabilizing old philosophical tenet that the human individual is the microcosm of all creation and measures the universe by human standards.

We measure, therefore, by the foot, as free people always have done, and by the inch, the width of a craftsman's thumb. For the convenience of market traders we have 16 ounces to the pound, far more practical than the decimally divided kilogram. Unlike the abstract, meaningless units of the metric system, our traditional measures relate us to the world we were designed to inhabit rather than to the iron-gray world of bureaucratic tyranny.

Finally, an illustration of the ruthless cunning of the opposition. How was poor President Ford tricked into signing the Metric Conversion Bill? A poll was taken among small businesspeople. Would they prefer metrication to be voluntary or made mandatory by law? The great majority was against compulsion, so President Ford was told that most Americans wanted voluntary metrication!

John Michell
—John Michell
Founder of the Anti-Metrication Board, London
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Letters

ERROL FLYNN REMEMBERED

Three cheers for Helen Lawrenson! Her delightful reminiscences [*High Times*, "Getting Stoned in the Haut Monde," June '79] of partying with fabled celebs of the '30s and '40s reminded me of an experience I had with Errol Flynn. Back in 1944, I was an assistant prop person on the set of Flynn's then-current film, *Objective Burma*. Flynn played a pilot, and one of his lines went, "We'll park this baby on a reef or a rock if we have to." But on the first take he said, "We'll park this baby on a reefer—" and broke out laughing. Then he called out to me on the set, "Hey, where's the reefer?" The whole crew started to laugh, and we lost a half hour's shooting time over it.

—Betty Carlson, Denver, Colo.

A MEAL FOR THE MIND

We're saying our blessings for those "really small" people in the Thai fields.



Sunday brunch just wouldn't be complete without real smoky links imported from Thailand.

—D.R.S., San Mateo, Ca.

WARNING TO COKE SMOKERS

Your article entitled "Lab Tests on 'Snow Lights' Disprove Notion of Cocaine Psychosis" [*High Times*, "Highwitness News," June '79] is a somewhat misleading account of my research as originally published in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* (March '78). Firstly, I did not administer cocaine to the subjects. Rather, street users, who were self-administering their own supplies of cocaine, were brought in for examination and study. Secondly, this study, which found that some chronic users perceive geometric visual hallucinations, does not disprove the notion of cocaine psychosis.

None of the subjects studied who had "snow light" hallucinations manifested any abnormal personality profiles, thinking disorders or dysphoria—all symptoms that usually accompany cocaine psychosis. However, that does not mean that cocaine psychosis is a myth, as your article states as the conclusion of my

study. It only implies that cocaine psychosis did not occur with the development of hallucinations. That may be due to insufficient dosage or duration.

Indeed, recent studies in Peru have reported that smoking large amounts of cocaine paste may very well lead to a maniclike euphoria, depressivelike dysphoria, or schizophreniclike paranoid psychosis. Intranasal users of street cocaine in this country do not seem to get enough cocaine into their systems to create these problems. But wait. Our studies have shown that over 10 percent of the intranasal users become regular smokers of cocaine free base, the substance that causes all the problems in Peru. We may be watching a relatively safe drug go up in smoke.

—Ronald K. Siegel, Ph.D., Los Angeles, Ca.

The editor responsible for that "snow lights" overextrapolation has been publicly humiliated and sent to the countryside for reeducation. We have reason to believe that Mr. Latimer was out of his gourd on illicit drugs when he wrote it.

—Ed.

FROM BOLIVIA WITH LOVE

If you're into pure Bolivian rock, it helps to be a personal friend of a governmental attaché who visits often. This gorgeous stuff is a pale yellow and purer than Ivory soap. A little of the real thing goes a long



way, and I always soothe the ol' membranes with a douche of iodized salt in lukewarm water after a few toots. Thank goodness for international cooperation!

—Name withheld, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MORE ON NBC'S REEFER MADNESS

In reference to Glenn O'Brien's rejoinder to that NBC "news" program "Reading, Writing and Reefer" [*High Times*, "Reading, Writing and Reefer Madness," May '79], I have to admit that smoking pot does indeed affect one's schoolwork. I was your average A-B student until I reached the tenth grade and began smok-

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Adviser



Coastal crop: amid the corn, a hairy spear of cannabis thrives in Delaware.

WEED KILLERS NO THREAT TO HIGH-CLASS DOPE

Q: These "Delaware Grown" plants were started in companion with feed corn. They reached heights of six feet and more. Had I planted them earlier than mid June, they would have been a lot taller. One thing that concerns me is that before my father plants his corn, he uses different herbicides for perennial weeds like nut sedge, lamb's-quarter and pigweed. He uses glyphosphates and 2,4-D and a couple other herbicides to eliminate these weeds.

I usually wait until the corn has reached a height of 8 to 12 inches before I plant my seeds. The homegrown pictured here turned out to be the best of my growing career, but I still feel concerned about the effects of those herbicides. Could they be harmful to my plants and me?

—The Bong League of Nations, Delaware

A: Not likely. If the herbicides fuck up the pot, they'll fuck up the corn, too. As long as your old man's cows stay healthy, you have nothing to worry about. One hint about cornfield growing: planting around old stone piles seems to give optimum results, maybe because of the minerals. But your green sweetie there is prime.

PEMOLINE MEMORY MIRACLE

Q: I've heard there's a drug called pemoline that can enhance your memory to near-photographic recall. But I don't remember how to get hold of any. Can you score it on the streets, or do you have to get a prescription for it?

—Don B., Piscataway, New Jersey

A: Beg your pardon, what's that again? Oh, pemoline! To score pemoline, you need only pretend to be a ten-year-old kid and act obnoxious enough in class at school to get the teacher thoroughly annoyed. Pemoline is merchandized as Cylert (an oxazolidine compound with stimulant properties similar to amphetamine) and supposedly cools out hyperkinetic schoolchildren. Among other things, it is said to deepen the little monsters' concentration and expand their powers of retention. Whether or not it really does anything to calm such children down is currently a matter of great controversy (putting little kids on pseudo speed in the first place is

somewhat bizarre, if you ask us), and the drug's "memory-enhancing" powers have been largely dismissed.

As for real memory-promoting agents, that's a toughie. It's actually impossible to measure a person's powers of recall, because they vary wildly from day to day. We've heard that the glaucoma drug physostigmine, which works curiously like grass in many ways, has impressed Stanford University researchers with its memory-enhancing properties; but since it's extracted from Calabar bean, one of the world's most poisonous plants, we don't counsel bringing up a backyard stand of it.

Dopers nervous about their memories might benefit from daily doses of lecithin, a health-food dietary supplement commonly used to promote digestion of B-complex vitamins. Lecithin raises the levels of the neurotransmitter hormone acetylcholine (ACh) in the brain; since ACh is known to promote alertness and retention, it's sure not gonna hurt to do it along with grass, which actually does modify your immediate short-term memory in an insignificant, transient and agreeable way. ☐

Open Letter to High Times Readers:

THE CREDIBILITY OF HIGH TIMES IS BEING THREATENED

The Paraphernalia Industry and High Times magazine grew out of a culture that reexamined the values of America and grew in response to the needs of a new lifestyle.

Both started as an alternative; and they were started by people who didn't think that "capitalism" had to mean "rip-off." People who had shared the Beatles, Woodstock, Vietnam and Kent State.

Recently some industry members have been selling products of questionable taste. Even High Times runs advertisements for some of these products.

We believe that those who sell these new products are becoming what we tried to get away from in the beginning. We believe that the ready availability of these products makes cheating much easier, and you, the consumer, end up paying \$100 for a gram of product worth a fraction of that amount. Just because these practices exist doesn't mean we have to stand for them.

The culture we've all come out of, industry and consumers alike, wouldn't tolerate abuses of power in the name of money in the past. We're standing up as advertisers to express our view that honesty and integrity require that ads for these products do not belong in our alternative media.

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CATALOG CHIC

by Scott Cohen

Catalogs are department stores to flip through at home. No one to meet; they are silent communicators. Some come in the mail and you can't stop them; others are exclusive and must be bought. The 1874 Montgomery Ward of Chicago mail-order catalog was the first issued. The early catalogs were for farmers and countryfolk who couldn't go to the city. Anything from underwear to tractors could be ordered by mail. In many houses the only two books were the Bible and the mail-order catalog. In outhouses they were used as toilet paper because there were so many pages. People still jerk off to the pop-up bras and crotchless panties in the Frederick's of Hollywood catalog. Most catalogs have pictures; some tell a story, usually beginning, "Isn't it amazing . . ." and ending, "and for only . . ." Others just have a number and a price. The following are among the best catalogs in the world:

NEIMAN-MARCUS DALLAS, TEXAS

The Neiman-Marcus catalog is the Sears, Roebuck for the rich—oil rich. The Christmas book, with its "ultimate gifts," is to catalogs what the Fontainebleau is to Miami Beach. For example, the "His and Her Gift" in the 1975 catalog was a saurian safari—for someone who always dreamed of going on a scientific expedition. You head a paleontological safari into Utah, where you are guaranteed to find an *Allosaurus* skeleton in realistic pose (sorry, no dogs allowed), to be placed, with your inscribed donor plaque, in the museum of your choice. Safari with one allosaur: \$29,995.

Another "ultimate gift" is the Gravy Train, the world's laziest Susan. A sterling and silver-plated HO-gauge electric train delivers gravy, salt and pepper, sugar, lemon and condiments. It also handles nuts, mints, olives, onions and sauces. The train is a replica of those used in lumbering and mining. The engine and four cars have their own velvet-lined cases for when the Gravy Train is not on duty. Cost: \$800.

SAKOWITZ HOUSTON, TEXAS

In an attempt to out-Neiman-Marcus Neiman-Marcus, the Sakowitz Christmas catalogs offer "Your Dream Come True." Dreams include: for the recluse, your own



The Sakowitz catalog offers a dinner party for 21—including guests like Neil Armstrong, Arthur Ashe, Dr. Joyce Brothers and Minnesota Fats—for \$94,125.

lighthouse, miles offshore on a 1.25-acre island in the Pacific Ocean, for \$750,000; for the oil tycoon, an offshore oil rig capable of drilling in 300 feet of water that sleeps a crew of 78 and comes with its own heliport, all for \$28,700,000; for the lazy writer, a library of leather-bound books, each bearing your name as author—one book costs \$43.75, ten books cost \$312.50, and a thousand, \$25,000; and, for those of you who want to be known by the company you keep, a dinner party for 21—including guests like Neil Armstrong, Arthur Ashe, F. Lee Bailey, Bruce Jenner, Dr. Joyce Brothers, Rosey Grier, Minnesota Fats and Sander Vanocur—can be arranged for \$94,125.

NUDIE'S RODEO TAILORS NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Nudie is the L.L. Bean of cowboy clothes. He has dressed all the famous cowboys and country-and-western stars over the past 30 years, including Roy Rogers, Buck Owens, Tom Mix, Tex Ritter, Hopalong Cassidy, John Wayne, Waylon Jennings and Tammy Wynette. Hank Williams was buried in a Nudie suit. Elvis Presley paid \$10,000 for his gold-lamé suit, for which Nudie boasted he rang up a \$9,500 profit.

There have been four Nudie catalogs, the most recent having been around since the '60s. The only things that have changed are the prices—they're now about 50 percent higher. Among the gaudiest outfits is

a magenta elastic shirt, pants with self-toned stardust appliqué and rhinestone fringe, and matching hat, tie and boots. Cost: about \$1,200.

Nudie's personal-favorite selection has colorfully embroidered butterflies and about 75 gross of rhinestones (there are 144 to a gross). The suit weighs 28 pounds and costs about \$7,000.

Also pictured in the catalog is Fritz Grossenbacker wearing a custom-made parade suit by Nudie (his horse is also wearing one); Johnny and Jonie Mosby, country music's Mr. & Mrs., wearing matching-styled suit and dress, embroidered with silver metallic thread and rhinestone outline; Clarence White of the Byrds in a custom Nudie suit; and Judy Lynn's fabulous rhinestone saddle.

Nudie drives the way he dresses. On the front cover of catalog number four is a picture of him standing on the rear bumper of his custom Granville convertible. The car's interior is lined with hand-tooled leather and features rodeo scenes. The dashboard is decorated with 150 silver dollars and the gas and brake pedals are covered with 40 silver dollars. A giant pair of bull horns is mounted on the front bumper. A six-shooter is rigged to shift gears when the trigger is pulled. Other six-shooters open doors. Two pistols mounted on chrome replace the front-seat armrests. One derringer replaces the emergency brake and another triggers the directional signals. The horn is replaced

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T.M.



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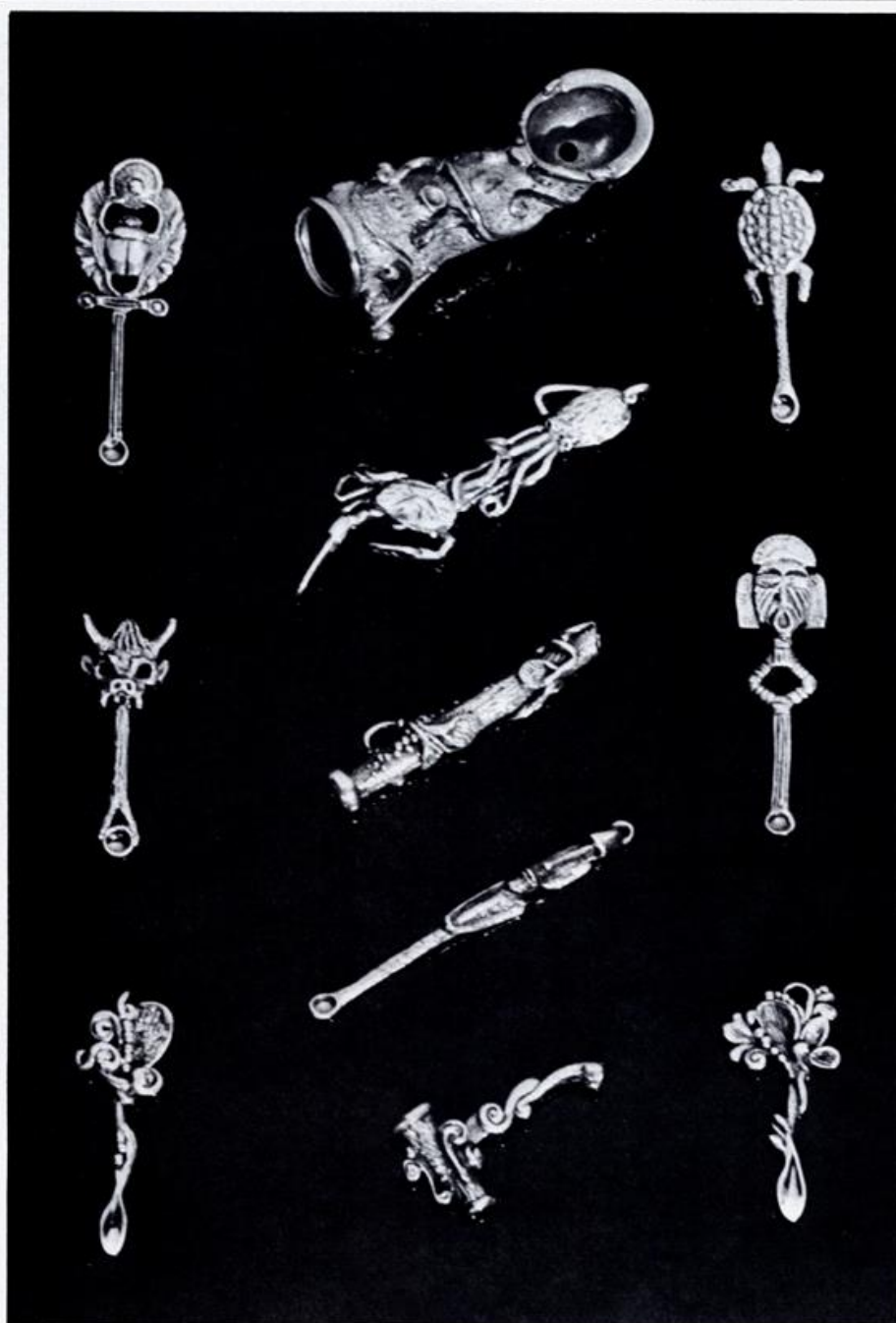
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In addition, care was given to make the pouch attractive and useful for polishing. If you want more information, or if you would like to send comments please write to us at:

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Cost: around \$30,000.

ADEL ROOSTEIN—MANNEQUINS LONDON—NEW YORK

Adel Roostein is the world's foremost mannequin maker. Her mannequins are in the best department stores. There are two new collections a year, and each year she adds to her collection of about 350 men, women and children mannequins. A catalog accompanies each collection. The catalog is usually eight fold-out pages, printed on both sides, with one in color. The color mannequins are dressed in current fashion and are placed in seductive poses. They are bigger than life. The mannequins on the flip side are naked and in equally seductive poses. The women mannequins all have belly buttons and nipples. They are made of fiberglass and look exactly like the real thing. Roostein mannequins were the first to include the imperfections of the model—thus, the naked mannequin of Twiggy looks almost exactly like Twiggy looks naked. The 1970 catalog shows the first mannequins with nipples, which Adel Roostein was asked by the American market to sandpaper off.

SUNSET HOUSE BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

This catalog is about the size of a TV Guide, and many of the items are the kind that are advertised on late-night TV. It is a veritable five-and-dime of mail-order shlock. The Button Attacher, which attaches a button without needle or thread, should go into a time capsule. Other spectacular items include:

Complexionette—Removes blackheads quickly and is designed for easy, one-hand operation. No one with a complexion should be without one. \$1.

Spray Screen Cleaner—Dead, caked-on flies rinse away at the touch of a button. \$1.99 per can.

Stump Remover—Don't dig, don't chop, don't blast to get rid of ugly tree stumps. Stump Remover removes them like magic with an amazing chemical that decomposes wood fiber down to the root. A must for anyone with a stump. \$159.

Bingo-Marker Dispenser—Eliminates bingo-marker mess. Simply touch automatic Marker Dispenser to bingo card and—presto!—the number is covered. Comes with 100 markers. \$1.99.

EDMUND SCIENTIFIC COMPANY BARRINGTON, NEW JERSEY

This well-known science-minded catalog, masterminded by Mr. Edmund, began with small and inexpensive sets of chipped lenses, offered to experimenters, 37 years ago. The catalog now offers 45,000 different bargain-priced and hard-to-find scientific items such as computers, lasers,

microscopes, telescopes and windmills. The Amazing Kreskin is a consultant, and he recommends: the Illusion—"It will leave you stunned"; Whirling Wonders—"They will fascinate you"; and the Emotion Meter—"Highly recommended." We recommend:

The Edmund Kirlian Electrophotography Kit—Actually photographs life-energy forces, such as those of a leaf. Might be the perfect way to test dope. \$49.95.

Bounty Hunter IB 300—Finds gold, silver, nickels, dimes and quarters at the beach, or any other place where they are often lost. It has a depth capability to eight feet, automatic speaker disconnect and battery check. \$231.50.

Myosone Muscle Monitor—Enables you to listen to your body relax, hear your muscles unwind. Also monitors tension headaches, backaches and other anxiety-related muscular discomforts. Comes with earphone jack for private monitoring. \$199.95. It is the perfect companion instrument to the Edmund Biosone II, which allows you to monitor your alpha and theta brain waves in the comfort of your kitchen. \$149.95.

The Whistle Switch—Whistles TV, lamps and motor-driven doors on and off while you sit back and relax. \$24.50.

THE YANKEE-BEAN CATALOG DENVER, COLORADO

The items in this relatively new catalog (first issued in 1976) are true miracles of mail-order madness. Many of the items, like the Popcorn Fork ("gets those bottom-of-the-box stragglers") and the Shur-Grip Sandwich Holder ("Kiss dropped sandwiches goodbye") are totally superfluous. Some of the more ingenious items are:

Disposable Typewriter—Puts an end to ribbon changes. Type up to 10,000 words—then throw it away. Great for hyper typers, secretaries, anyone who loves to type. \$19.95.

Dehydrated Watermelons—At last! Watermelons that are easy to carry and simple to store. Just add ordinary tap water and watch watermelons the size of lemons grow into eight-pound beauties in just seconds. Ideal for picnics and barbecues. Package of six, \$6.95.

You Got a Lot to Liver Cookbook—Over 105 recipes featuring this highly nutritious and inexpensive cut of meat, from liver turnovers to liver-butter-and-jelly sandwiches. Imagine the looks on your family's faces when you serve them liver meringue pie! \$10.99.

Sav-a-Krunch Cereal Spoon—More than just a spoon, this utensil makes soggy cereal a thing of the past. Simply squeeze the handle and the right amount of milk is released into the spoon. Every mouthful has that first-mouthful crunch. It will brighten up your breakfast for years to come. \$8.95. ■

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HT50A

BB-GUN WARS

by Eric Bookhardt

Down in Louisiana, in the wilderness around New Orleans, there are a number of freaks in their 20s and 30s who shoot at each other with BB guns on a regular basis. They are the BB-gun warriors, and if you did not know that it was only BBs in their guns, you might swear a tactical guerrilla unit had landed in the swamp country, because they look very for real. Of course it is all just for fun, a fantasy trip that lets people get outside and practice outwitting mock adversaries in the wilderness. For some it is a chance to practice strategy and game theory. For others it is a time to get some air, get loaded, and play.

Protective gear for the eyes and head is

Then there's Billy Gregory, onetime lead guitarist for the rock group It's a Beautiful Day on several of their albums. He quit the group to perform solo in New Orleans in clubs like the old Absinthe House (where the great English magician Aleister Crowley used to sit and sip absinthe and write, when he was not haunting the Storyville red-light district). Today, Gregory occupies a hulking ancient building on the outskirts of the French Quarter. On the ground level is a long room filled with gigantic battle maps—the war room of the general staff, the hard-core handful of strategy buffs who devise the ever-increasing variations on the possibilities of the game. Adjacent to the smoky, bare-lightbulb atmosphere of the war room at Billy Gregory's is a larger room where the armory of guns and helmets is stashed. An old Nazi uniform serves as a target for practice sessions; the insignia serve as bull's-eyes. Gregory,

heat combined with the protective gear and helmets make field operations too sweaty to bother with, a lot of time is spent in the war room devising new plays and possible scenarios on the maps. (These include such exotic climes as Germany, Russia, and Amite, Louisiana—a favored war zone because of its high dry ground and varied terrain.)

The BB guns themselves are frequently modified. Often the stocks are cut off to make the guns more compact and easier to handle in a quick-draw situation. And then there are the "double-barreled" BB guns—two Daisy lever-action guns clamped together. These provide "almost unlimited firepower"—because the lever guns hold a lot—but do not have to be fired at the same time. This prevents having to stop and reload in the middle of a skirmish. The pump-action BB rifles are also popular, because you can aim and fire

When a skirmish flares up, almost anything goes, short of actual violence or hand-to-hand combat. After three direct hits from a BB gun, you are "dead."

standard, required equipment; and because the games are scheduled for the cooler months of the year, there are usually enough layers of clothing to deflect the sting of a direct hit. But if the weather is on the warm side and the clothing is light, a hit on exposed or underprotected flesh can raise a neat little welt. These little red badges of courage may not hurt much, but they do lend an air of realism to the occasion.

Beyond the competitive aspects of the games, there is an enthusiasm among the hard-core players that the first Frisbee freaks must have felt, a sense of being the first to do something that is new and satisfying. They claim it has the excitement of hunting or football but without the actual violence. It is one of the appeals of the sport that it is fundamentally nonviolent; and it does not matter if you are big or little, male or female. On the field it is all the same. In fact, a sizable percentage of the players are women.

Jim Baldwin, Warlord of the New Orleans club, says the idea for the BB-gun wars came about in the early '70s when the excitement of the previous decade had ground to a halt, or at least a slow march, and "dope was plentiful and there wasn't much to do." Jim Baldwin has come to be regarded as the Warlord since he more or less designed the game by coming up with the first set of rules and guidelines for BB-gun warfare. The first skirmishes came about on his farm outside of town.

whose enthusiasm is almost fanatical, was initially an avid player of the board games of strategy (like Gettysburg, etc.). When he met up with Baldwin and the BB-gun freaks, they found that the BB-gun wars could be played much like field versions of the board games—with genuine tactical skill and marksmanship replacing the roll of the dice as the variable.

In this respect the BB war is democratic. There are few hard-and-fast rules, except as regards safety. Baldwin feels that the atmosphere is "almost too loose," at least from the point of view of the generals. But everyone gets to play the games in the ways that they enjoy the most. The chief function of the generals is to devise "scenarios"—the basis for the action of the campaign with regard to the opposing sides and the terrain or theater of operations. From there the opposing sides are organized into "fire teams" who go out on search-and-destroy missions, or silently wait in ambush.

When a skirmish flares up, almost anything goes, short of actual violence or hand-to-hand combat. After three direct hits from a BB gun, you are "dead" and must remain so for a fixed period of time that depends on the scenario. (The "dead" must quietly abide by the rules of "conduct when dead" and lay low in the "dead zone" until they are "reborn" in a later phase of the game.)

During the summers, when the tropic



Top left: In required protective gear, a fire team of BB-gun "safe, exciting" guerrilla war in the Louisiana swamps.

without having to lower the gun to recock. With the stock cut down, a pump-action BB gun can deliver a steady stream of firepower that can be directed almost like a semiautomatic pistol.

Another innovation is the BB machine gun. These are manufactured by a firm in Florida and initially were powered by Freon. But for the heavy-duty action seen by the New Orleans BB Gun Club, these too have been modified and are frequently powered by compressed air or nitrogen as well as Freon. (But the safety-conscious Warlord and generals have installed gauges on them to insure that the velocity does not exceed the power of an ordinary BB gun.)

A part from the BB gun itself, the other standard equipment of the BB-war-games player is the protective gear. This consists mainly of a baseball catcher's helmet covered with camouflage cloth and with a visor (sort of like a fencing mask) attached. A pair of gloves and some army-surplus fatigues and coverings completes the required equipment. The cost of all

this gear, including gun and helmet, usually comes in at under \$50 for the basics needed to play and maintain safety standards. The formula seems to work. Warlord Baldwin maintains that a sore toe he received while running through the woods is the worst injury that anyone has received so far. This is a point he stresses: "Sky diving, skin diving, or automobile racing are exciting sports, but they cost a lot and are dangerous. Other games like golf and tennis are fairly safe, but they are not as exciting . . ." The BB-gun warriors feel that they have found an alternative sport that is fairly safe and exciting and not too expensive.

The New Orleans group is not the only BB-gun club that has war games. There are other BB-gun war-games clubs in the surrounding areas, including a club known for its crack marksmen in rural St. Tammany Parish. The clubs have more or less similar rules, so games played between clubs occur with some frequency. And Baldwin has received inquiries from as far away as Iowa and Ohio.

Although the New Orleans BB Gun Club

is officially around five years old, it had operated in semisecrecy for a long time, partly because it looks so much like the real thing. Currently the club numbers about 40 members (with a hard core of about half that). The members wanted to avoid people getting uptight at the sight of their tactical guerrilla unit of freaks and crazies. (The U.S. government is concerned about Louisiana because it is the number-two energy-producing state and because it physically resembles Vietnam, making it ideal for saboteurs. The feds feel strongly enough about this to have anti-insurgency experts stationed in the area.) Not wanting to arouse unnecessary suspicions, the BB-gun clubs lay low until recent newspaper stories and an ABC News documentary blew their cover. Now they operate more openly.

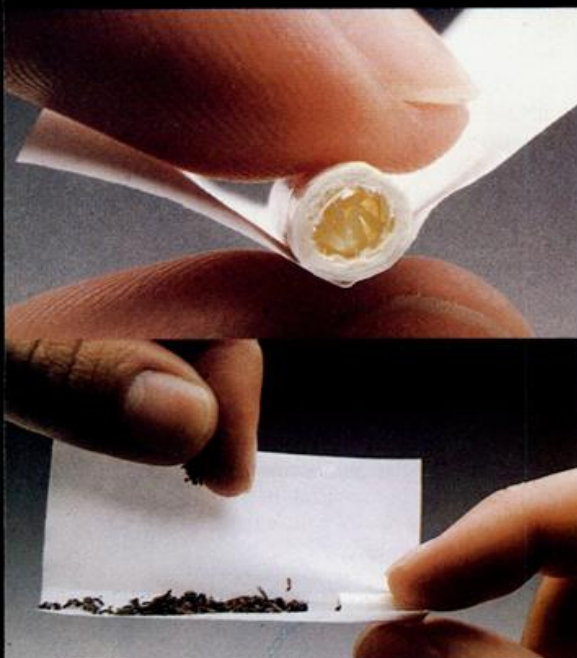
As for the future, the BB-gun warriors plan to continue much as they have in the past. Current plans include an active season this year, with some new innovations, most notably converting a Volkswagen sedan into a tank—a project the players describe as "exciting." ■



Photos by Sydney Byrd

warriors prepares for search-and-destroy operations. Bottom left: Players can choose from an arsenal including BB machine guns. Right: The ultimate game: a

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High Society



No-nuke boogie: New York's the Invaders shake, rattle and roll against nuclear power at RAR in Central Park.

The nuclear disaster at Three Mile Island has sparked a chain reaction from concerned rock 'n' rollers. The **No-Nukes Concerts**, a recent two-night benefit at New York's Madison Square Garden, netted megabucks for the antinuke movement with glowing performances by radical-chic rockers **Doobie Brothers**, **Jackson Browne**, **Bonnie Raitt**, **James Taylor**, **Carly Simon**, **John Hall** and **Graham Nash**. Meanwhile, New York new wavers **Joy Ryder** and **Avis Davis** are doing booming biz with their meltdown-hot single "No More Nukes" (\$2.50 to Monongo Records, 86 Thomas Street, New York, N.Y. 10013), and the **Invaders** are rocking with "I Married a Harrisburg Resident, My Baby Was Born Deformed, the Neighbors Would Talk But They're Dead."



Wayne (MC5) Kramer: ex-con cokie back on the streets.

Back in the '60s **Wayne Kramer** was a guitar hero in Detroit's legendary bad-boy band, the **MC5**. As the '70s rolled in, times became lean and ways to make ends meet in the Motor City moved into less than legal areas. Kramer's main mistake was to sell a quantity of cocaine to DEA undercover agents. This transaction resulted in a two-year enforced Lexington, Kentucky, vacation. All this is now in the past, however. Today Kramer is back on the streets; and he recently made an exploratory visit to London, where he played a series of dates with, among others, ex-Pink Fairy Larry Wallis. He also completed a deal with Radar Records, the home label of Elvis Costello and Nick Lowe.

Hollywood's latest fetish is mass murderer **David ("Son of Sam") Berkowitz**, who will soon be the most glamorized homicidal maniac since Tony Curtis portrayed Albert DeSalvo in *The Boston Strangler*. While Berkowitz's lawyers argue in court over who owns the movie rights to the happy-go-lucky Yonkers boychik, Neysa Moskowitz, mother of Sam victim Stacy Moskowitz, has set up Stacy Moskowitz Productions to prepare a flick about her daughter's slaughter, rumored to be titled *David and Stacy*.



Son of Sam hits silver screen.

Key West may never be the same again. For the past few months this haven of Hemingway, mutant sponges, sun freaks and every smuggler who ever hit South America has been the home away from home for **Dr. Hunter S. Thompson**. The good doctor left *High Times*' New York office on a cold day last winter, headed south, burrowed himself into a beachfront house, ordered a boxcar of bourbon, found a typewriter, and began his screenplay opus on the smugglers of the Caribbean. "Everyone wants to be in the movie," quipped the doc while washing dishes. In between soaking his body in some new methaqualone-based suntan oil and hunting for killer marlin off the coral reefs, Thompson has been hard at work and is already over budget.



Dr. Gonzo pens new smuggling epic.



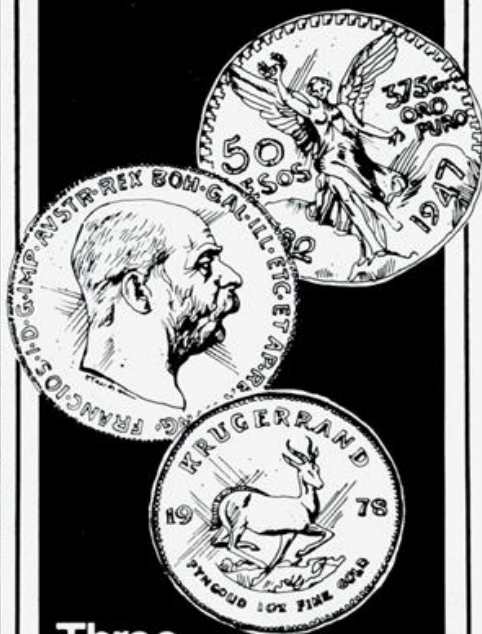
Fonda, Parton and Tomlin: secs for hire.

Hollywood's radical-lib firebrand **Jane Fonda** says she's going to team up with **Lily Tomlin** and **Dolly Parton** in a new comedy about secretaries who take over their office. Comments Jane about the project and political trends in general: "The new rising labor struggle is going to be around clerical workers—those millions and millions of women who aren't organized and who are angry. They're hard to organize, but they're there, this latent force. So we want a film that working-class people will definitely go to. It's really a knock-down, drag-out comedy, with a serious underbelly."



Shebo and Elda Stiletto sing an atomic disco rocker in new flick—*Feedback*, a smash in France.

Rock against Racism headliners the **Stilettoes** have gone international, recording the title track of filmmaker Bill Doukas's new flick, *Feedback*. "Feedback," the song, is described by Stilettoes drummer Shebo as "an atomic disco rocker that you can dance to." And *Feedback*, the movie, is currently playing to enthusiastic audiences in France, who reportedly have been bowled over by the contemporary American trash story of cops, robbers and cocaine. ■



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HIGHWITNESS

Oct. '79 No. 50

Big Top's Peron: "Marijuana Is the Bottom Line"

Frisco's Most Righteous Dealer Runs for Harvey Milk's Seat

For Dennis Peron it was a clear choice—either get turned into a permanent police victim or run for office. After taking ten dealing busts over the last three years, being shot in the leg by one narc and stomped over in spike-heeled shoes by another, Peron has set out to win the San Francisco Board of Supervisors seat vacated last year by the murder of Harvey Milk. In his dealing career, through his famous chain of Big Top Supermarkets, Peron estimates he sold grass, acid and psilocybin to "25,000 to 30,000 people." After his four-month dealing stretch last year—when most big ex-dealers would have been waiting fatalistically for the next inevitable police frame-up and imprisonment—Peron floated "Proposition W," a referendum that turned San Francisco into a free-smoking zone, with city cops technically forbidden to bust for grass. This gives him one hell of a local constituency.

"Marijuana is just the bottom line," emphasizes Peron, "just a symbol of something very wrong with our supposedly free society." In Peron's 1978 Big Top case, he graphically exposed the fundamentally cosmetic nature of grass decrim laws by using a "miracle ounce" defense: if it's legal to have less than an ounce on your person, yet illegal to either buy it or to grow it, then it's a "miracle" how it got into your baggie. Lid-quantity grass consumers, the fundamental generators of the grass trade, get away scot-free; yet people who move it in bulk get busted for "trafficking" in something it's legal to possess. This is absurd, but only on the face of it, Peron points out: by effectively permitting more than 50 million people in the U.S. to smoke dope, while selectively enforcing the laws against dealing, federal and local narcotics cops can potentially interfere with the lives of about a quarter of our population wherever and whenever they choose.

"The press tells us marijuana is big business," declares Peron. "What they don't tell us is that repression is also big business. Ten billion a year on selective enforcement of an archaic law. Ten billion per year to the murderous DEA, CIA and FBI running around the world with their mercenary army answerable to no one."

Peron, 32 years old, is a Vietnam vet with close ties throughout the Bay Area Chicano community, the counterculture, and soft-drugs trade. Peron says he first turned on while with the U.S. government: "I was in the



Thomas La Spina

Dennis Peron on S.F. law enforcement: "The D.A.'s great on grass prosecutions, but not so great when it comes to murder one."

air force, just a clerk, and they sent me to Vietnam and Thailand. I started smoking all that good weed, and that was that." Back in San Francisco, Peron and his people dealt strictly weed, acid and mushrooms, and have been largely responsible for keeping the big smack-and-gambling cartels from muscling in on the fun-dope trade. He was moved to try for Harvey Milk's seat by an incident last spring when a cop tried to bust a poster placer near his home on Castro Street, and the entire neighborhood turned out to grab the cop and carry him bodily out of their neighborhood. Just days later, when Dan White—the murderer of both Milk and Mayor George Moscone—pulled down a lousy five-year sentence from an all-heterosexual jury, the San Francisco counterculture, both gay and straight, rioted for two days. Peron himself was teargassed three times in the Dan White riots. Still nursing a sprained ankle from the riots when he declared for Milk's seat, Peron remarked, "The district attorney's office does great when it comes to marijuana, but not when it comes to murder one."

"I'm not a profiteer," Peron told a Berkeley

Barb editor in 1977, toward the end of his dealing career. "The money has always been funneled back into the community, into causes, into projects that promote organic lifestyles." And now, rather than go on with cops-and-robbers games, Dennis Peron wants to funnel himself back into the community, body and soul, as supervisor for the Fifth District of the City of San Francisco.

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Wolff Visits Colombia, Pledges More Dope-War \$\$



Speaking amid a bevy of House staff aides, the U.S. Congress's well-acquainted man-about-Bogotá, Rep. Lester Wolff, promises \$16 million to the Colombian military to wipe out dope and Reds.

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA—After his annual spring-time tour of La Guajira's picture-postcard marijuana belt, U.S. congressional dope honcho Lester Wolff junketed back to Bogotá to declare that both countries "are being exploited by a small or big group of traffickers who are making profits out of the Colombian marijuana cultivators and the American people."

Wolff's fatuous comparison of the Guajiran Indians with dope-taking U.S. college students and corporation execs, uttered at a press conference in the company of at least one known government *marimbero*, drew titters from radio and TV listeners around the land. Remarks from U.S. government biggies about the dope trade have become a dependable source of humor here, evoking even more

cynical merriment than do hypocritical Turbay administration stooges. Wolff's major punch line of the tour, though, was his response to a question about dope-money corruption in the Bogotá government. "My point of view and my conversations with the leaders of the Colombian government have convinced me," the U.S. dope stomper cunningly circumlocuted, "that there is not any difference between us on the dangers of corruption for both societies, yours and ours."

Wolff, chairman of the House of Representatives' Special Committee on the Control and Abuse of Drugs, visits Colombia frequently with an all-VIP entourage of other congresspersons and scores of staff men and women. This year the women on the committee staff were nearly as gorgeous as those who always

accompany the State Department's delegation; the Wolff committee has clearly learned how to score public-relations points with top Turbay henchmen, who have been surrounding themselves with ever more beautiful women as the *marimba* money seeps up to ever higher levels of the administration.

Thus, the assurance by Wolff and rising House dope stomper John La Falce that Colombia would soon be getting much more drug-enforcement money from the U.S. was the ultimate laugh getter hereabouts. Last spring, using only \$3.5 million in U.S. "aid," the Colombian military managed to extort nearly half the seasonal profits from the Guajiran dope mafias. The U.S.-financed dope war nearly succeeded in gaining total control of the fume traffic for military bigwigs, and when Wolff spoke of a possible \$16 million in drug-enforcement money next year from the U.S. Congress, many mouths watered at the Ministry of Defense. Such handsome funding could not only give the army total control over the northern grass and coke trades but could leave plenty for diversion into the ongoing military campaign against leftists and other "subversives" throughout the nation.

Congressman La Falce, obviously just newly introduced to the illimitable prospects of dope-money corruption, made much of the notion of hitting "the source of the drugs in order to intercept them and stop them from reaching the United States." Other Special Committee dope stompers this year included E. Kika de la Garza, Tennyson Cuyler, Charles Diggs, and John T. Meyers. The State Department contingent was headed by Edwin Cox, undersecretary of Narcotic Affairs.

Dust Busts Draw Tough Time in Virginia

BELTSVILLE, VIRGINIA—PCP dealers won't be getting the same deal in court as grass dealers anymore, Prince George County prosecutors and judges have determined. "There was admittedly a tendency in the courts in the past to treat PCP cases the same as marijuana, but that's all changing now," says Prince George state prosecutor Steve Orenstein. "I think we're seeing that more and more cases that might have been handled in district court before are now going to circuit court for harsher penalties, different treatment."

Virginia still legally classifies phenacyclidine, a veterinary trunk, as a mere "dangerous substance." Angel-dust busts have been spiraling, however, especially during last year's grass drought, when chemicals like PCP greatly replaced pot on the school-age black market. Because PCP is so easy to make, and sells at such an outrageous markup from lab costs, lots of grass dealers went into dust and stayed with it.

Phencyclidine "labs" (a toilet will suffice) have been discovered all around the county, with cops generally following their noses, or neighbors' stench complaints (PCP in the making reeks much like smoldering rubber, thanks to its basic ingredient, piperidine).

The crackdown on PCP has resulted in some conspicuously tough sentences for first and second dealing offenders, and the affirmation of these sentences in appeals courts has shocked dealers and their attorneys alike. Says Deputy State Attorney Timothy Clarke, "We had a woman who pleaded guilty of charges of conspiracy to sell PCP. She was seven months pregnant, but the judge revoked her bond and put her in jail."

Similar action against a pot defendant would have been nearly unthinkable, even in Virginia, and a recent spate of 13-year sentences to dust movers have been upheld on appeal. "We just believe that this kind of action has to make a difference that will be felt," Clarke declares. "If at a bond hearing the friends of the accused realize that he's going to jail because of the name of the drug he's associated with, that's bound to get around."

Dealers who would never think about dosing their own friends with PCP often have no qualms about unloading it on schoolkids as "THC," "angel dust," "Captain Crunch" or some other label confected to appeal to adolescents. "They move the drug because they know that from a \$125 investment they can get a \$35,000 profit," Clarke points out. "We suggest to them that it might, however, cost them a few years of their lives."



The Specter of Death was just one of the 70,000 or so protesters at the largest anti-nuke rally ever—Washington, D.C., May 6.

Customs Hit for Sloppy Bust

TAMPA, FLORIDA—"As a result of poor work on behalf of government agents, you're getting off lucky," a district court judge here told a coke mule whom he was letting off with five years' probation. Customs narcs had busted the man, a Filipino, aboard a banana boat, the *Atenas*, in Tampa, and threatened to keep his shore pay unless he tipped them to a coke stash on the boat, which he promptly did. At no point did they advise him of his rights against self-incrimination, though, so Judge Ben Krentzman effectively let him walk.

London Dope Parade Comes Off Without Violence

LONDON—The annual "Smokey Bears" smoke-in and march through London came off without a single bust this year, thanks in good measure to the efforts of the Legalise Cannabis Campaign (Britain's NORML) to achieve a dialogue with cops beforehand. Last year the entire assembly was busted on herb raps after being surrounded in Trafalgar Square by truncheon-wielding bobbies. Since then, though, four top inspectors on the Greater London narc squad were popped for pinching large amounts of cocaine from the evidence bin and retailing it to dealers. Chief Superintendent Fred Luff got through the scandal with an "unblemished police record," but since then the chief hasn't been giving grass cases much attention.

Also, this year the Trafalgar smoke-in was scheduled for the day of the Football Association Cup Final, the U.K.'s equivalent of the Super Bowl. Thus not only was it assured that nontaking violence heads would be home watching telly, but that the cops themselves would be largely distracted throughout the festivities, each having an ear plugged into a transistor radio.

So while the cops listened to Arsenal pulling off a thrill-packed sudden-death win, Trafalgar was a carnival of live rock, hash smoke, and folks from as far away as Neasden and Rome. An eight-foot joint labeled "Free the Weed" floated overhead from silver balloons, and spliffs and pipes floated around freely down below. Thoughtfully, the march's signal flare didn't go up till the Cup's final whistle, which pleased the police warmly.

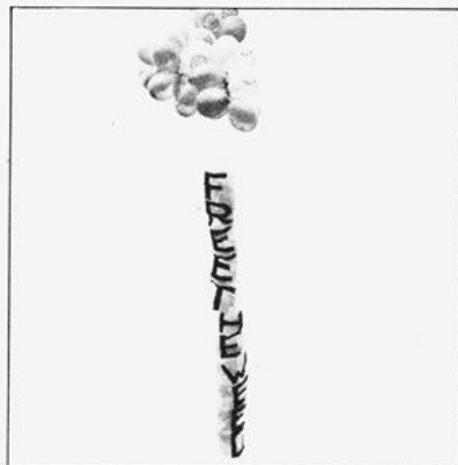
Along the march down High Street to the Westminster archbishop's palace at Lambeth, onlooker reaction was mainly enthusiastic. "Oh, it's about dope, is it?" inquired one bowler-and-weskit type, and promptly joined in with his rolled-up umbrella, Daily Telegraph and all. The '79 Trafalgar Smoke-In was, by any standards, a very mellow, laid-back affair.

And for this the cops must have been doubly grateful. Within hours, drunks in every condition from feisty exuberation to snarling disappointment were quarreling bloodily over the Cup Final in every pub in the land.

DEA Sees Talwin as Bogus Smack

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The painkiller Talwin will shortly come under tighter federal controls as the Food and Drug Administration is expected to succeed in redesignating it as a Schedule IV drug. According to the Drug Enforcement Administration, Talwin is frequently taken with Contac by people seeking an approximate heroin buzz. The antihistamine deepens and prolongs the analgesic's relaxing and euphoric effects, and DEA narcs speculate there is a possibility the combination might be addictive. They also say it might lead to "changes in behavior" and other drug-abuse syndromes.

Sterling Winthrop Laboratories, producers of Talwin, say they'll fight the move to reschedule, which would require that the company keep sales figures on Talwin and that Talwin scripts would be good for only six months or five refills.



London bobbies (above) last year felt obligated to protect the prime minister's residence from procannabis marchers. This year, most cops had one ear plugged into the World Cup finals and ignored the Smoke-In events, which included an eight-foot joint going up over the crowd amid clouds of dope smoke (below).

Pot-Decrim Terror Stampedes Arkansas Lawmakers

The Arkansas House of Representatives scared itself out of a year's growth last April by unanimously passing a bill that a state senator subsequently discovered might have legalized marijuana in Arkansas. Actually, the senator, Jim Holstead, was dead wrong, but his cries of horror were so vociferous that the Arkansas pot flap was front-page news as far away as Cali, Colombia, where the English-language Chronicle gravely mourned the manifest collapse of moral values in the Bible Belt.

Actually, the bill in question was intended to fortify the new, incredibly harsh penalties for grass in Arkansas. Last year the Little Rock legislature invented a whole new legal category specially for grass—Schedule VI—ordaining a \$100 fine and a year in jail for a first-possession conviction involving any quantity of weed, and exponentially escalating penalties for all succeeding busts. In their zeal to punish potheads, though, the Little Rock legislators forgot to remove grass from its Schedule I listing. So in her annual controlled-substances list submitted to the legislature for approval this year, the state director of Narcotics and Controlled Substances formally suggested that grass should be taken out of the Schedule I category. The bill, which was long and confusing, was routinely rubber-stamped by the legislature.

In the senate, though, Holstead evidently read just far enough to see that grass was being dropped from Schedule I, and he went into conniptions. Attempts by the state health department to explain the real import of the bill were insufficient to mollify the scandalized legislators, who promptly pumped out a vindictive new bill giving the state legislature—not the health department—total control over "all Schedule VI controlled substances"—that is, over grass.

This means that from now on Arkansas legislators will never have to expose themselves to any literature that might be put before them, by the health department or any other agency, that might challenge their loudly professed conviction that grass is as poisonous as strychnine and prompts its users to violence, lunacy and rejection of Christian moral values. This patent Catch-22 arrangement (reminiscent of much Arkansas legislation passed in the mid '50s, when the horrors of impending race integration were terrorizing many of these same solons) has been buttressed by their flat rejection of a NORML-sponsored suggestion that the Senate Judiciary Committee simply look into the scientific literature on grass. Now it seems the bill will almost certainly stay bottled up in the Senate Judiciary Rules Committee for at least two more years.

Tim Maylon

New Smack "Maintenance" Drug Drives Addicts to Heroin

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—Clients of two methadone-maintenance clinics here charge that they've been driven to using street heroin by clinic staffers testing out a new "opiate antagonist" drug on them. Called LAAM, the drug is an isomer of methadone that, according to bureaucrats at the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA), is supposed to quell withdrawal symptoms in heroin addicts for 72 hours at a stretch. However, "volunteers" for NIDA's LAAM testing programs at the West Los Angeles and Sepulveda Veterans' Association methadone centers here report that the drug only works for about 60 hours, leaving them acutely sick for 12 hours before they're allowed another dose. A typical client reports that when he asked for an early dose to alleviate his withdrawals, "they accused me of trying to get high, when in fact I had to use illegal narcotics just to stay well enough to function on LAAM."

Though only an isomer of methadone, LAAM is evidently being rushed into production under NIDA auspices as a replacement for methadone, which has been getting exceedingly bad press lately. The synthetic heroin, developed for Hitler's Third Reich by the I.G. Farben Company, was highly touted in the U.S. in the '50s and '60s as a "noneuphoriant" drug that addicts could take in place of heroin. Even after it emerged that methadone actually *does* produce a euphoria,

and is, moreover, so much more addictive than smack that its withdrawal symptoms can *kill* an addict, methadone maintenance programs proliferated apace. By disbursing the legal hypersmack through maintenance clinics, and by keeping the price of real smack at \$600 a gram, the government achieves strategic control over addicts.

The recent increase of methadone on the black market, though, has graphically disproven every theory that the drug is materially different from heroin in its "abuse potential." Officially, the government blames black-market methadone on clients peddling their take-home doses (though its manufacturer, Vitarine, has been cited by the feds for "losing" massive quantities of the dope, more than any take-home doses could account for). The official excuse for pushing LAAM production is its purported three-day-long effect, which, the feds speculate, should render take-home doses unnecessary.

LAAM (leva-alpha-acetyl-methadole) was first tested in the '50s as a painkiller, but because it took too long to take effect, no drug company took out a patent on it, and it remains in the public domain. So when the feds decided in 1972 to develop LAAM as a smack-maintenance drug, they had a hard time getting a company to do the research on it necessary for a New Drug application. After the army did the necessary animal research, NIDA awarded in 1974 a million-dollar cost-sharing contract to the new firm of Whysner & Associates of Washington. (Mr. Whysner himself had been a consultant with the government contract committee.) So far, Whysner & Associates has gotten \$3 million from the feds

for researching LAAM; they also get exclusive rights for eight years to all information that develops from LAAM research, effectively giving them a patent on the dope—assuming it ever goes into production.

The LAAM test programs at the West L.A. and Sepulveda methadone clinics are being carried out, in effect, to hasten the Whysner outfit's eventual New Drug application. Clinic clients (who pay for their methadone) are urged to join the LAAM program through posters and brochures. But they say that when they find themselves getting sick every three days and ask to resume methadone hits, they're commonly denied methadone for at least a month—contrary to the provisions of the LAAM-test consent forms. "I was lied to about the procedure for getting off the drug," charges a client who was called a "crybaby" when he asked to discontinue LAAM. "They told me I had to have lab work and a physical done before I could get out. They threatened me—I had to have it."

Interviewing L.A. methadone clients for *High Times*, correspondent Murray Kane was told by several of them that they'd had no choice but to score street smack, reds, Talwin or methadone to get through each LAAM dose. This would seem to totally invalidate any research results emerging from the \$3-million LAAM program. Many clients are charging clinic staffers with deceit and coercion, and the Institute for the Study of Medical Ethics has charged NIDA with violating the Nuremberg Code against performing medical experiments on humans—a postwar pact that the U.S. was careful never to sign.

Brit Drug Firm Thrives on "Evidence"

DAGENHAM, ENGLAND—The May and Baker pharmaceuticals firm here stands to make a 1,000 percent profit on 20 pounds of Pakistani opium, thanks to magistrate Charles Tumin of Willesden Crown Court in North London. Hertfordshire cops scored the O in a raid last October and busted two men for it; when Judge Tumin sent them up for eight years each, he directed the evidence to be sold to May and Baker for \$600. After subjecting

the O to what it calls "a costly process to produce morphine," May and Baker will collect \$6,000 for it from the National Health Service.

According to United Nations Narcotics Task Force estimates, a Chinese refiner in upland Burma could boil 20 pounds of O to crystal morphine in one afternoon with a tank of boiling water, a few quarts of ammonia and six yards of cloth.



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Anesthesia Mogul Buys Birthplace of Jonestown Cult

The California property on which Jim Jones started his People's Temple has been sold. It went for "in excess of one hundred thousand dollars" to John Paju, owner of Worldwide Anesthesia. According to the local newspaper, Worldwide Anesthesia is not a movement to put people to sleep. It "dispatches trained anesthetists to hospitals around the country."

• The people who run Walt Disney World in Orlando, Florida, are looking for more garbage. Disney World plans to build a generating plant that will burn garbage as fuel, but the furnace needs to burn a lot of garbage to run efficiently; Disney World's waste production of 40 to 45 tons a day just won't do the job, so the amusement park has asked surrounding Orange County to donate.

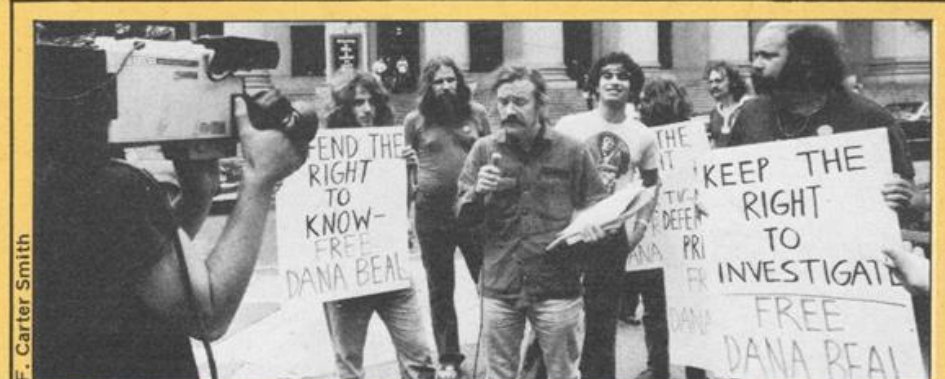
• A southern California couple have reportedly simmered to death in their overheated hot tub. Wesley and Helen La Rosa were found dead in their hot tub in Simi Valley. According to deputy coroner Margot Martin, the couple apparently relaxed in the tub, fell asleep, passed into comas and died of hypothermia (overheating) without awakening.

The water temperature in the La Rosas' hot tub was 110 degrees when they were found and had probably been higher hours earlier, according to investigators. An executive with the International Spa and Hot Tub Institute, meanwhile, said he was "shocked" by the deaths, adding that the water temperature was far too high to be safe.

• Stanford University researchers have come up with a first—they've programmed a computer to be paranoid. Artificial-intelligence expert Kenneth Colby says the computer was so convincing that it managed to fool a team of psychiatrists. In a recent test of the system, six psychiatrists conducted a series of interviews with a teletype machine. Each

shrink performed two interviews—one with a paranoid human and the other with the computer. When they were asked to name the real paranoid, half of the doctors blew it and picked the computer.

If you want a piece of rock history in your kitchen, a community group in San Francisco is selling cutting boards made from the old Fillmore West's dance floor. For \$25-\$30 you get a 10-by-14-inch chunk of laminated maple



Yippie journalist Dana Beal, indicted on a grass "conspiracy" rap in Nebraska, surrenders himself to the feds in New York after two months on the lam. Beal maintains that his knowledge of ties between the White House and big Georgia coke moguls is the reason for the indictment.

• The head of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission has issued a formal public apology to the nation's blind people because of remarks he made at the height of the Three Mile Island accident. During an NRC emergency discussion last March 30, Joseph Hendrie described the problem of obtaining accurate information about the mishap in this way: "It's like a couple of blind men staggering around making decisions." In a statement just released by his office, Hendrie says: "I am sincerely sorry for the statement. I certainly intended no disparagement of anyone with a sight impairment."

• The old Fillmore East will reopen as a disco sometime this fall. But what about the Fillmore West?

—and the money goes to an educational foundation for ghetto children.

• A New York psychologist says that strong religious beliefs are good for your sex life. New York University psychology professor Phillip Shaver recently surveyed 2,500 women to find out how religious beliefs affected their sex lives. He found that the women who believed strongly in religious doctrine or who firmly rejected religion were the most interested in sex.

The women who said they were "moderately" or "slightly" religious were the ones who reported a drop in their sexual drive. As a result of his survey, Shaver concluded that "people who are committed to an ideology have fewer psychosomatic problems."

Cops Lose Hundreds of Busts from Burn Setups

PORTLAND, OREGON—David Richardson, area chief for the Drug Enforcement Administration, has revealed that his agents rarely bust a suspected street speed merchant on the first buy, for fear of getting burned. The feds generally score only 10 to 20 pills or caps of purported speed on a first score, says Richardson; they run it through a lab to determine whether it's real amphetamine before they decide on further action. Sometimes the testing takes nearly two weeks. "It's frustrating, but that's something we haven't overcome yet," says

Richardson. "Until they develop a better field test where we can conduct a street analysis, we're stuck."

Feds and heads alike in the Northwest get burned regularly on speed deals these days. At least 40 over-the-counter drug companies produce nostrums cunningly disguised to look like true ups—caps that counterfeit Dexamyl, pills just like white crosses—and the rate of street deception is astronomic, according to the University of Oregon Drug Information Center at Eugene.

Police express deep frustration at this

growing "surreptitious trafficking in legal stimulants" such as caffeine, pseudoephedrine and phenylpropanolamine. Buy setups can cost hundreds, just in man-hours, and if the burn artist can't be prosecuted, the buy money is lost.

Four Gresham narcs last fall spent four days watching two would-be crank dealers from a motel room and moved in on what would have been a historic seizure—80,000 pills—if it hadn't turned out to be pure chalk. The would-be wholesalers were shocked, but they walked.

Maine's Three-Ounce Decrim Law Hasn't Altered Toker Stats

BANGOR, MAINE—Grass decriminalization has had little effect on statewide toking patterns, reports the Office of Alcoholism and Drug Abuse Prevention here. Before the 1977 decrim bill passed, nearly a quarter of all Maine residents over 13 had tried grass at least once, and some 130,000 were toking up at least once a month; in the last two years, these figures have increased less than 1 percent, despite the massive reduction of legal penalties for private possession.

The survey also showed that laws against grass, or the absence thereof, have no effect whatsoever on use or nonuse: of adults in

Maine who don't smoke dope, only 4 percent refrain because it's illegal, and only 1 percent of teenage nonsmokers are deterred by the law. People who don't smoke simply aren't interested in grass.

Sixty percent of Maine high-school students have tried pot, as have 70 percent of people aged 18 to 30. By sharp contrast, no one over the age of 60 reports ever having been near the stuff. Interestingly, 40 percent of people over 40—mostly nontokers—want the old, harsh pot penalties restored, while 60 percent of those under 30 want pot wholly legalized.

If anything, the Maine decrim law, which treats possession of up to three ounces as a traffic-ticket misdemeanor, has coincided with a statewide reduction in the volume of grass smoking. Nearly 50 percent of all pot-smoking adults have notably diminished their grass intake since the law was passed, perhaps reflecting an alleviation of social tensions associated with weed.

The Maine decrim update follows exactly patterns observed in California and Oregon decrim studies: no change at all in use or non-use statistics, and a slight reduction in toking volume.

Colombian Army Wipes Out Guajiran Dope Industry—Twice!!



UPI

Flyin' down a country road: Louisiana cops got seven tons and a million 'ludes off this baby.

RIOHACHA, COLOMBIA—The Colombian armed forces reports it has "confiscated" in one fell swoop 30,000 acres of standing grass, representing (by their estimation) 30,000 tons of cured primo Guajira dorado. The vast "oceans of marijuana" discovered by the soldiers were said by the Operation Fulminante propagandists to be "the biggest blow ever struck against the narcotraficante mafias" in history.

In fact, the army appears to have succeeded in entirely wiping out the entire Colombian pot industry—twice at one blow! According to the National Association of Financial Institutions (ANIF), which had just completed an in-depth, two-year study of Colombian *maracachafa* production, the country annually produces only 14,000 tons of grass in at least five different, widely separated areas.

According to the army mouthpieces, the "oceans of marijuana" are to be burned "for several days" at some future date. No site or time has officially been appointed for this incineration, and many South American contacts assure *High Times* that the entire confiscation will end up being consumed in millions of individual joints and bongs in the U.S. once the army has succeeded in solidifying its contacts with certain Caribbean transport services. "Thanks to the 3.5 million given to the government by the U.S. Congress last year for the Fulminante project," remarks one local *marimbero*, "the army has succeeded in 'nationalizing' the marijuana trade at this end."

• Colonel Saw Marvel, leader of the anti-

government Karen Liberation Army of north Burma, recently burned 700 acres of marijuana being tended for export by the forces of Gen. Let Ya of the antigovernment People's Liberation Army. General Ya, former defense chief under Premier U Nu before his ouster by current premier Ne Win, had been shipping reefer from the Tannier Mountains in Shan State Territory to the Khiri Khan coastal district for fishermen to transport to Singapore-bound junks.

• Broward County, Florida, deputies lost 15 tons of Colombian when their dope dog led them to a four-engine DC-6 sitting in a cow pasture, full of stems and seeds. But the mutt actually followed "an overwhelming odor of marijuana," as the cops called it, to a two-engine Aero Commander parked at nearby Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood Airport with one ton of fume in it, ready to take off.

• DEA narcs stopped a 28-year-old driver at a highway rest stop near Somerset, Pennsylvania, and turned up in his trunk 100 pounds of parsley sprayed with phencyclidine (PCP) portioned into separate one-ounce plastic packs of "killer weed." The mule had been under surveillance for three weeks when narcs had stopped him at an Atlanta airport with \$26,000 on his person. Since then he'd driven to Cincinnati, where he'd picked up the 100 pounds of weed, along with a quarter-ounce of coke and 90 hits of acid. He told cops his instructions had been to leave the car, with the angel dust inside it, at a motel on Route 40 near Baltimore.

• Marijuana bales were reported washing

ashore near the towns of Rodanthe and Salvo and in the Oregon Inlet on the North Carolina seacoast after the U.S. Coast Guard found the freighter *Friendship IV* anchored 60 miles off Cape Hatteras, disabled and leaking heavily. The 19 Colombian crew members—there were no officers or captain—told the Coast Guard they were out of Barranquilla, Colombia, though the boat had no registration papers. USCG intelligence said "marijuana residue" had been found in the hold, indicating that upward of 100 bales of grass may have been dumped when the boat ran into trouble. Only seven of the watertight, plastic-wrapped and taped bales were officially accounted for, though. The crew was deported back to Colombia.

• Narcs turned up 17 pounds of opium and 3 pounds of cocaine by an unlikely coincidence at the Alamo Plaza Hotel in Savannah, Georgia. Two seamen on a Bangladesh freighter were caught with eight pounds of sweet black O on board their ship at the Garden City Terminal, leading cops to nine more pounds in their rooms at the Alamo Plaza. There they noted a set of California plates on a guest's car and "routinely" ran the number through a federal computer, which turned up several dope priors on the car owner's record. They followed him and a companion to the Ocean Terminal, then nailed both men buying the coke from the second mate of the *Inca Pachacutec*, a Peruvian freighter moored there.

• Undercover RCMP narcs in Montreal, Canada, bought 91,000 caps of Valium and 4,600 meth tabs from local bikers, leading to a raid on the SS Motorcycle Club headquarters, which turned up 1,450 more meth caps, 180 grams of diethylpropion and three guns.

• Four isolated greenhouses in the Manataska Valley, Alaska, woods were raided by Palmer County cops, who harvested less than a half-ton of plants, with stems, branches and water weight included. Seven local men were charged with cultivation with intent to sell, though they responded by threatening to bring larceny charges against the officers. Each man claimed to be growing just enough for his private use. One defendant estimated, for example, that he had 11 plants in one "cooperative" greenhouse, representing an eventual net harvest of about two ounces of weed. "It's a long winter ahead of us," he pointed out. He added that he'd checked with the local cops before planting: "They told me as long as I didn't sell the marijuana they couldn't touch me."



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Panamanian freighter Nudruerkroom burns out of control 50 miles SE of New Orleans; the marijuana spill turned the Gulf bright green for miles around.

Wide World

Coke Movers Planned African Plantations

DETROIT, MICHIGAN—Six men, including a top rock-concert promoter, have been charged with moving some 700 pounds of coke per month into Detroit and Atlanta. A Detroit undercover cop worked 18 months to set up the busts. The guys supposedly had worked up a \$50 million line of credit in an Albuquerque bank and intended to use it to develop their own coca-shrub plantations somewhere in Africa.

- A rock promoter in Ventura, California, was holding five pounds of coke in his house when county cops showed up to serve him a parole-violation warrant, the cops say. The man was out on bail for harboring a fugitive in another dope case when the catchpoles came by and allegedly spotted the snort cached, along with 25 Thai sticks, in his closet and socks and on cookie sheets around his pad.

- Three kilos of blow were nipped in the home of a Chicago man in Miami, Florida, by Dade County deputies.

- Sixty kilos of pure Bolivian coke were seized by narcs at Simon Bolivar International Airport in Caracas, Venezuela. Two employees of the Colombian airline Avianca were arrested by the Venezuelan PTJ (the dreaded Juridical Technical Police), who also busted a Spanish national and a Venezuelan.

- Manhattan narcs hit 17 pounds of snort in an East 85th Street apartment, along with two Colombian men and a Miami woman.

- After six men and a woman were busted in Bridgeport, Connecticut, for possession of a pound of pure, reports emerged that the woman had been setting up deals over the office phone of her employer, probate judge Raymond Lyddy. She'd taken a job only six weeks before the busts as a legal secretary in



Top L.A. fed narc George Halperin is shown in possession of 26 pounds of toot. Somebody should've called the police!

Lyddy's private law office on State Street. Connecticut law prohibits the police from tapping the phones of lawyers, clergymen and doctors. After state and local cops raided her home and found the pound and weighing scales, Judge Lyddy indignantly denied reports she'd used this no-tap setup to deal out of his office, saying such rumors were "hurting my business and reputation."

- After all the passengers had debarked from a Braniff Lima-to-Washington flight, snoops at Dulles International Airport in D.C. ran a dope dog through the plane. It went crazy over two particular seats, so the women who had been sitting there were yanked out of the waiting area and strip-searched. The two, both Colombians from New York City, were muling 4.2 pounds of white lady.

Wide World

HIT PARADE

Now the October chinook wafts silkily through the crisp leaves, bearing all the senescent odors of autumn: the burning-off of cornfield-harvest stubble, the fresh manure just spreading for next spring's crop, the cidery tang of apples left overlong in the orchard, and the upswelling musky mushrooms in the cow pasture—along with the rather acrid stink of the dregs of last season's marijuana. Happily, in a certain mountainous country down close to the equator thousands of acres of new grass are just now commencing to bud and seed. Another few weeks and it'll be all fresh, sweet, new dope getting scooped up in multiton lots 'twixt yon and hither, as did the following.

- 30,000 lbs of grass and 12 Cubanos busted by Customs off Geiger Key, Florida, while off-loading from 72-foot shrimp *Flambeau* onto four barges.
- 28,000 lbs of *la pura dorada* aboard two fishing sloops spotted by USCG helicopter 350 miles southeast of Miami; crews deported.
- 20,000 lbs of Guajira intoxicant hit during off-loading from a 50-foot boat in Rigolets estuary near Slidell, Louisiana; 5 busted on DEA tip-off.
- 16,000 lbs of fume aboard 45-foot grouper boat *Lady Karen*, after routine inspection by

USCG cutter *Steadfast*; 5 Cubanos and an Ecuadorian popped.

- 3,700 lbs of gold found abandoned in a 35-foot mosquito boat docked at a canalside home in Hollywood, Florida, found by Hallandale patrolmen; no busts.
- 2,000 lbs of cured ganja in palatial mansion on Runaway Bay, St. Ann's, Jamaica; 3 men busted for conspiracy to export by St. Ann's narcs.
- 1,280 lbs of grass, plus a Thompson burp gun, aboard a 38-foot Chris-Craft being off-loaded to a Miami home; 5 men popped by Miami Beach cops.
- 680 newly transplanted pot plants, about one-foot high, discovered by passerby in Pensacola, Florida, vacant lot; local cops uprooted the acreage but made no busts.
- 9 lbs of smack seized by Harwich, England, Customs snoops in a limousine aboard the car ferry from Holland; no busts.
- 6 lbs of methaqualone powder, two pounds of finished 'ludes and a pill press were nailed in a house in Phoenix, Arizona, by DEA narcs; 3 local men took the rap.
- 3 lbs of hash oil stashed in condoms nailed at the Holiday Inn in Toronto, Ontario, by local cops; 3 women busted for moving them through Customs from Jamaica in their bellies.
- 3 lbs of hash intercepted in a mail parcel by Hull, Ontario, RCMP; the addressee's daughter busted by Spanish narcs in the Canary Islands, from where she'd mailed it.

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"Prisoner of Weed" Jerry Mitchell Released from Jail

Jerry Mitchell, the Missouri college student who pulled 14 years for holding a lid of local rope dope, has "paid his debt to society," and has been released after serving 14 months. Mitchell, who was working his way through Southeastern Missouri State College and supporting his blind parents when he was popped, was made "an example" by a judge, Winston Buford, who later was disbarred for settling contract cases in favor of local construction firms and for accepting sweetheart

kickbacks. An appeal mounted by NORML to gain Mitchell a governor's pardon failed because it was an election year but succeeded in getting his term reduced to seven years. Now the parole board has finally let him walk.

• The Australian Labour party (ALP) in West Australia has established the decriminalization of grass as a party policy, the first senior Australian political party to do so. Shrewdly, ALP tacticians first called for

total legalization, and let the scandalized media squawk itself breathless; when they moderated their stand to decrim, and called for a general study of why people do dope at all, it passed without opposition.

• Students at Northern Illinois University at De Kalb have formed a Society for the Prevention of Glaucoma, which mainly involves getting together and reducing their intraocular pressure as much as possible with high-test weed.

• Tokers in Eugene, Oregon, are petitioning the state government for the right to grow and share their own marijuana, pointing out that the anti-pot laws are not only unconstitutional but a gross waste of tax money. "When serious crime is on the upswing in every area," declares People Effectively Appealing for Cannabis Equality (PEACE), "the country should look for cost efficiency, just as this initiative would furnish, so more police man-hours could go into halting the increase of serious crime." The pot laws give the police powers of "invasion into a sphere of protected private conduct which is unjustified by any demonstrated or rationally presumed dangers to society," and needlessly exposed dopers to the dangers of both cops and hoods. "We as hardworking, taxpaying citizens are tired of having to deal with the criminal element for an herb we should be able to grow in our garden." Pot's proven medicinal values, says PEACE, render it a safe, cheap and necessary medication for thousands of people: "Cannabis is an herb that everyone should be able to grow and use for medicine, cooking, rope, plywood and even pleasure." PEACE describes itself as "a nonprofit public-interest group dedicated to erasing 40 years of lies about marijuana." The address is POB 21031, Eugene, Oregon 97402.

• The college town of Wendell, Massachusetts, recently voted to legalize pot. The resolution passed at a town meeting by 38 to 22, on the recommendation of Selectwoman Margaret Perkins, who declared that too much tax money was being spent on prosecuting local folks for pot. Police Chief Edward Chase demurred, telling the townsfolk he'd always bent over backward to avoid pot prosecutions. "At least a half dozen of you here will attest to that," he estimated. After the vote passed, town counsel John Gates regretfully informed the folks that because the pot laws are on the state books the Wendell cops would have to go on enforcing them. "It's not a home-rule issue," Gates pointed out.

• Virginia legislators, in an exquisite example of hairsplitting, have decreed it a mere misdemeanor for an adult to hand a lit joint to a minor but a felony if the exchange occurs when both parties aren't already toking. The distinction was made in an effort to tighten up laws hitting adults who deal dope to kids but to go easy on young people over 18 who might casually smoke with kids a couple of years younger than themselves. The bill, authored by Senator Carl Koella of Townshend, passed 20 to 8. One of the eight dissenters, James White of Memphis, later snorted: "When kids used to hear the police knocking on the door, they would flush it down the commode. Now they'll make sure all they have is lit."



Diane Crawford

A crew of cannabinophiles gathered in Philadelphia to greet spring with a cloud of soft smoke.

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DEA Ties Congressman, Ex-Carter Aide, to Dope Ring

South Carolina congressman John Jenrette has been tied by the DEA to a grass-smuggling ring involving John Etheridge, former regional campaign manager for Jimmy Carter and a "close social and political friend" of Jenrette's. Etheridge was popped last January in a DEA dope-plane ambush at Dovesville Airport in South Carolina, largely through the work of state narc William Mazingo, who had helped set up the move. Mazingo wore a wire all through the setup and says Jenrette's name crops up repeatedly on the 50 hours of tapes. The FBI has been handling a probe into Jenrette's affairs and hints that a state commission may be set up to have him impeached and jailed. Ironically, last year Jenrette was a guest on two overseas junkets of the celebrated House Special Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control; he was missing for days on each jaunt.

• "I love drugs," Richard Pryor confessed to Barbara Walters on TV recently. "I really do. I like some cocaine every now and then; I mean, I really enjoy that." Though evidently straight while speaking with Walters, Pryor allowed: "Every time I get in trouble it's because I end up drinking too much, or I end up snorting too much, or smoking too much."

• Boston drug-abuse "experts" jumped all over glaucoma victim Bob Randall when he showed a legislative commission there a pack of the 900-milligram NIDA joints he smokes continually to alleviate his condition. After the hearing, Randall was hauled into a "drug-



Jockey Ronnie Franklin, who rode the winner of this year's Kentucky Derby, was arrested in a Disneyland parking lot when a security cop allegedly saw him cutting up some coke. Charges were dropped soon after.

control office" by state health inspector William Kearney, on the grounds that the joints were improperly labeled. Randall was held for two hours until police chief Paul Doherty himself arranged for his release. Randall was lucky to get away before state drug-control commissioner George Michael heard about it. A hearing room is no place for

carrying marijuana, groused Michael. "I'd like to know more about his case."

• Bronx narcs, posing as students, infiltrated Bronx Community College in New York—to bust other cops. Four rent-a-cop security guards hired to crack down on dope trafficking in the school, were nailed for making 18 sales of everything from smack to grass.

• Producer Stan (Love at First Bite) Dragoti was not helped much by his Hollywood pals after German Customs nailed him in Frankfurt with a tube of coke, estimated at one ounce, en route to the Cannes Film Festival. The German cops were hectored unmercifully by Dragoti's uncomprehending friends—who couldn't imagine anybody going to jail for anything as commonplace (in Hollywood) as snort—including one who threatened to unleash "my friend, President Carter" on the German authorities.

• Three award-winning officers of the Miami Police Department have been chopped for dealing dope. Top dog this month is former "cop of the year" Dan Bailey, 34, who supposedly dealt small quantities of smack while raking in major bucks for setting up coke transfers on his Coconut Grove beat. Bailey would change out of his uniform every evening, says the indictment, and return to the Grove, festooned with rings and jewelry, driving a huge Cadillac. Two other highly commended patrolmen—a 1969 "officer of the month," and 1967's "most courteous officer"—were busted for small grass deals.

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Peyote 1lb/\$4
BARY WOODHOUSE SEEDS-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296

TRANS-HIGH TIMES QUOTATIONS

MARKET

AFGHANISTAN

Local Kabul hash	real skullfucker	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	great for bongs	kilo	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	black primo	kilo	100-175
Opium	Xanadu grade	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	forget it	oz	10-20
Domestic sinsemilla	mediocre	lb	50-125
Nepalese fingers	slabs too; top-notch	oz	50-75
Indian hash oil	brown, so-so	lb	500-750
Domestic hash	truly shit	oz	250-400
Colombian pot	almost nonexistent	gm	3000-4500
Kenyan shake	not bad	oz	20-45
New Zealand cannibal leaf	tasty	oz	420-620
Malay sticks	super smoke	lb	50-100
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	300-500
Mandrax	rare but there	lb	60-100
LSD	lots of blots	oz	700-1000
		lb	80-120
		oz	900-1200
		lb	75
		oz	600-750
		one	12-18
		oz	100-200
		oz	50-75
		one	2-3.50
		100	100-200
		one	2-5
		100	180-320

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	plenty	oz	50-65
Gold and red Colombo	there for the persevering	lb	500-750
Hawaiian buds	Vancouver and points west	oz	65-85
Mexican tops	a few	lb	750-900
California sinsemilla	still too early	oz	180-250
Thai sticks	mostly ersatz sinse	lb	2000-3000
Cocaine	fair to middling	oz	60-100
LSD	blotter and tiles	lb	600-800
MDA	all PCP	oz	175-225
		ea	2000-3000
		lb	15-20
		oz	1500-2500
		gm	90-150
		oz	2000-2500
		one	3-5
		100	200-450
		one	3-5

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	voluminous, much warehoused	oz	5-10
Commercial	megatons	lb	50-80
Colombian hash	yawn	oz	2-4
Hash oil	z-z-z-z-z	lb	50-80
Mushrooms	burgeoning market	oz	10-30
Cocaine	bull market, a top year	lb	100-250
		oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	average, strong supply	oz	90-100
African grass	some ho-hum	lb	950-1000
Colombian grass	only on blue moons	oz	120
Black Kashmir	knockout, scarce	oz	120
Kashmir twist	small, but good	oz	180-225
Thai sticks	OK, nothing exciting	one	6
Hash oil	scarce	one	25
Paki black	more than usual	gm	25-30
LSD	embargoed by cops	oz	480-540
Cocaine	loads, reasonable, excellent	oz	120
Opium	short supply	lb	1450-1500
Mandrax	Limey 'ludes	one	4.50-7.50
		gm	300
		oz	135-180
		oz	270
		oz	180-300
		lb	1800-2100
		one	1-1.50

MEXICO

Torreón violet	scarce as the Holy Grail	oz	10-15
Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	lb	50-100
Mexican sinsemilla	surprisingly weak	oz	2-5
Acapulco gold	world's finest pot	lb	50-90
Emerald hash	erratic, cute and tasty	oz	2-5
Guerrero gold	here today, gone mañana	lb	30-60
Pueblo gold	on the comeback trail	oz	10-20
Cocaine	no buy, go south	lb	50-100
Opium	searching for a market	oz	20-50
		gm	300-500
		oz	6-10
		lb	25-60
		oz	5-8
		lb	30-75
		gm	30-50
		oz	400-700
		oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

PERU

Brown buds	lowland smoke	oz	4-5
Gold buds	mountain weed; potent	lb	55-75
Lechuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	oz	10
Coca leaves	dry, cheap in bundles	lb	70-80
Coca paste	toker's special	kilo	35
Cocaine	90 percent pure, world's best	gm	1.50-2
Quaaludes	local products, real losers	kilo	1100
		gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	.20

SPAIN

African pot	steady but weak	oz	35
Spanish griffe	a pleasant surprise	lb	400
Moroccan hash	tons but boring	oz	15-20
Lebanese hash	straight from Cyprus	kilo	400-500
Moroccan hash oil	dark and potent	oz	40-50
LSD	blotter	kilo	900-1200
Cocaine	winner by a nose	oz	50-60
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	kilo	1500-1700
		liter	1200-1500
		hit	3-5
		100	200-300
		gm	80-120
		oz	1500-2000
		100	200-400

USA

Contiguous

Top-grade Mexican	mature tops around	oz	30-60
Quality Jamaican	soon come, bro'	lb	450-650
Commercial Colombian	market sated	oz	30-40
Connoisseur Colombian	rarely reaches street	lb	425-500
Seedless Colombian	half-hearted sinse	oz	20-35
Colombian shake	too seedy for the \$	lb	375-450
Indian hash	smooth and trippy	oz	45-60
Colombian seeds	take your chances	lb	450-600
Pseudo sticks	go home	oz	40-55
California red hair	early buds	lb	450-550
California sinsemilla	lower leaf; some mature	oz	20
Jamaican sinsemilla	too many pollinated buds	lb	200-275
Moroccan hash	a good last resort	oz	125-160
Lebanese hash	hello, old friend	lb	1000-1300
		oz	25
		oz	75-125
		lb	750-1250
		oz	175-200
		lb	1200-1750
		oz	150-190
		lb	1200-2000
		oz	45-65
		lb	450-625
		oz	75-100
		lb	675-900
		oz	85-120
		lb	1000-1400

Black Afghani hash	expensive, good	oz	150-200
Nepalese hash	pressed balls and fingers	lb	1500-1800
Paki hash	novelty item	oz	100-150
Thai sticks	phonies abound	lb	1000-1250
Hawaiian	good, but overpriced	oz	100
California Indicus seeds	legal	one	1350
California Indicus seedlings	six to eight weeks grown	one	15-20
Hash oils	Afghani to honey	oz	150-175
PCP	the pits	gm	150-225
LSD	101 varieties	hit	1200-2200
Psilocybin mushrooms	frozen, dried, fresh	oz	1
Peyote	vintage year	lb	1
Quaaludes	glut of imposters	one	75
Cocaine	sniff around for buys	gm	25-50
MDA	seek and ye shall find	oz	400-800
Crystal meth	ace, if real McCoy	gm	60-75
		oz	150-300
		gm	100-200
		oz	25-45
		lb	100-250
		oz	15-25
		lb	125-200
		one	3-5
		100	250-350
		gm	60-100
		oz	900-1800
		gm	35-60

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	strong supply	oz	50-60
Connoisseur Colombo	resurgence, price stampede	lb	450-525
Domestic weed	good A.M. smoke	oz	60-75
Mexican weed	less than usual	lb	525-750
Hawaiian	hot damn	oz	25-40
Puna buds	best buy when around	lb	100-175
Hawaiian shake	standard issue	oz	30-50
Lebanese hash	a honey for the money	lb	400-550
Hash oil	roller-coaster market	oz	175-250
Quaaludes	like snowflakes in hell	one	1750-2000
Cocaine	old reliable	gm	35-50
White cross		oz	275-475
		one	10-20
		oz	130-175
		gm	35-65
		one	6-15
		gm	100-150
		oz	2000-3000
		one	.50
		100	20-35

Hawaii

Puna buds	juicyfruit, unreal stone	oz	110-160
Kona gold	tourists beware price hikes	lb	1000-1800
Mauna Loa	wet with resin	oz	100-140
Mauie wowie	another tourist trap	lb	1000-1500
Oahu shake	great buy	oz	100-130
Leaf sticks	big leaves, G.I. special	lb	1200-1500
Mountain seeds	big as peas	oz	100-150
Cocaine	taste for every nose	lb	1000-1800
Amphetamines	crosses, black beauts	oz	20-40
LSD	dots and blots	one	5-10
Mushrooms	always in season	one	.25
		gm	75-125
		oz	1500-2000
		one	2
		one	2-4
		free	

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

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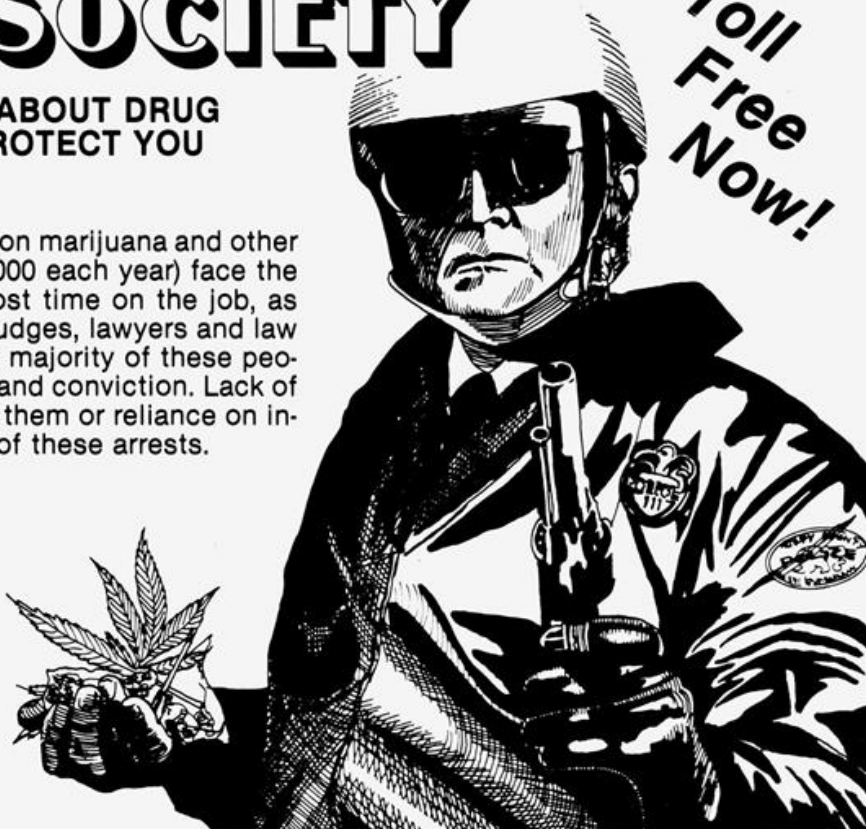
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Interview:

DOPE GROWER

Everything you always wanted to know about the future of homegrown grass but didn't know who to ask

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur



The future of marijuana in this country—for better or worse—will be domestically grown weed. The vulnerability of imported grass to seizure in transit and the declining quality of most Colombian on the market have made most smokers realize the only reliable source of good herb will be stuff that doesn't have to be brought across a border.

The last few years have seen the expansion of the once highly limited luxury sinsemilla domestic crop. People in increasing numbers are choosing to pay up to \$200 an ounce for premium grass grown in the 48 states rather than for the undependable and, of late, stale and mediocre imports from Colombia and elsewhere.

This has created new and booming underground farm economies in several regions of the continental United States—the Ozarks, southern Georgia, parts of the Midwest. But nowhere has this indigenous grass-growing culture become so extensive, so firmly entrenched, as on the West Coast—from Marin County, north of San Francisco, up to southern Oregon. Nowhere has such a sophisticated network of grower and distributor

cooperatives developed; nowhere is finer pod grown with greater professionalism.

These are individuals, families, communes, in fact whole rural counties, that owe a substantial part of their economic livelihood to the year-round cultivation of high-class grass. While much of the romance and intrigue of the multi-billion-dollar grass industry has been focused on smugglers and dealers, these hardy yeoman farmers have gone from flower power to farmer power and built up an entire culture of their own, the extent of which is astonishing and almost unknown to those outside their region, since needless to say they don't seek intrusive publicity and they don't need to advertise. A whole subculture exists, with harvest festivals, planting rituals and bud-judging contests that few of the millions of ordinary smokers and dealers and High Times readers ever get a glimpse of.

What kind of lives are these people leading? What kind of dope are they growing? Would you like being one of these future farmers of America?

High Times was fortunate enough to be visited by a recently retired pioneer on the

scene who arrived from northern California with fresh news of the fields out there, the new hybrids and the new institutions that will determine what you'll be smoking next year. As we talked we were smoking some of the new "cush" hybrid hash-grass that has been the sensation of the new harvest.

High Times: Tell us about this new marijuana plant the West Coast growers have come up with—this cannabis indica-cannabis sativa hybrid. Has it been a hit?

Grower: Some people call it cush. What has happened is that people have been coming up to northern California from all over—from New York, Chicago—and asking for the indica: Where can I get the indica?

High Times: It's become a nationwide hit?

Grower: I guess so. I know these people from Michigan who have a base in Marin; they do a lot of buying in Marin and bring it back to Ann Arbor, Madison, that area; and indica is all they want. They say, 50 pounds, anything, we'll take all you can get, but that's what we want.

High Times: How new is this indica blend?

Grower: Well, last year it was kind of

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obscure and esoteric, but it's funny how word spreads. It's amazing. The underground has some kind of fast-moving connection, communication. And this year there was a tremendous demand for it. And I know a lot of people grew it. As a matter of fact, the guys that were growing it last year were saying that that was going to happen, and they were saving their seeds. Now they're selling their seed stock.

High Times: What made it such a hit?

Grower: Well, I'm sure one of the reasons is because it's different. The pure indica is a little strong, a greasy kind of smoke, but it's really pure. They call it skunkweed because it stinks. The pure indica is a hash plant, basically, an Afghani variety, and it's really good by itself. The leaves are kind of short. It matures early. It's a real dark green and very crystalline. It's so covered with crystalline resin.

High Times: How would you describe the high? Is it like a hash high?

Grower: Yeah, it's like a hash high, but it's longer lasting and it's sweeter—an "up" hash high.

High Times: And what is this stuff crossed with to make the hybrid?

Grower: Some sativa. This guy had some nice Hawaiian hash-plant seeds that he grew last year, and those were pollinated with his Thai seeds, and that's what this is. It's a pleasant mix. They're coming up with the nicest, best stuff.

High Times: I like the idea of gourmet mixing on the genetic level.

Grower: Yeah, the best growers I know are guys who are into it on that level. The best stuff they call "four way." They've been growing it for about ten years. And this year they have the sweetest; you'd like it, you'd appreciate it. It's a very fine taste . . . a little bit of hash plant and just a really nice mix. And boy are they into it. Everything is marked and graded.

High Times: Can they tell by smoking a joint what genetic mix it is?

Grower: Pretty much. But at that level every plant is a little bit different.

High Times: Are there stereotypes of personalities of Thai and Mex? Is one considered up or down? I talk to people who say Colombian is up, Jamaican is down. . .

Grower: The talk in my area is more on taste, because not many people are really into growing the Colombian seeds. It molds easily. Where I live, we don't get rain all summer, which is nice, but starting in November you get rain. If you get an early rain, Colombian molds. It's the first one to mold.

High Times: So, Thai and Mex and Hawaiian are favorites?

Grower: Definitely. Mexican really goes well. Hawaiian is usually pretty well seeded together, if you can get a good Hawaiian seed with a big, dark kind of stripe. But the best plants, the most productive, are the ones that are hybridized because growing conditions here are different. Those guys in Hawaii will take

care of one plant and get over a pound on it. You can't usually do that in northern California. There's not that intense heat that they have in Hawaii. So hybridizing is really the thing. The government talking about making it legal and all that crap . . . no one on a government level is going to get into it like the real growers get into it. **High Times:** There's a really extensive culture of people who care about the plant. I heard they even have competitive bud-judging contests.

Grower: If I knew we were going to do this in advance, I would have had one of my friends Xerox one of the judging forms and send it to me, because you would have liked to see how professionally all this was done. This friend of mine was a judge. They invited all the growers in the northern California area and growers from everywhere else in the country to band together. Somehow they got to know who else is growing. They know because they band together for protection against rip-offs. Not so much protection against busts; that's not really too big a problem; there's no aerial surveillance up there or anything like that. It's more a protection of rip-offs.

**"The best dope in the
world is Hawaiian.
It has more 'bottom.'
Californian is a high
that fades out."**

High Times: Is that a big problem?

Grower: Yeah. That's probably the biggest problem of all. That's what makes it a full-time job. Because if you're growing, you've got to be prepared to guard.

High Times: So there's a kind of common security measure?

Grower: Well, different areas do different things, but that's one of the biggest binding forces.

High Times: So people know who to trust.

Grower: Uh huh. These growers got together and rented a computer with a programmer and these forms. They had two areas of judging, a popular vote and the judges' vote. All the growers were there with their friends. It was like a weekend soiree. Dope was passed around to people, there was a popular vote, and that was entered in the computer.

High Times: Was it passed around in joints to smoke, or were the buds passed around to look at?

Grower: Both. The popular vote was just for general effect—the effectiveness category. The judges graded in four categories: appearance, effect, taste, overall high. You can imagine how hard it is to sit there and judge after 20 entries. After a few, you don't know whether

you're getting the high from this one or the residual high from the one before. To help them along, there was a lady walking around in white leotards, a blond. She was passing out coke to the judges; whenever they wanted her, all they had to do was raise their hand and she'd come over with the mirror. There was another lady dressed in orange, and she had fresh-squeezed orange juice available at all times. So they had all the o.j. and coke they needed to prepare them to go on.

High Times: What paradise.

Grower: It was really nicely done. Anyway, the judges made the choices in the four categories, plus their overall choice. And then prizes were given to fit the category. For appearance you were given a gift certificate to a really good clothing store in San Francisco. Taste was dinner for two at Trader Vic's. Effect was a free ride on a hang glider. No, on a glider plane. For effect. That was my favorite one. And then the overall winner got a \$1,000 prize.

High Times: Did you get to smoke any of the winner?

Grower: No. One of the woman judges said it was good, but she thought my

"A lot of older straight folks have gotten into growing just because they know of a neighbor kid who made \$10,000."

friend's stuff was better. But as she was saying, it really isn't fair, because it's too hard to judge. Even with tooting and with orange juice. They should probably spread it out over a couple of days.

High Times: Is there a pronounced subjective difference in the high?

Grower: There is. Everyone thinks theirs is the best, and every year when harvest comes around we've got to sit through everyone telling how this is the best shit ever. Just because it's theirs. Even my friend who grew these funky little plants in his backyard had the nerve to say it, and he was serious. In a way, it's kind of nice the way they get into their plants; and that's what it's all about, really.

High Times: They all get you real high, but do they get you high in a different way?

Grower: Yes, they do. You can really tell with some of them. There are some good greasy things lately. You take your very first toke, you inhale it, and you feel it right away. Some have a more delayed high.

But, really, what people talk about, in homegrown, is taste, as opposed to high. Sometimes you can tell from the look what it'll taste like; we don't even smoke it to see how it goes down. That happens often. When you've got about five different

homegrowns in front of you, you can tell; it's not so easy to compare when you're seeing them one at a time.

Then after looks is the taste. Taste is really the thing, because taste is definitely the most variable aspect of the grass. Every plant growing up there in the country tastes different, at least in northern California, because every single county, every area within each county, varies in climate. There will be a strip of Mendocino, a break in the mountains where fog comes in, that will be a little different than right over the hill.

High Times: Like the vineyards of France.

Grower: Like the vineyards in California too. It's right on the edge of wine-growing country. Very similar.

High Times: How do you compare the high from the best of imported grass—Thai or Hawaiian, say—to this domestic sinsemilla high? Is it like imported versus California wines?

Grower: I think the best dope grown in the world is Hawaiian. I don't think there's anyone here growing any better than Hawaiian.

High Times: I've always felt that Hawaiian did have something special that even the best domestics can't equal. It's some kind of trippy thing.

Grower: The way I and some of my more connoisseur friends would describe it is that it has more "bottom," a longer-lasting bottom, where northern Californian is a nice trippy sort of high that fades out, so you want to smoke another jay.

I've noticed times of smoking Hawaiian with a friend when we'd just smoke a jay and I'd sort of sit there, the time going by, and I look down and the jay is still in my hands. Another half hour would go by before we do anything. And Hawaiian is long lasting, you don't need to smoke a lot; a couple of tokes in the morning, you're up for the day.

High Times: Do an increasing number of people consider themselves dope connoisseurs?

Grower: I have some friends who consider themselves really top connoisseurs. They're all old rock 'n' roll people from Haight-Ashbury, and they talk about the best dope, the best Mexican of every year. They really have great smoking experience and knowledge. And almost all of them have grown it now.

High Times: Is that how most of the growers became growers, from being smokers in Haight-Ashbury in the '60s and then moving to the country to grow their own in the '70s?

Grower: Well, a lot of people from the Haight—most of the names, the cartooning people, the music people—almost invariably live in Marin.

High Times: That's a pretty good market.

Grower: Yeah. There are a lot of heads in Marin who appreciate good dope and who pay good money for it. There are all the big-name bands like the Dead. And each

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band has a family. The Dead is a huge one, but even the Starship must support 25, 35 people. So they all make pretty good bucks and are all into buying \$150 ounces.

The dope goes out of Marin, too. There are a lot of buyers from, say, Michigan and further east.

High Times: I've heard the scene out there has become so big there are now all these annual events. In addition to bud-judging contests there are now harvest parties, planting parties.

Grower: Yes. People get together and have big harvest balls. Parties this year were bigger than ever.

High Times: What are they like?

Grower: People come from all around and bring their best dope, and everyone tastes the crops. Usually the heavy dopers are about 80 percent male. There's always a few heavy women dopers, not too many. They compare buds and get into the structure and the maturity and moisture.

High Times: What is the ideal of beauty in a bud? Is it the intertwining of colors—red, gold, green?

Grower: Yes, the patterns of color, as well as the resin on the seed bract, which is very important. When you see that primo Hawaiian with the roundish crystalline resin, most crystalline stuff is on the seed bracts. Hully, they call it. When it gets like that, that's how you can tell Hawaiian; it has to get a little golden around the seed bracts. It doesn't always. But Californian never reaches that stage. That's the ultimate where Hawaiian goes over the peak. I've seen beautiful Californian, just crystalline as can be, but it doesn't have the full golden seed bracts, that one quality that is the most beautiful thing.

High Times: And it's that pollen gold that distinguishes Hawaiian from Californian?

Grower: You never see that totally mature gold in Californian. When you see those seed bracts develop it means it's really mature.

High Times: What is the season like? When is planting time?

Grower: Indoors, middle of January, is the time to plant. You sow the seeds by putting them into little styrofoam cups at first, until they're just seedlings, and then transferring them into bigger cans. Then you can put them in the ground in the middle of February, the end of February.

High Times: Do most people do a thousand plants in a plot or ...?

Grower: It's hard to say, because everything comes from communes growing large amounts.

High Times: Sharing acreage?

Grower: Not too much acreage. If they're growing a lot, they'll spread the plants out. It hasn't reached that point in California yet, although I think it has in Oregon, where they actually grow in big acreage. Guys I know who grow big quantities still only have maybe a ten-by-ten patch here, a ten-by-ten patch there. They have a big

piece of land, and they've got their patches spread all over. Then there are backyard farmers who have a nice little secluded backyard nobody can see into. Maybe they grow ten pounds a year, 40 female plants, say. You start off with 100 plants, end up with maybe 40, 50 females, you can get ten pounds.

High Times: Ten pounds ... for what, \$1,500 a pound?

Grower: It's pretty easy. That's \$15,000 a year from your own backyard.

High Times: And harvest begins when, if they put the seeds in the ground in February?

Grower: You start to see the hash plants, which are early, in October. But now most people wait until the rain starts, and the rains usually don't start until the end of November.

High Times: So something you plant in February you wouldn't harvest until November?

Grower: They harvest in November. Then there's a couple of weeks of drying and manicuring. Then right around Christmastime people are finishing it up and putting it on the market and thinking about price.

High Times: People like to buy as gifts at Christmastime.

Grower: Definitely.

High Times: So it's a whole regular farming culture.

Grower: Yeah, it's become a thing where a lot of people are living on it. That's their livelihood.

High Times: How long has this scene been going on?

Grower: Since the early Haight days. A lot of the people who are now growers moved out of the Haight area right after the summer of '67. By 1970 they were all in Marin. Marin has had a long-established underground scene, and the cops don't bust. It's a middle-class community. Among growers and dealers it's a real family thing, a kind of extended family, brotherhood, unnamed, no structure; but it's there, it is real.

High Times: So there's less paranoia about cops than about rip-offs?

Grower: Rip-offs are the biggest problem.

High Times: Who does it?

Grower: Kids.

High Times: Local kids, straights?

Grower: Well, there aren't that many straight kids left anymore. But you know, these kids in the high schools don't dig smoking. They're tooting. They've been into everything—DMT, PCP—and they already know that PCP isn't cool, they're already down on grass and into coke.

Now they're into free-base coke, this paste-type form. They smoke it. Just a little bit is put on the end of a bong, and one heavy toke does it. You can do it straight, but it's not supposed to be good for you. It's not good for you either way. But that's what kids are into. They're sophisticated.

High Times: They're cokers, so they

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figure, let's rip off some growers.

Grower: Yeah. Well, some of the hipper kids grow it themselves. They're into it, too. But there are, like you say, straighter kids. They're all smokers. So it's hard to know what all of them do. It's hard to pinpoint them. But they're just local kids, teenagers, who are wise, but they're kind of bastards.

I have a friend who lives within two miles of my house—it's a rural valley area, about ten miles from the coast. He never leaves his place unguarded—24 hours a day. Never leaves his house. If he left, he would call people to come and be there while he was gone, right from the early days of his growing season. He doesn't just wait for the month before harvest like some people.

One night he was guarding and heard a little noise. He goes out and sees a kid clipping down some plants. He goes to confront him and the kid doesn't run away. He sort of stands his ground and says, listen, I didn't come all the way here from the coast for nothing. Really brazen.

So my friend Ed got really pissed off, and the guy who was guarding with him was not really aggressive. Neither of them are. They just argued for a while, and they almost got to swinging, and it got a little hairy for Ed. Then the kid split. But one night about a week later Ed had a guard with him, a tough guy, bigger guy. And he gets a call from his neighbor who says there's a bunch of kids walking up the walkway. They go outside and find about 10 or 12 kids who have chains, who have sticks, like lead pipe, hoses probably, ready for business. They were coming to rip off the place.

There was a huge confrontation where my friend actually called the cops. He called the sheriff, because at that point it was a matter of, well, fuck the plants, these kids wanted to hurt us. The kids had gotten away in time, but the sheriff's men caught them further down the road. And they didn't do anything about the plants. They said, hey, listen, we're going to have to confiscate the plants.

That's another interesting aspect, the way the sheriffs treat us. Their attitude is: if you're worried about rip-offs, or if you are ripped off, let us know. You don't have to give us your name, but we just want to know where and what is happening. We want to keep track of that. They're not interested in busting for growing. It's kind of an unwritten policy. I've lived in houses this past couple of years where the sheriff would come up for one reason or another to check on party noise or who knows what and see plants in the yard and say something like, you better move those plants, because I should really bust you for them. But I've never known one to actually make a bust on those occasions. They're always saying get rid of the plants.

High Times: So there's not that much busting?

Grower: In some places there is now. This past year in one county up there they were doing aerial surveillance, and a couple of good friends of mine who were living down where I live but were growing up there, sharing farms and taking turns going up and tending it, got busted. There will always be busts. There's got to be, because there are always people who flaunt it. If you flaunt it in front of the sheriff, they're going to bust, even if it's not their policy. They don't want to look like fools.

But on the other hand, in some of the northern California towns north of Marin and Sonoma, in lumber country, in these depressed little communities, they welcome the new grower business. At first they were kind of suspicious, but within the last three years these towns have become thriving communities. I've seen a couple of those towns go through the most remarkable changes. This summer, I went up to one town, a bustling little community—businesses, cars, a lot of young people walking the streets.

High Times: Is it a health-food culture?

Grower: Yeah, it is, part of the back-to-the-land movement, you might say.

High Times: Are most people vegetarians?

Grower: I think everyone up there goes through a period of vegetarianism. And most people get out of it after a few years, it's been my observation. I used to be in the health-food business.

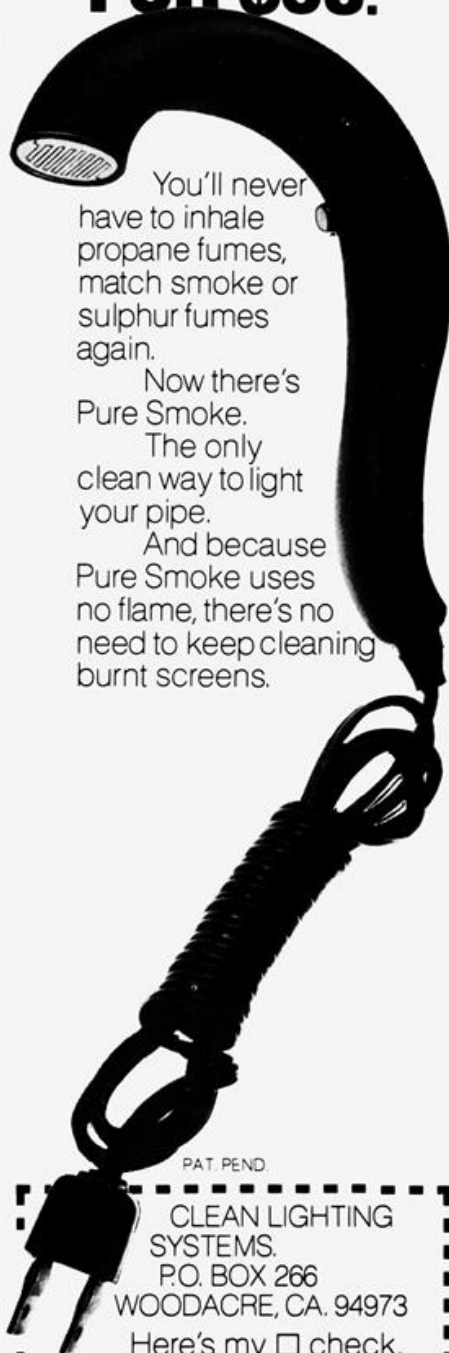
High Times: How about styles of dress—is it still long hair...? Or have people blended in more?

Grower: They've blended in. The further north you go, the more rural it is. I have a couple of friends who moved up there who are into being rednecks. These two guys work up there in the winter while they're growing. They work with buzz saws and chains, doing heavy redneck work. One of them is into rodeo riding. He grew up as a happy kid. There's a lot like that. Even the older people, even the people from the Haight or San Francisco, the doctor and lawyer types, have gone up there, and a lot of them use growing for their cash crop. But growing isn't always their whole thing. Many of them are into growing gardens or raising animals. Some of them just have outside jobs or a little craft store in town. It's really a very varied scene. A lot of people have gotten together and, using their former medical or law knowledge, started clinics. Their first reaction was to get away from their past. I attribute a lot of that to the smoking of dope; it mellows you out, makes you feel brotherly.

High Times: It's not necessarily bad to practice a profession if you think it helps somewhere?

Grower: Exactly. If you do it in a brotherly way. You see a lot of lawyer cooperatives helping other people, like with welfare rights. A couple of the lawyers are getting into dope busts; they saw the injustices. This one lawyer has tried three different

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times this past year to get himself busted for test cases. He once walked to the county courthouse with arms full of plants. They wouldn't bust him. But he finally took on a case. He's a typical example of a lawyer who's just been a farmer for years. The dope thing has gotten to him because he started growing dope, and he started making good money at it, and he started being afraid of busts. He said, wait a second. He got outraged. He has taken the offensive on the whole situation. Which is kind of nice. You need every kind in your society.

High Times: Do kids growing up in families have to be cool about what their parents do for a living?

Grower: Yeah. It's amazing how smart they can be. A lot of parents have kids—as young as five—who know not to say anything. They know what it's all about. They're kids like other kids, but they do know that you've got to be careful about it.

High Times: So people can support a family growing grass?

Grower: Definitely. A lot of older straight folks have gotten into it just because they know of a neighbor kid who made \$10,000 last year. They had land that hadn't been used, and they realized what an acre of marijuana could bring into their household. So they're into it, and they're not even smokers. One of them used all the Thai seeds she got and grew the most incredible stuff. She was out there every day, watering, pruning each plant. She was an old lady who had been a gardener most of her life.

High Times: That's great. So the hippies become rednecks and the rednecks become hippies?

Grower: Yeah, it's funny.

High Times: It's like small towns being re-created again, small-town America being reinvigorated.

Grower: That seems to be true in northern California. I know from driving around up there. I like to hike up there, and I go from town to town. Some of these little towns look totally different than they did a few years ago, just booming little communities, really, a whole new facelift.

High Times: Is the Oregon scene as organized as the northern California scene?

Grower: Yes. Southern Oregon seems to be well organized. The Oregon hippies are the most outrageous, the most brotherly of all. It's a hard life. Oregon is a much poorer state.

High Times: Is there still an import market on the West Coast?

Grower: Oh yeah.

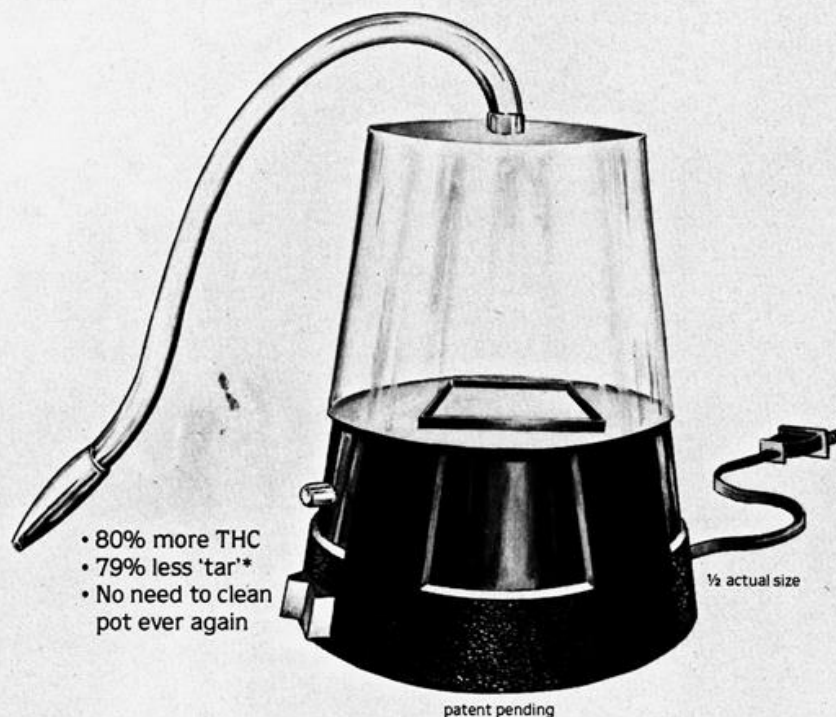
High Times: Do people still go to a lot of trouble to get Hawaiian and Thai, and is there really good Hawaiian and Thai?

Grower: I haven't seen any good Thai this year at all. No one has.

High Times: See, on the East Coast there's a lot of domestic sinsemilla sold as Hawaiian and as Thai.

Grower: So it confuses the situation?

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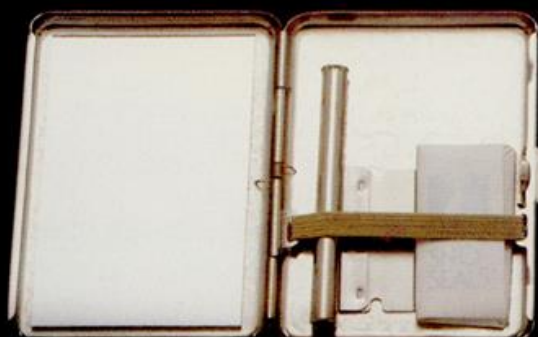
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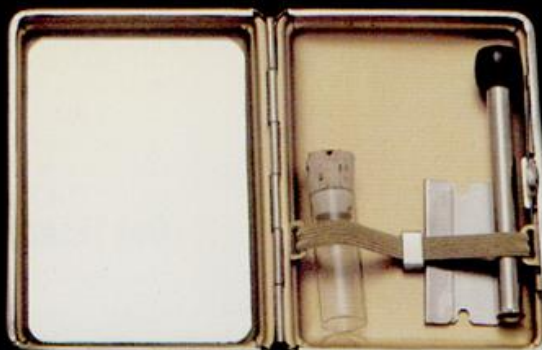
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High Times: Yeah. It's hard to tell. I don't think there's been any real Thai except for commercial stuff, no big old beautiful blue sticks.

Grower: Some smugglers have told me that the reasons are political, that the good stuff is growing up north in the mountains where the revolutionary activity is happening and is interrupting the flow.

High Times: How about Hawaiian?

Grower: There is some good Hawaiian. But it's so expensive. I know a couple of guys who are only into bringing in what they consider the best, what they want to sell to the most expensive market for \$3,000 a pound. That's totally outrageous. That's almost \$200 an ounce. I'm talking about this one particular connoisseur group that sells to a lot of the rich kids from Marin who inherited money or have coke money. They'll pay anything for a pound of primo Hawaiian—\$4,000 a pound off season—just because they have the money and like to hand out buds to their friends, be a bigshot.

High Times: Do people still do psychedelics out there? Real mescaline, stuff like that?

Grower: Yeah, I see real mescaline. But it's not too popular in my circle. I don't see much of it. We do see a lot of really beautiful dried psilocybin mushrooms. Big gold caps and a lot of bluish stems. That's about the most popular psychedelic. People still do acid too; a lot of it is sold.

High Times: And it's genuine stuff?

Grower: Yeah. I know people who are into it. Grams are taken to different parts of the country all the time. I have a feeling that lots of kids just sort of eat it, just go out to a rock concert and get fucked up. That's the level it's on.

High Times: What about 'ludes and downs? People don't do downs anymore, do they?

Grower: 'Ludes are real popular. But my immediate set of family and friends is not into it, and downers turn me off. We're all pretty energetic. None of us like to do downers and just nod. We smoke dope because it's energizing, not numbing.

High Times: Are dealers out there different from the growers?

Grower: No, it's kind of back and forth.

High Times: In New York, there is a kind of segmentation. There's the ounce-dealer level and the pound-dealer level.

Grower: That's true in the Bay Area, too. I know that when I'm aware of a 30-pound load, there are only a few people I'll call. If I know of a pound, I know an ounce dealer to call.

But we're all into other things too. I have just a few friends who only deal. That's their thing. They're always on the phone. But a lot of my friends have integrated dealing into their lives. It's what they do for a living, but it's not their life necessarily; they have other interests, a far-out instrument or something. They're an interesting group of people. ■

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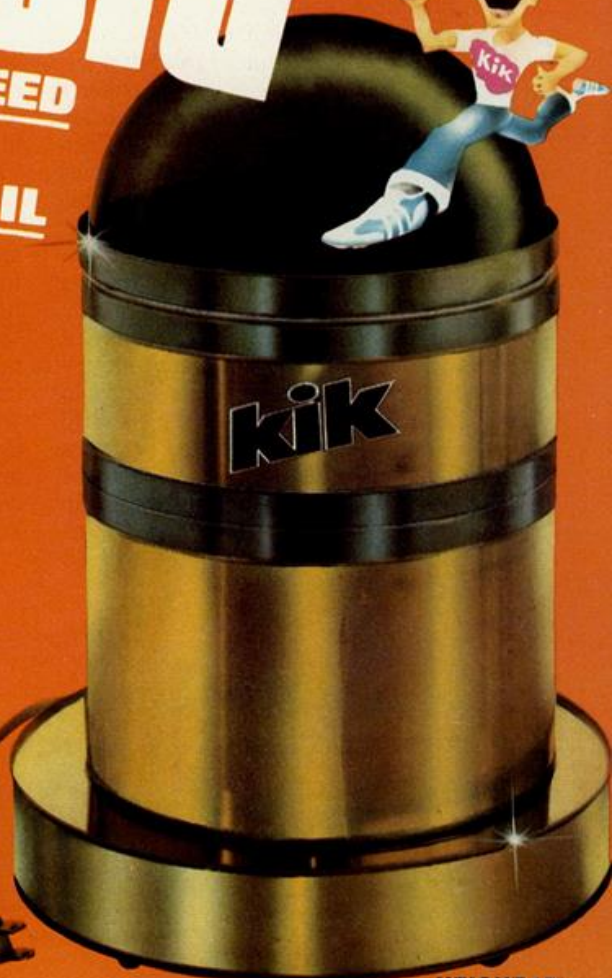
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Miles, then the editor of *International Times*, London's first underground newspaper, and currently the editor of London's *Time Out* magazine, went to the recording sessions at the invitation of Paul McCartney. In the following behind-the-scenes account he tells you what it was like to be there.

I remember it well. “The Return of the Son of Monster Magnet,” the last track on the Mothers of Invention's *Freak Out* album, came to an end and Paul McCartney strolled across his huge living room to take the record off. In one corner a BBC color-TV monitor was mistuned to give a flickering abstract pattern; two René Magritte paintings glowed on the wall in the pale afternoon winter sun; and Mar-

tha, Paul's Old English sheepdog, lay content in front of a crackling log fire. I sat by the French windows enjoying a cup of tea. Paul returned and picked up the conversation where we'd left off. “This is going to be our *Freak Out*. Not like Zappa's. But when people hear this they'll really stop and think about what it's all about!”

“Fantastic, man!” I said, in that dull flat voice you sometimes get after smoking too much dope. Paul was talking about an album the Beatles had just started recording at Abbey Road. It was January 1967. The album was *Sergeant Pepper*.

In those days I saw a lot of Paul. The London scene was very small, and if you smoked pot in the mid '60s, you easily got to know every other head in town. When I first met him Paul was living in a large townhouse in Wimpole Street, the parental home of his girl friend, Jane Asher. I met him through Jane's brother, Peter, who was then still a member of Peter and Gordon and also lived at home and who, much later, went on to become the successful manager and producer of Linda Ronstadt and James Taylor.

Paul lived in a small attic room on the top floor of the Asher household, originally part of the servants' quarters, next door to Peter's room. Peter had an L-shaped room done out in modern style with lots of Norwegian wooden shelves, gold records and various trophies and awards from his career with Gordon Waller in the hit parade. A pair of Brenell tape recorders sat just inside the door. These belonged to Paul and were the machines on which he devised and recorded many of the Beatles' backwards tapes. “Brenells are the best, even if the knobs do fall off.” He found that his own name came out as Ian Iachimoe when played backward on tape and suggested that we all write to him as that so he could distinguish letters from friends in amongst the sacks of fan mail. He published a short story under the same name.

Paul's room was next to the upstairs bathroom. It was a small plain room with a single window, a large brown wardrobe and a single bed, which occupied most of the floor space. A wall shelf held some interesting bric-a-brac: a couple of Jean Cocteau drawings from the *Opium* series, one

THE UNTOLD, REAL, TRUE, INSIDE STORY OF THE BEATLES' SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND

by Miles



in a cracked frame; a few first-edition books; a volume of Alfred Jarry; and some guitar picks. Under the bed where the chamber pot used to be were a pile of gold records and a presentation MBE. An electric bass was propped in the corner, and stenciled on the case in white letters: BEATLES. No room for more instruments. He kept some in Peter's room. No room even for records. The few that he had were kept outside on the landing in a rack on top of a chest of drawers next to the amateurly wired bell system that announced whom an incoming telephone call was for. I think there would be three rings for Peter, four for Paul. Paul had no phone of his own. In fact the very idea probably hadn't occurred to him. This was at a time

At the time of *Sergeant Pepper*, Lennon was at the height of his acid phase, taking literally hundreds of trips.

when his accountant had already informed him that he was technically a millionaire. Not that he lacked money. Peter once went into Paul's room to borrow some socks, pulled open the sock drawer and was showered with dollar bills that Paul had forgotten about.

On the floor below lived Jane, a successful actress; but Victorian propriety meant that they couldn't sleep together in the parental home, so in 1966 Paul finally bought himself a house. Unlike the other Beatles, who had all bought huge mansions in the country, Paul decided to stay in the city and bought a beautiful free-standing Regency house next to Lords cricket ground. The house, which was built in about 1880, had a lamppost in the front drive and an orchard at the end of the garden. It was surrounded by a high wall and had a pair of gates covered in black expanded metal to prevent the ever-present fans from writing on them. You needed to know the bell code to get in. From the upstairs music room you could see the hands and heads of young girls who would hold onto the top of the wall for a few moments before dropping back exhausted. The house was within walking distance of Abbey Road, where *Sergeant Pepper* was being recorded.

From the very beginning everyone involved knew that this album was going to be special. It was going to work on all levels. Paul described it like this: "The idea was to do a complete thing that you could make what you liked of, just like a little magic presentation. We were going to have a little envelope in the center with the nutty things you can buy at Woolworth's, a surprise packet." Not just another Beatles album but something to



A studio session for *Sgt. Pepper*. Paul: "When people hear this they'll really stop and think." Ringo: "I think I'm going to fall over."

look at, to do and to listen to—a complete experience. It also had another level: "There are only about a hundred people in the world who understand our music" (John Lennon, 1967).

In its time *Sergeant Pepper* was the most expensive album ever made. It took an unprecedented 400 hours of studio time and cost over £10,000 (\$20,000), which nowadays would be cheap. The Beatles' first album was made in a day. The *Sergeant Pepper* sessions began in November 1966 and continued through March 1967. First came "Penny Lane" and "Strawberry Fields Forever," numbers that gave a good idea of the new direction the Beatles were going, particularly "Strawberry Fields," with Paul's use of Mellotron, George on Indian temple harp, and with its use of cello, trumpet and electronic drum track.

I recorded a conversation with Paul at his new house the day after "Strawberry Fields" was recorded. It was November 1966, and to the public and most of the fans the Beatles were still the Four Mop-tops. For this article I dug out the dusty old cassette and played it again. As I expected, ghosts hiding in old interiors came to life as Paul's Liverpoolian voice predicted the future:

"People, quite a few people, are prepared for the next sound. They're ready, they're waiting for the next scene in music, the next scene in sound. A lot of people now are ready to be led to the next move." He was fully aware of what they were doing.

As the conversation rambled on, he described his approach to music: "With everything, with any kind of thing, my aim seems to be to distort it. Distort it from

what we know it as, even with music, with visual things. But the aim is to change it from what it is to see what it could be. To see the potential in it all.

"The point is to take a note and wreck the note and see in that note what else there is in it that a simple act like distorting it had caused. It's the same with film, to take a film and superimpose on top of it so you can't quite tell what it is anymore. It's all trying to create magic. It's all trying to make things happen that you don't know why they've happened. I'd like a lot more things to happen like they did when you were kids, when you didn't know how the conjuror did it and you were happy to just sit there and say, 'Well, it's magic!'"

"Ordinary everyday thought is so messed up that you've got to allow for the possibility of there being a lot lot more than we know about. Therefore to take things that we already know about in one way: to bang one note on the piano, instead of trying to put millions of notes into it, just to take the one note of the piano and listen to it shows you what there is in one note. There's so much going on in one note, but you never listen to it! So many harmonics buzzing around, that if all that's happening in one note, and if in one frame of a picture all that's happening... the thing is, it could take a bit of looking into!" Paul had had a number of insights from his use of acid.

Generally speaking, most of the music on the album is by Paul and most of the words are by John, but there are plenty of exceptions. Not all the material was new. Paul originally wrote "When I'm 64" in 1962-3 during the Cavern days in Liverpool, but he revised it in

honor of his father, who was 64 in 1967, and it was ideal for *Sergeant Pepper* since the album was supposed to have something on it for everyone.

Paul was also completely responsible for "She's Leaving Home." I arrived at the studio one night and ran into George in the corridor leading to Studio 2. He was dressed in a dragoon jacket, yellow crushed-velvet pants, and was carrying a smoldering bunch of incense sticks. When George talks to you he likes to get up real close, about eight inches from your face. "You should have been here yesterday, man," he said excitedly. "We recorded this beautiful song about a girl leaving home. It really says it all!" He gave me a stick of incense and left for the canteen.

Dope was smoked English style, mixed with tobacco, and more than once I was passed a test tube filled with white powder.

The Beatles took many of their stories from the daily newspapers. "She's Leaving Home" came from a story in the *Daily Mirror*, the most popular newspaper in the United Kingdom. A girl left home and her father said, "We gave her everything, I don't know why she left home." As Paul said, "He didn't give her that much, not what she wanted when she left home." George Martin was almost moved to tears when he first heard it, and provided one of his most beautiful arrangements for it.

The "Sergeant Pepper" theme was worked on as a device to unify the album, which was originally intended to not have any spirals—each song was to segue right into the next—only EMI would not agree. The actual title was one of those random things songwriters come up with. Paul: "I was thinking of nice words like 'Sergeant Pepper' and 'Lonely Hearts Club' and they came together for no reason." The Lonely Hearts Club Band was the Beatles, who were themselves, with their North Country upbringings, a bit of a brass band as well as a rock 'n' roll band. "We went into it just like that. Just us doing a good show." As usual the influences on the music come from all over the place; for instance, the brass fanfares, applause and laughter-off on the "Sergeant Pepper" reprise was an effect that Paul took, probably unconsciously, from Stockhausen's *Momento!* (he's on the album sleeve).

The huge scale and scope of the album was realized almost immediately when the Beatles embarked on "A Day in the Life" using a full orchestra. This was a John Lennon number. He was sitting at the piano with a copy of the *Daily Mail*, another popular tabloid newspaper, propped up in front of him and found a paragraph



George: "You should have been here yesterday—we recorded a beautiful song about a girl leaving home." John: "There are only about a hundred people in the world who understand our music."

about 4,000 holes being discovered in Blackburn, Lancashire. John picked up on it: "There was still one word missing when we came to record. I knew the line had to go, 'Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall.' It was a nonsense verse really, but for some reason I couldn't think of the verb. What did the holes do to the Albert Hall? It was Terry Doran who said 'fill' the Albert Hall."

It's a rule on Beatles records that whoever wrote the verse sings it, unless it was written for Ringo. On "A Day in the Life" the bit sung by Paul was originally a different song entirely, but it just happened to fit. It was a simple little song of him remembering what it was like to run up the road to catch the bus to school, going upstairs to the upper deck and having a furtive cigarette before going to classes. It was written as a deliberate provocation, the only one on the album that could be taken two ways. It was one for their dope-smoking friends. Paul: "We decided, 'Bugger this, we're going to write a turn-on song!'"

George didn't attend all the sessions and at times felt that he was being ignored by Paul, but the Beatles always kept these disagreements very much to themselves. There were other times of course when George was in great form. I arrived one day and George, on seeing me, ran to his Stylist guitar, plugged into his Conqueror amp, yelled "Live at EMI!" and blasted one of the melodies he had written. Ringo joined in for a few bars from his sound box, but John continued to quietly tune his Gibson. The Beatles recorded with their microphones and amps set up as if playing

for an imaginary audience.

They were very self-critical. Paul was always worried about the bass sound, and Martin was also concerned about how to get the bass notes onto record without them being lost. Martin's second biggest problem was Lennon's voice. John was convinced that he had a terrible voice and always wanted it changed electronically to sound better. Consequently Martin used a great many effects on the voices, some of which worked and a few of which didn't. Since these were the days before parametric equalization and the like, there were times when Lennon could be seen in the studio singing down a cardboard mailing tube to get a certain effect.

The actual making of the album was a fascinating process. As is usual with recording, there were large amounts of time when nothing was happening except that the engineers were fixing something or taking levels. The Beatles often used to work out the final form of songs in the studio itself, during which time no recording could take place.

There were never great crowds of people there to watch, but most sessions were attended by a few friends. Among those who came by were Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Marianne Faithfull, Donovan and Mike ("I'm a Believer") Nesmith. Slack periods were filled by smoking dope or drinking vile coffee or tea from paper cups from the canteen. The dope was smoked English style, mixed with tobacco, and more than once I was passed a laboratory test tube filled with white powder, usually speedballs, a mixture of coke and smack, though care was always taken not to expose George Martin to any of these things. Despite all this, there were times

when Lennon would get pissed off at waiting around and grab the nearest live microphone and yell, "What's going on up there? Let's get on with it. You can't keep us hanging 'round for your fuckin' tea break. We're the fucking Beatles!" and George Martin would patiently try to explain what they were doing to the exasperated Lennon and at the same time mollify irate engineers.

One evening we arrived with Paul and sat out a full session from 7 P.M. until about 3 A.M. All that they recorded in that time was the two-second spiral leader that finishes the album and plays forever if you don't have an automatic pickup on your record player. At one point, all four Beatles were standing clustered around a mike, talking and singing anything that came into their heads, when Ringo said, "I think I'm going to fall over!" and as everyone watched in amazement he proceeded to do so. There was no problem, though, because before he hit the ground, Mal Evans, their trusty, burly assistant, was there to catch him and stand him on his feet again.

Ringo was always funny in a quiet way, but you had to be fast to catch him sometimes. One night there was a team from Time magazine taking photographs and interviewing for a feature. During recording, Ringo felt hungry and Mal prepared a meal for him, setting up a small table at the side of the huge studio. As Ringo tucked into a plate of baked beans on toast, the Time man approached, then stopped, horrified. "Good God, man, you can't eat that!"

"Why not?" asked Ringo. "Did you see someone put something in it?"

At the time of *Sergeant Pepper*, Lennon was at the height of his acid phase, taking literally hundreds of trips. He lived in a country mansion surrounded by five television sets, endless tape recorders, instruments, a huge altar cross and a suit of armor called Sydney. He would buy a movie camera, paint it in psychedelic colors, the paint would run inside and jam up the works, and it would be thrown into the corner and a new one bought.

Of all the Beatles, John was the one who used his money to fulfill his every whim. At 2 A.M. in the studio he would turn to Mal Evans and say, "Apples, Mal," and sure enough, half an hour later, Mal would appear grinning, carrying a box of apples fresh from Covent Garden market. On another occasion he turned and said, "Socks, Mal." Fairly soon, Lennon was happily trying on dozens of pairs of brightly colored socks. This reached its peak years later at Apple Records when John and Yoko would make the most impossible demands of their loyal staff. John and Yoko would like to send an acorn to every world leader for peace. The trouble was, it was mid winter. Where do you get

acorns in the middle of winter? The whole staff of the press office was dispatched to the London parks to try to find where the squirrels had hidden their supplies and to dig them up. John and Yoko got their acorns.

John had his huge white Rolls Royce painted with bunches of flowers. He had bought an old gypsy caravan for his garden, and now he got a firm of caravan and barge designers to give the RR the once over. Rolls Royce lodged a formal complaint.

I saw John arrive at Abbey Road one evening dressed in a full-length Chinese brocade gown, carrying a handbag and

Recording sessions were attended by a few friends—Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Marianne Faithfull, and Donovan.

wearing a large floppy hat tied with a white scarf that almost touched the ground. The fans loved it, but inside John was going through a very bad period. His relationship with Cynthia was breaking up, and his resolve to follow Tim Leary's suggestions in *The Psychedelic Experience* and destroy his ego was resulting in just that. Lennon never did things in half measures. He was subjecting his ego to a full frontal attack.

This made him somewhat unpredictable and sometimes unapproachable. I was having dinner at Paul and Jane's one evening and some of Jane's actor friends were also visiting. John was there, and the actors were more than a little nervous in the company of two Beatles. One of them, a young woman, needed an ashtray. Seeing none on the table, she asked Lennon if he knew where one was. Lennon sprang to his feet, ran to her side, crouched down, inclined his head to one side and pried open his nostril for her to stub out her cigarette. "Here, use this!" The poor girl froze in horror just as he'd expected her to do. Jane glared at John until he shrugged and stood up.

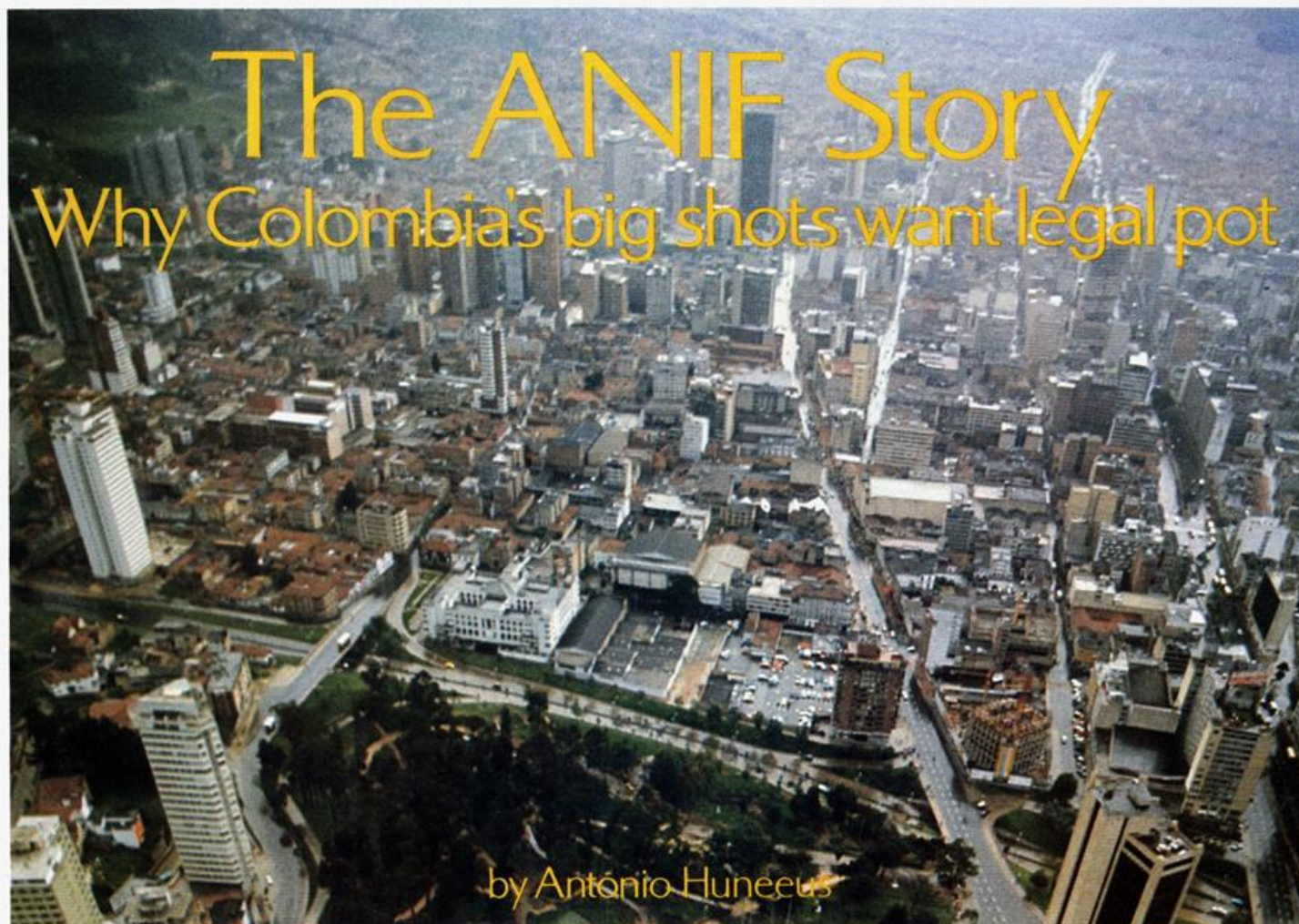
Since the sessions usually ran late into the night, it was always a problem finding somewhere to eat afterward. The Beatles usually finished up at one of London's "in" clubs. One of their favorites at that time was the Bag o' Nails. The Beatles never telephoned ahead for reservations because the managers always spread the word that they would be there and they were mobbed. They just arrived, like royalty, knowing everything would be all right. One night we arrived at the Bag

o' Nails at 3 A.M., just as they were closing. The manager took one look at who was at his door and customers who were being cajoled into their coats ran joyfully back to their tables, music started up again, the kitchen was reopened, and we settled down to a nice meal of steak, chips and peas washed down with Scotch and Coke, the Beatles' favorite drink. Neal Aspinall—Nell as they always called him—carried a flashlight with him for these occasions in order to inspect the food in the dim light and make sure it was up to standard.

After the album was completed I arrived at Michael Cooper's photographic studio in Chelsea. The Beatles had already put on the Sergeant Pepper outfits designed for them by the American artist Jann Haworth, and she was fussing 'round them, getting the flowers pinned on John's epaulets and adjusting their medals. Her husband, pop artist Peter Blake, was still arranging the potted plants, constantly watering them in case the strong photographic lights made them wilt. Both Jann and Peter showed their work at Robert Fraser's Bond Street gallery, and Robert was there also, darting about, rubbing his hands together in sheer delight and wearing a skintight purple-polka-dot suit from Hung on You. Huge, very strong joints were being passed about, and it took Michael so long to take his light readings that several people doubted whether the picture would ever get taken at all. But it did, and he shot off roll after roll of film since the sleeve required at least four different poses.

So what was the message that the Beatles gave to the world on June 1, 1967? Everyone read the album in a different way of course, but this is the way that Paul explained it to me at the time:

"We've been in the lucky position of having our childhood ambitions fulfilled. We've got the big house and big car and everything. So you stand on that plank then, having reached the end of space, and you look across the wall, and there's *more* space! And that's it! You get your car and house and your fame and your worldwide ego satisfaction, then you just look over the wall and there's a complete different scene there, that it *really* is. And which is *really* the scene. And looking back, obviously you can still see everybody in the world trying to do it. Trying to do what you've just done. And that's what they believe life's about! And it's right! Because that is what life's about, at the moment, I suppose, for them. But you know, I could tell a few people that I can see a few rungs further down the ladder, trying to do exactly what I've just done, I could tell a few of them: That's completely the wrong way to do it, because you're not taking into account this scene on the other side of the wall. *This* is the bit you've also got to take into account and then *that* bit will be easier. It'll all be easier then!" ■



Landing in the overcrowded capital city of Bogotá and scoring some famed Colombian gold right off the plane is not exactly practical. On the contrary, the numerous military and police patrols sauntering all over the busy streets will make you think twice about openly asking for *la marimba*, the local and most popular name for marijuana. For a taste of good stuff without much heat, you'll be better off in Cartagena, the swinging tourist haven on the northern coast, where young *norteamericanos* can get high on the fluffy, sweat-cured blond and henna buds of that classic twigless *el dorado*, the same as they get in Manhattan, Miami or Atlanta. But any American impulsive enough to venture into the countryside to score a ki or so wholesale risks losing every penny of his or her vacation budget in police and military bribes if he or she wants to avoid being dumped into some neo-Papillon Colombian dungeon.

In Bogotá, 200 miles inland, street grass is hard to come by. When you do find some, chances are it will be so scratchy and moldy—the leftovers of the million-dollar harvests shipped regularly to the voracious South Florida gringos—that it will make you seek relief in tobacco and coffee, of which there is plenty around. Actually, it seems that every slum kid on every block has a couple of cartons of Marlboros, fresh off the boat from the

Carolinas and unblemished by tax stamps, going for maybe 50 cents a pack. To stroll through Bogotá's commercial district is to wade through a disorienting carnival of the same all-American plastic tripe you spent most of your time avoiding while you were back there: big yellow "Have a Nice Day" smile buttons, plastic snooze alarms, Instamatic black boxes, American-imported Japanese batteries and German cassette tapes, plus all sorts of cheap electronic gizmos, and all around you, Marlboros, Marlboros, Marlboros everywhere! You didn't think all those smuggling boats would come back empty to Colombia, did you?

Smuggling is a solidly accepted feature of the Colombian economy, indulged in of necessity by anyone who isn't rich, and it has been that way since the ports of Riohacha and Maicao on the Guajira Peninsula were built—mainly to facilitate coffee smuggling to the United States. The fact that marijuana and cocaine have lately become the most profitable contraband goods doesn't shock most Colombians, who, at least privately, will acknowledge that smuggling is a way of life that no administration could stamp out unless a drastic redistribution of wealth—unlikely as it is—took place. Of course, you can tell the wealthy on sight: they drive Mercedes-Benzes, wear conservative three-piece pinstripe suits, smoke authentically taxed

British Rothman's and include Ernesto Samper Pizano, head of the National Association of Financial Institutions (ANIF), Colombia's top organization of bankers and financiers—who also happen to advocate the "legitimation" of the marijuana economy.

We first interviewed Samper in his sober but comfortable ANIF headquarters the day before he launched a two-day conference titled "Marijuana: Myth and Reality," which covered the political, economical, social, legal and medical aspects of the herb. Yes, Samper is identifiably wealthy, but instead of merely wearing his richness, he uses it. A fat, smug South American capitalist Samper is not. He is sharp, irresistibly ingratiating and quick as a hawk.

Samper's point, on the bottom line, is that Colombia's smuggling economy constitutes a clear and present threat to his nation's status as the only constitutional democracy on the continent besides oil-rich Venezuela; unless the smuggling economy can be eased legitimately into the broad course of Colombian commerce, his nation will inevitably turn into another South American police state controlled by shadow mafias and military oligarchs through private squads of terrorist torture-and-assassination psychopaths. This is not what Samper will tell you in conversation—he possesses far too much



Smuggled-in Yankee plastic junk festoons a semilegal Barranquilla street stall.



Four top DAS narcs do research at ANIF meet.



Smugglers queue at jail to bribe out pals with U.S. bucks.

diplomatic fluency—but this is his concern. And this is why ANIF called the two-day marijuana meet. The gorgeous futuristic conference hall was packed, of course, with plainclothes cops of every bureau from the dreaded DAS secret police to the universally despised U.S. DEA; and on the dais beside Samper and other well-turned-out industrialists were American ambassador to Colombia Diego Asencio and Colombian attorney general Guillermo Gonzalez Charry. The audience—the “public”—was about equally divided between right-wing anti-pot zealots and fire-breathing young leftists who actually put the right-wingers in the pale with their ferocious antimarijuana mouthings.

ANIF presented its case first: if *la marimba's* multibillion annual proceeds are not incorporated into Colombia's economy, the economy will flounder into absolute chaos. Asencio and Gonzalez responded that neither the U.S. nor the Colombian governments would ever stand for a legal pot industry on simple “moral” grounds. The rightists, from the floor, predicted mass insanity and generations of brain-damaged children if pot were ever legalized. And the leftists, eager to see the economy flounder into chaos, accused ANIF of plotting to institutionalize some ultracapitalist drug plot to sap the vitality of the working class—as though pot in Colombia would somehow have the same effect as opium had in Asia.

Afterward, Samper's delight with the convention was clearly unbounded. “We thought this would help clear out the public's uneasiness with marijuana,” he told *High Times* most diplomatically. “In other words, we wanted to present the issue from a higher perspective, removing it from the parochial, superstitious circles where it has always been presented.”

Which is precisely what the ANIF con-

ference—though a screaming melee it may have been—accomplished, in spades. We stayed in Colombia for two weeks after the conference and witnessed a nationwide eruption over the *marimba* issue unparalleled in the country's history. Radio and newspaper commentary seemed obsessed with in-depth reports into every facet of marijuana—its smuggling, its history, its health effects, even its

ANIF decries the double morality—the increased pot permissiveness in the States, while the U.S. State Department intensifies the pressure on the “source” countries.

psychoactive effects. As we left, Colombia seemed to be rather astonished at discovering how much it has already learned about *la yerba maldita*—“the evil herb”—in the six brief years or so during which it has been exporting some of the best weed in the whole world to the States.

According to Hernando Ruiz, who conducted an in-depth survey of grass use in Colombia for ANIF [see sidebar on page 57], the first recorded small-scale pot plantations on record sprang up in the '20s around the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, to supply local lower-class folks—dock workers, sailors, migrant farmers and so on.

After the late '40s, though, when Colombian society disintegrated into a decade-long agony of anarchy still remembered

with shudders (except by many fire-breathing young leftist types too young to remember it at all) as *la Violencia*, weed was adopted by many of the gangs of *bandidos* and *bandoleros* who ran amok from the Atlantic to the Andes. Mixing their scraggy *maracachafa* weed with prodigious quantities of *aguardiente* (a strong local whiskey), these motorized killer caravans subsisted exclusively on robbery and wholesale plunder—with plenty of purely psychotic rape and torture on the side.

Although this sort of thing happens every time there's a total collapse of authority in any country, *la yerba maldita* became linked in the middle-class imagination with all the horrors of *la Violencia*. A survivor of that hideous era, formerly a smack addict and now copublisher of the drug-awareness magazine *Conciencia*, told us: “If you want to insult a youth, call him a *marihuanero*. It condenses everything: he's a homosexual, a mugger, a killer, anything. *Marihuanero* is synonymous of evil, corruption, petty theft, everything ugly.” In addition, the Colombian press has always parroted the American media in all matters concerning dope; the Harry Anslinger “reefer madness” myths that pot causes brain damage, sexual perversion, race mixing, disrespect for religion, amotivational syndrome and so on *ad nauseam* are still widely believed, even by educated people.

So when grass came to Colombia, hardly anyone noticed at first. It was the early '70s, and the coffee boom in Colombia was attracting a variety of southern-Florida cabin-cruiser entrepreneurs who found that not only was smuggling coffee out of the country a lucrative cinch but that untaxed cigarettes, hijacked crates of snooze alarms, and Mickey Mouse wristwatches sold real well to the Colombians.

The ANIF field study was unable to determine which batch of gringo smugglers first began moving in tons of Mexican marijuana seeds and teaching the first batch of upland peasants how to grow them in the early '70s. All that is known is that the Mexican cannabis sativa interbred splendidly with the Colombian indica, and that the exemplary ecology of the Guajira Peninsula and the foothills of the Sierra Nevada de la Santa Marta gave rise to *la pura Guajira dorada*—the most dynamite commercial grass ever grown, averaging about 3.5 percent THC per six-foot plant.

The dope-growing region of northernmost Colombia comprises the provinces of Magdalena, La Guajira and Cesar, which have always been rather like America's Old West in terms of frontier independence and violence. The mountains are inhabited by the nomadic Guajiran Indians, who still live by a pre-Columbian matriarchal-clan setup and are given a wide berth by Venezuelan and Colombian authorities alike; and the valleys and villages are populated mainly by first-generation refugees from the south, hard-bitten peasants driven to the hills during *la Violencia*. No Colombian government has ever troubled itself much with El Macizo, as the region is called, until now. Sewage and health-care centers are unknown, electricity is nearly unheard-of, transportation even by four-wheel-drive vehicles is virtually impossible, and what rudimentary water-supply systems exist were installed by the Venezuelan, not the Colombian government.

"The people of El Macizo," Senator Roberto Gerlein Echeverria of Barranquilla explained to us, "were initiated in the crime of growing hallucinogens for the simple reason that they had to survive." These people dwell along the route between the traditional buccaneer smuggling ports of Barranquilla and Riohacha and the interior cities of Bogotá, Santander, Cali and Medellín; after years of transporting contraband coffee and Yank trinkets, the smoke trade came to them as second nature. Says Ruiz, "That type of person is quite at ease with the subject of contraband, because he considers it a manifestly legitimate activity."

Not so the Bogotá government, of course. By 1974, marijuana already was exceeding coffee as Colombia's main source of incoming capital. Unfortunately, the grass billions were untaxable; and, worse yet, most of the bread passed straight back out of Colombia to bank accounts in Florida, Switzerland and the Cayman Islands. The best that could be done was to unofficially set up a special "sinister window" at the Bank of the Republic, where dollars could be converted to pesos, no questions asked.

While we were there, we saw dozens of men and women lined up before the sinister window, lugging suitcases stuffed with greenbacks; still, ANIF estimates that 80 percent of the *marimba* money either

The Bottom Line

Although there have been a few previous studies on the Colombian *marimba* economy by university students and the government—partial and erroneous studies, for the most part—ANIF's *Social and Economical Implications of the Marijuana Production in Colombia* is the first in-depth, longitudinal survey of the entire industry. ANIF's investigators concentrated their efforts in the Macizo region of the Sierra Nevada de la Santa Marta, where 60 percent of Colombia's grass is grown and 85 percent passes through on the way to export from the Guajira.

Over 45,000 acres of marijuana are cultivated annually in the Macizo and another 30,000 acres are cultivated further south. The annual production from the 85,000 acres amounts to 15,000 tons of *dorado*. Most of it is grown by small farmers, who each cultivate an average one-half ton per harvest, alongside such crops as corn or yucca. Lately, many large-scale farmers—owning 37 acres or more—have switched from industrial banana and cotton output to *maracachafa*.

Marijuana is seeded between February and April in small, special germinating patches called *arboledos*, and the shoots are transplanted to the fields after about 20 days. At first bloom occurs the *desmache*, when males are separated from females. Harvest occurs between October and November, providing much seasonal employment. The plant itself, says ANIF investigator Hernando Ruiz, is a variety of *Cannabis indica* L., maximum height 2.5 meters, and very leafy.

The 6,000 small pot farmers in the Macizo region alone hire another 12,000 workers, particularly during harvest. Grass proceeds definitely beat other crops: an eight-acre coffee farm pulls in \$3,200 annually, while the same plot of grass will bring in \$7,600. Regular farm-

leaves the country or circulates inside Colombia as a sort of alternate underworld currency. Thus the country not only loses untold billions every year in potential tax revenues from a major agricultural product; millions of American dollars, circulating among innumerable otherwise legitimate Colombian business transactions, robs it of even more tax bread!

So in 1974 the Colombian congress passed a desperate flurry of new narco laws, the Estatuto Nacional de Estupefacientes, setting trebled penalties for all levels of *marimba* growing, moving, selling, trading and buying, but not, ironically, for personal possession in small quantities. President Alfonso Lopez Michelsen's Directorate of Estupefacientes (literally, "things that stupefy") passed something

hands in Colombia average \$3 per day; a *marimbero* earns over \$7 for exactly the same sort of work. Lately, many small grass farmers have formed small union-type "associations" to get a better deal from the movers.

Of the 15,000 annual tons of fume grown, about 20 percent is lost to dehydration, fungus, bad storage and so on, and another 15 percent is seized by the authorities. About 500 tons is smoked annually inside Colombia, leaving a total of 10,000 tons for export. Of this, 85 percent goes to the U.S. and the rest to Europe, Canada and South America. ANIF's U.S. sources say Colombian represents 60 percent of the grass consumed yearly in America—about 7,000 tons.

Beechcraft, Howard, DC-3, DC-4 and DC-6 aircraft are preferred by airborne movers, who take 70 percent of the dope to the States, with the other 30 percent going by sea. About 500 airplanes and 100 ships maintain permanent moving arrangements between Colombia and the U.S., averaging 5,750 air flights and 164 sea voyages annually. An average clandestine dope strip handles 6.8 flights per month, and the average pier sees 1.2 dope moves. Over 7,000 families subsist solely from transporting the *bareto*. Adding up farmers, hired hands, intermediary movers, warehousemen, owners of airports and piers and their employees, plus the big *narcotraficante* godfather families, around 150,000 people in Colombia are currently living exclusively on the grass trade.

Colombia itself only pulls in 20 percent of the money the grass trade generates, about \$1.4 billion (the rest stays in the hands of Stateside movers). Of this, over 92 percent goes to the top-level *narcotraficante* movers, and only 8 percent goes to the actual producers and domestic transporters. If marijuana were legalized for export, ANIF estimates the proceeds would be distributed much more equitably—and best of all, the government would pull in at least \$168 million per year in tax revenues.

like a decrim law, compared to most Latin American nations—a law imposing "very low penalties," as it was proudly termed at the ANIF meet by Judicial Police founder Dr. Miguel Sanchez. Sure enough, getting caught with one ounce or less of grass in Colombia only gets you two years in jail and a \$5,000 fine.

As in the U.S., marijuana is erroneously classed in the Colombian law with "cocaine, morphine, heroin or any other drug or substance which creates physical or psychic dependency." Grow it or store it, you pull 8 years; move or deal it, 12 years.

Nevertheless, in Colombia as in any other country, the written law is one thing and its enforcement is another. As the *marimba* money flooded into Colombia, bringing all its good and evil,

domestic consumption of plain old *marihuano*-type skankweed also spiralled, until now ANIF figures some 600,000 citizens are occasional tokers.

This was the situation confronting Liberal president Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala last year when he replaced Lopez's scandal-ridden bureaucracy with his own. Turbay, whose personal connections are relatively clean, was fingered in a U.S. congressional report even before the election as suspected grass and cocaine trafficker—a charge that drew outraged cries of “Macartismo” (McCarthy mudslinging) from all quarters of Colombian politics.

One of Turbay's first measures last year was to pass the highly controversial Security Law. Alleging that a subversive wave of urban terrorists—particularly the mainly mythological “M-19” radical group—was threatening state security, Turbay's Security Law gave the military almost unlimited power to arrest and even bring to trial any citizen they deemed “suspicious.” Although the new law's first priority was aimed at “Reds,” the government used it also to fight drug trafficking and crime in general. Tight air and sea traffic regulations were imposed on La Guajira last November, and the peninsula is now flooded with troops. This flamboyant drug campaign—dubbed Operation Fulminante (“Detonator”) at the DEA's suggestion—scored a lot of hysterical publicity in the media. At least three different goals were reached with Fulminante: the image of the government in the international and Latin American arena was “rehabilitated”; U.S. DEA chief Peter Bensinger, who first suggested the militarization of La Guajira, was placated; and a propaganda buffer and distraction from Defense Minister General Camacho Leyva's ferocious crackdown on leftist labor and university leaders was established. Fulminante has been hailed as a model repressive dope operation by everybody from President Carter to President Turbay to Peter Bensinger to Diego Asencio. But Colombia's only genuine investigative journal, *Alternativa*, has commented sarcastically of the campaign, “The only immediate effect of the military measures has been to raise the taxes imposed on the *marimberos* by members of the army, the police and the DAS.” *Alternativa* charges that only small, independent dope-growing peasants were harassed and that the whole campaign “was not even conducted by the will of President Turbay or Defense Minister General Camacho Leyva but by order of Peter Bensinger, chief of the U.S. Narcotics Office.”

It was during the height of the DEA-pushed dope wars that voices calling for the legalization of marijuana began to be heard. The pioneer was Leonidas Londoño, a highly respected leader of the National Federation of Coffee Growers, who called for legalization over a year ago. Isolated then as some kind of a nut, Lon-



At the Bogota Hilton: White House dope czar Lee Dogoloff, U.S. ambassador Diego Asencio, and ANIF president Ernesto Samper Pizano.

Unless the smuggling economy can be eased legitimately into its commerce, Colombia will inevitably turn into another South American police state.

doño was ignored for months before his idea began to be picked up and aired in the national media.

Shortly before the ANIF conference, a few articles appeared on the editorial page of *El Tiempo*, Bogotá's most influential daily. Respected commentator Enrique Santos Calderón pointed out: “There are already too many diagnoses that coincide in this aspect [legalization] to imagine that it really continues to be an exotic idea.” After analyzing the various arguments supporting decrim, Santos remarked that perhaps the “central argument” against it is the certain reaction of the U.S. if Colombia took a unilateral decrim decision. “In terms of strict equality,” Santos pointed out, “Colombia does not really have to be so nobly scrupulous about it, when we are flooded daily by all sorts of contraband products from the U.S. and its government doesn't seem too concerned about how they leave, who buys them or where they go. And we are not talking only of ‘clean’ products that merely work to ruin our national trade, but also chemical and pharmaceutical products, pesticides and so on, that have been banned there for health reasons.”

So the national mood was already changing toward *la marimba* when ANIF decided to emerge as the country's leading marijuana lobby. I was invited to participate at the conference by ANIF's vice-president of development, Roberto Martinez Rubio, and my first move in Bogotá was to contact ANIF headquarters, located in a comfortable, conservative brick house in that city's business district.

A Visit to the Little Pentagon

Alternativa, the muckraking Bogotá weekly, describes the American Embassy there as “a temple with concrete and steel walls, like those of an armored bunker.” Even high-ranking Colombian politicians refer to it acidly as “the little Pentagon,” a sinisterly modern, fortified building on 37th Street, obviously designed as a last resort for those “American civilians, women and children,” who are always being helicoptered out of cities like Managua, Santiago and Saigon under small-arms fire. The architecture of the place itself is a testimony to how much faith the U.S. government really places in the political stability of its “close ally across the Caribbean.”

Among other bureaus, inside its bulletproof-glass walls is the Drug Enforcement Administration headquarters, staffed mainly by what appear to be Midwestern American button-down types dedicated (they told me) to “training up the local authorities, who face what is really a rather esoteric, modern problem.”

Ambassador Diego Asencio himself, for some reason, had invited me to a private interview shortly after the ANIF convention. Since in essence he said nothing to me, on tape, that he hadn't said at the Hilton, I'm still a little puzzled about it all. Asencio is quite intellectual for a Washington bureaucrat—as the multilingual volumes on technology and history that wall his rather tastefully appointed office indicate. I'd heard he was a futurist, given to 21st-century speculations; and in fact we enjoyed a bit of enlivening discussion on these topics before I turned on the tape recorder and he adopted his official State Department persona. The intellectual

In order to understand the importance of ANIF becoming the marijuana legalization lobby, it is necessary to understand what kind of organization it is. The association was founded five years ago as “a research center that has all the structure of a pressure group.” That is to say, Colombia's major financial organizations sponsor ANIF with the “aim of giving private enterprise a more progressive representation,” so that they may rely on their own studies rather than on the generally sloppy government economic or sociological studies. Some 56 organizations sponsor ANIF—among them, nine banks, 11 insurance companies, four financial corporations, three savings and housing corporations, some 15 savings and credit cooperatives, investment funds and other types of financial intermediaries.

ANIF has been quietly studying the

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element in the conversation then subsided until the tape stopped.

"There are no major problems between the United States and Colombia," Asencio assured *High Times*, "just enough to keep me interested." The wholesale smuggling of tons of U.S. unstamped cigarettes and electronic garbage into Colombia was, he let on, a matter of concern to both nations, and under continuous scrutiny, but much more disturbing was the transport in other directions of cocaine and marijuana.

"Cocaine and marijuana": in State Department newspeak it is always as though cocaine were some skaglike addictive poison, threatening the veins and brains of millions of Americans, and grass were just some inconsequentially nasty matter trailing in its wake.

While the interdiction of coke is Asencio's stated top priority, he has also to trouble himself with mere smoke, because "the traffickers deal in both. The fact that it happens to be grass [getting wiped out in the Guajira dope wars] is incidental."

Warming to this non sequitur, Asencio declared it "obscene" that people were making billions from trading in "drugs." When I tried to relate this "obscenity" to the 30,000 families of dirt-poor Colombians who subsist by growing marijuana—few of whom ever heard of coke—by some magic of ambassadorial flip-flop we were abruptly talking about American smugglers in Colombian prisons. (You would have to hear the whole boring tape twice to see how deftly he did this.)

There were 120 Yank smugglers in Colombian jails when Asencio arrived in 1977, and now there are only 33. Most of these are just clumsy amateur mules or tourists who got greedy, "the young jerks who don't know any better." The pros, it seems—persons whose boats or airplanes are nailed by Colombian authorities—are "fined" for violating

Colombian territorial waters or airspace and let go. The 33 Yanks now in jail are "as comfortable as they can possibly be under the circumstances"—the embassy sees to that. The embassy in fact probably keeps an eagle eye on them, ever since the historic land-air rescue of four *norteamericano marimberos* from the Riohacha slam last year—an incident the ambassador termed "unfortunate."

But now that the rap had settled into *la marimba*, shorn of all its State Department-imposed cocaine associations, Ambassador Asencio's comments began degenerating into a series of truly disappointing clichés. Legalization of grass for export, he said, would put Colombia "beyond the pale" of civilized nations—the exact phrase first used by Lee Dogoloff in Washington when he heard about ANIF's proposals, and subsequently parroted by President Turbay and Attorney General Gonzalez.

But why, on the bottom line? Why ban a mildly intoxicating but powerfully profitable weed? "We are developing a generation of guinea pigs," Diego Asencio said with a straight face, relaying the precise language of NBC's Edwin Newman, who had used that idiotic term in his infamous "Reading, Writing and Reefer" program just weeks before. "You might call it a predisposition of mine, but the reports of the guys who see negative implications of marijuana use I certainly find disturbing. Certainly most disturbing are the last reports I've seen concerning the equivalent of one tobacco cigarette to one joint." Edwin Newman's estimate: one Marlboro is 116 times less carcinogenic than one jay.

I could not for a second believe that the U.S. ambassador to Colombia would be ignorant enough about marijuana, of all things, to swallow that NBC reefer-madness foolishness, even if it has become the official State Department jive line. "Even the doctors who were

against it at the ANIF conference," I tried, "conceded there is still no conclusive evidence it has any materially harmful effects."

"Okay, so that comes to another element," he responded firmly. "We may know ten years from now, and if it turned out to be true—"

Here I had to undiplomatically interrupt, because from a fellow futurist this was unforgivable, and absolutely insulting. "Señor Asencio, surely you're aware of the studies in Jamaica, Egypt and elsewhere, studying whole generations of heavy users, showing no brain damage, no birth defects, no blood disease, *nothing!*"

"Yeah, I am. Yeah, there's no question that it's not all that clear-cut. I have to admit that, maybe because of my predisposition, maybe the evidence on the other side bothers me more than it bothers you."

Clearly it was time to turn off the tape and enjoy some honest conversation before the ambassador's next appointment. He had more than fulfilled his responsibility as U.S. ambassador—I'm sure no one in Washington had ordered him to talk to *High Times*—and justified the tax money that keeps him in pinstripe suits and shiny black chauffeured limousines. As I passed out through the complex security system of the Little Pentagon, though, one phrase kept ringing in my brain. "My main objective," Asencio had said, "is to get Colombia out of the narcotics business entirely."

The Little Pentagon: guards, guns, steel, bulletproof glass and a helicopter pad on the roof: the ambassador's escape hatch if everything falls apart in Colombia. And if this "narcotics business" goes on being exacerbated by U.S.-assisted "dope wars," Asencio will certainly someday have to use it. Just as he must know grass is harmless, he has to know where U.S. drug policy is taking him, and the beautiful country of Colombia too.

marijuana problem for a good while, impatient with the contradictory policies of the Turbay administration. ANIF particularly decries "the double morality of the U.S. government"—that is, increased marijuana permissiveness in the States themselves, while the U.S. State Department intensifies the harshness and pressure on the "source" countries. As Ambassador Asencio told me after the ANIF meeting, "As far as Colombia is concerned, our basic doctrine is that the closer you get to the source of supply, the more effective you are."

During the Marijuana Conference at the Bogotá Hilton, Uncle Sam wanted to make sure that his basic doctrine would be well absorbed by the Colombian public, through the antidope propaganda of White House drug adviser Lee Dogoloff and the State Department's Edwin Corr,

and through Ambassador Asencio, who delivered his spiel in impressive Castilian Spanish. Speeches by both Dogoloff and Corr presented marijuana within the general U.S. policy on narcotics, which includes heroin, opium, cocaine, "addict" rehabilitation and paramilitary law-enforcement programs. "We know, for instance," said Dogoloff gravely, "that cocaine can kill—not always, but occasionally." Cocaine was actually signaled as the narcs' "first priority" in fighting dope in Latin America, because "this illicit traffic of cocaine," declared Dogoloff, "can threaten the political and economic stability of an increased number of countries." Corr, on the other hand, conceded that it was hard to curb the pot traffic because it "is characterized by the high organizational level of its networks"; but he suggested that "major cooperation between the key govern-

ments in the region" could help stamp out this problem.

Although the job of the American diplomats was to justify their intervention in Colombia, which can be considered as the prototype "source country" nowadays, ANIF did not buy the U.S. line and had its own American advisers on hand to tell the other side, that of "reefer saneness." Utah University attorney Peter Dixon, who has previously written for ANIF's magazines, and ANIF researcher Annette Pearson clearly showed the other side of pot in the United States, the side *High Times* readers know well.

Giving current statistics, Pearson mentioned things like marijuana being used for glaucoma and cancer chemotherapy; medical research; the annual "smoke-ins" in front of the White House; the Oregon

(continued on page 96)

Aphrodisiacs

by Gary Selden

Once upon a time, a farmer who had been paying less and less attention to his wife sought a doctor's help for his waning sex drive. The doctor examined him, pronounced him basically fit but a bit run down, and gave him a box of pills, telling him to take one a day and report back in a week. The farmer, a cautious sort, tried a pill on one of his stud bulls. By the end of the first day, the bull had broken out of his stall, thoroughly exhausted every cow in sight and then knocked down the barn. The farmer got

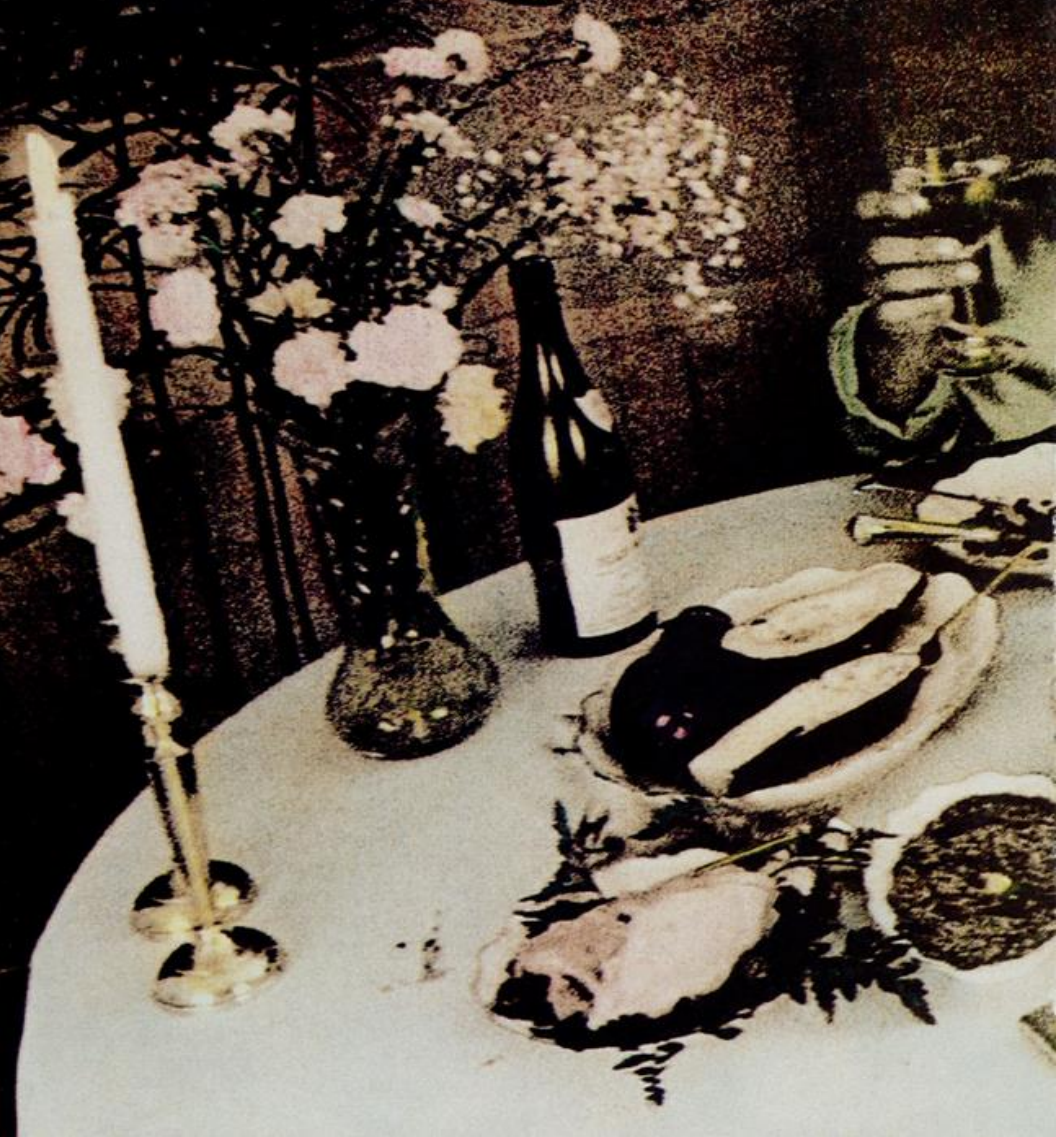
How to get turned on

scared and threw the rest of the pills down the well. "Did you drink any of the water?" the sawbones asked worriedly on hearing the tale. "No," admitted the chagrined sodbuster, "we couldn't get the pump handle down."

A medicine with the same kind of power is described in the classic 16th-century Chinese novel *Chin P'ing Mei*. The hero,

Hsi-men Ch'ing, obtains his supply from an Indian monk to whom he has shown kindness. The potion is in two parts, a pill that is to be taken with a nip of liquor, and a red powder, a few grains of which are to be dropped into the "horse eye" of the penis just before intercourse.

When Hsi-men first tried it, his penis stood as awesomely erect as a gladiator.





"... the head swelled and its cyclops eye opened wide; the transverse veins were easily seen; its color was livid as liver; it was nearly seven fingers long and much thicker than usual! Hsi-men was highly pleased.... The woman sitting nude on his knees took his penis in her hand and said, 'So this is why you wished to drink spirits.' " Of course, although the pills and powder crop up dozens of times throughout the book, nowhere is their composition so much as hinted, and we are left holding the legendary bag.

If any such remedy has ever been found, its secret has been well kept. Belief dies hard. But if many wondrous aphrodisiacs of remote tribes have proven disappointing, some are worthwhile, directly or indirectly, and many remain uninvestigated. If instant elixirs have so far eluded us, hormone therapy has aided many cases of impotence and frigidity. Some scientists

Cocaine can fuel passion beyond the usual limits. Men can often keep it up for hours; erection can sometimes be maintained even after one or more ejaculations.

confidently predict the first direct, fast-acting pharmacological aphrodisiac by the year 2000.

A wide variety of chemicals are taken with a common urge—to recover a sense that most people feel has been denied or stolen from them. Everyone wants a few hours in the golden age, that mythological era of prehistory or childhood when the body was as free as the sun, with no shadow falling between the emotion and the response, the desire and the spasm.

The further we flee from the sexless homilies we call religion, the closer we come to a faith that idolizes life through a more perfect communion. Western "heresies" and several schools of Hinduism, Islam and Buddhism have recognized that fucking is divine union, a springboard to satori.

Sexual energy is not limited to the genitals but diffuses throughout the body like perfume. Several drugs, notably cannabis and the psychedelics, enhance whole-body appreciation of arousal. Call it soul, libido, aura, orgone diffusion or astral vibrations, sex drugs are taken to spread the energy around, make love less goal oriented, slow one down and let the potential build.

World distribution of former rarities and the boredom of habitual use may have changed our reactions, so that what used to excite us no longer does. When first in-

troduced to Europe, cocoa was an aphrodisiac so strong it was forbidden to nuns and damned from pulpits, but now who gets laid from eating a Hershey bar? A similar drop in response seems to have happened with tea and coffee.

Tradition also touts thousands of herbs and spices, with their aromatic oils or alkaloids. Their fragrance itself is often said to be enough, but most of these plants also have some effect on our bodies or brains. Among those with the hottest reputation are the pepper plants. Their oils irritate the anus, bladder and urethra and by proximity are supposed to heat the gonads. Though not a pepper, the cantharides beetle, or Spanish fly, is the best known of these burning products. But any erections it produces are more akin to the excruciating itch of leprosy than the promptings of Priapus. It is too hard to regulate the dose, too painful and too often fatal to be called an aphrodisiac.

All substances that release energy in body or mind—such as ginseng, cocaine, cocoa or tea—are sometimes called aphrodisiacs, though the energy they release can as easily be directed to scrubbing a floor. But the elusive holy grail of mankind's age-long hunt remains something more directly erotic than any of these: a potion as sudden and invincible as sex itself, a medicine that without fail will rev up the engines as soon as we swallow it and keep the throttle wide open for hours before we run out of gas.

The widespread popularity of sex should make aphrodisia one of the most talked-about subjects in the world, but it is rarely discussed. It has long been assumed that the discoverer of a reliable love potion could buy an Arab sheikdom with the proceeds, yet today's marketplace has little to offer but sex-appeal toothpastes and capsules of cayenne advertised as "genuine ersatz Spanish fly" in the back pages of skin magazines. Except for tests of a few hormones and drugs for impotence or frigidity, no modern scientist has investigated the topic, despite scores of promising leads and thousands of untested plants.

In fact, we know less about aphrodisiacs today than our ancestors did. Throughout the world there once existed an extensive folklore of foods and herbs to fortify the sexual organs, and it is unreasonable to believe that

all of them were bogus. Generations of antisexual morality and education have nearly erased these traditions from the West. Marxism, with its Victorian origins and denigration of non-communal pleasures, has done a similar job in much of the East, although some recent Peking wall posters denouncing sexual repression as antisocialistic bring hope of an awakening in China. The poverty of overpopulation and colonialism has made sex a low-priority concern for many, and the worldwide spread of the processed-food industry threatens to create a species of gastronomical morons who can't imagine a healthy meal, much less a sexy one.

A knowledge of aphrodisiacs is both essential and supremely unimportant. It can rescue the nervous, bolster the weak, entertain the healthy. But no aphrodisiac can substitute for health. Some of these herbs or drugs may

help dispel daily cares or the fears resulting from an antisexual upbringing, but when they are relied on too often, unwanted side effects generally appear. None will long mask the effects of poor diet, lack of exercise and imagination, or boredom with one's mate. After advising the aging Louis XV not to use aphrodisiacs because of his waning health, the king's physician warned of "the greatest aphrodisiac of all"—change. Whether by variety of partners or variety of style, one can have a phenomenal sex life with nothing but a lover.



Yohimbe

Sexy Drugs

Like about half of the 15 to 30 million American pot users, I have found that cannabis has few equals as a safe but capricious erotic catalyst. Norman Mailer was one of the first to write about marijuana's effects on lovemaking, and his comments agree with what so many others found years later: "It gets into parts of me that nothing else can reach... and sex is invariably truer with pot. You can learn to use your body better. The same move you make every day takes on more meaning."

Naturally, there are dissenters. Some people find sex feels worse when they're stoned. Summing up this side, Gay Talese wrote: "Nothing will thwart performance

more decisively than being stoned, because you're mellowed out and become slovenly." Another thing that thwarts performance is performance worry, and it can become frightfully magnified by marijuana.

Many people have tried to explain why cannabis so often heightens the sexual experience. The consensus is that it amplifies the impact of our senses—especially the tactile—on the brain and helps release the mind from guilt or shyness.

Perhaps the archenemy of marijuana, former U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics Harry J. Anslinger, said it best: "In the earliest stages of intoxication, the willpower is destroyed . . . moral barricades are broken down, and often debauchery and sexuality result." A mid-'60s potboiler called *The Mind Benders* tells the tragic tale of "Mariam," who found herself making ecstatic love to "Scott" and actually enjoying it "even though he was a Negro." The drug made it all right, though. "It wasn't really me there, you see. It was someone else who could do all these things and not suffer any recriminations in the morning."

What it all comes down to, then, is a bit of hocus pocus, a hole in unreal reality through which we can grab a piece of our birthright—become divinities whose bodies are huge unmapped erogenous zones with no forbidden territory.

Psychedelics

At first, using LSD as an aphrodisiac may seem like using a fire hose as a water pick. The initiate is overwhelmed by one of the most complete learning experiences known to humanity, and why watch *only* the erotic film while being shown every movie in town.

LSD and the other psychedelics have fairly nonspecific effects, that is, they release experiences that are already latent in the nervous system and that can sometimes be triggered by other methods, such as long practice of yoga. Naturally, in any culture that has insisted on suppressing sexual enjoyment as long as ours has, much of what gets released will have to do with sex.

But while the universe may be sexy, the tripper may not feel that way, especially when the experience is still new—there is just too much going on at once. Personal or interpersonal problems may present themselves in terrifying detail to be worked out first. This is where a guide, experienced with acid but not high

at the time, is crucial, for with a few deftly reassuring suggestions, roadblocks can in a few minutes dissolve as the shadows they are.

Cocaine

A snort of cocaine is slightly less explosive than an orgasm, but it is still universally described in terms of the flash and the afterglow. Some find the speedup a bit too rocketlike for love; some mitigate it by combining it with grass.

Norman Douglas, for example, found cocaine took him to a Playboy-like "paradise where Venus may be seen, but not touched." But for others the white dust can fuel passion far and above the usual limits of endurance. Men can often keep it up and surging for hours; erection can sometimes be maintained even after one or more ejaculations.

On the other side of the coin, after too much coke over the course of a day or a week, the body's energy storehouses are gone and the same sexual phenomena are stretched too far: "control" may reach the point of frustration in which orgasm can no longer occur until the body takes a long, slow ride back to equilibrium. Several lovers of men who deal coke confided that toot tends to displace sex when the supply is too good.

Since cocaine is the best local anesthetic known, a little bit dissolved in cream or lotion is sometimes applied to the glans to prevent premature ejaculation or to the clitoris to aid tonguing and fingering when soreness following orgasm would otherwise prevent it. However, because the best (still much cut) bootleg cocaine sells for up to \$100 a gram (\$20 an ounce legally), most people who want a desensitizer use lidocaine or Solarcaine.

Herbs

The noble quest for aphrodisiac plants has been part of our most ancient herbal lore: the instinctive knowledge of healing leaves carried over from our tree-dwelling primate past. Two separate traditions seem to have developed—one

group of herbs to promote the woman's fertility, the tribe's future, and another to raise the man in her estimation. The search for the male aphrodisiac has been more prominent, or at least better publicized, in our 5,000 years of history.

During the age of the great herbals, in the 16th and 17th centuries, doctors and botanists took a fresh look at the herbs, reviving ancient empiricism and laying the foundations of modern medicine and botany. The search for magic potions like *aurum potabile* ("drinkable gold") continued, but there was new emphasis on the slow, gradual tonic properties of plants used daily for weeks or months.

The age of exploration brought hundreds of new plants and many exotic aphrodisiacs to Europe and her colonists. This process continues in ethnobotany today. In the past decade, a growing market for legal herbal highs has been generated as a spinoff from the enormous market for illegal highs. Among its best sellers are herbs with some aphrodisiac pretensions, and perhaps a few genuine articles. Mail-order companies like Woodley Herber, Herbal Holding Company, Home Grown Herbs and many others sell effective mixtures of yohimbe, damiana, hops, kava kava, muria puama, et cetera. Health-food stores carry some of these herbs, discussed below.

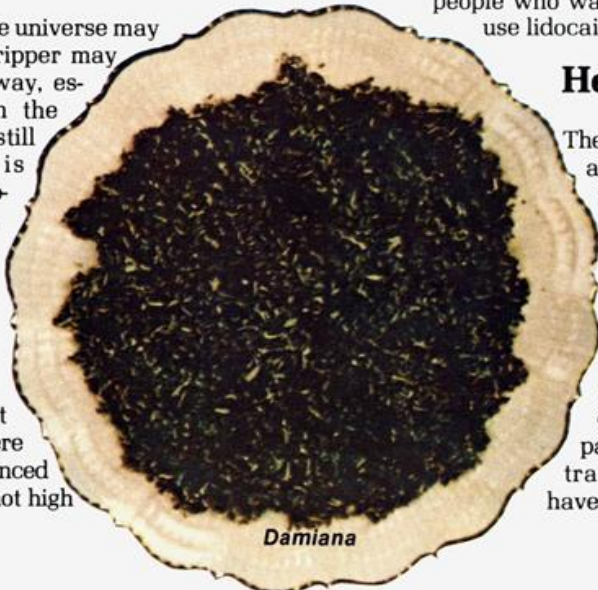
When experimenting, please heed one word of caution: When trying any unfamiliar herb or drug, it is a good idea to start with *half* of the suggested *minimum* dose and gradually work upward, because individuals vary widely in their sensitivity.

Yohimbe

This tropical West African tree yields one of the few aphrodisiacs that have been tested in Western medicine. The official conclusion as stated by Goodman and Gilman is that there is "no convincing evidence" for a directly erotic effect. The reddish-brown inner bark from *Corynanthe yohimbe* has been available to doctors for treatment of impotence since the early '30s, at which time Norman Douglas crowned it "the most effective of modern provocatives." It is one of the precious few potions that may excite a genuine undeniable horniness within an hour, as opposed to a gradual tonic effect over days or weeks, but because there are many people



Sarsaparilla



Damiana

for whom it does nothing, it cannot reach the highest pinnacle of the definition.

For years yohimbe enjoyed great repute for impotence until hormone therapy came of age, and veterinarians formerly used it on laggard bulls and stallions.

Yohimbe contains numerous alkaloids. Ajmaline (or rauwolfine), ajmalicine (or delta-yohimbine) and corynanthidine (or alpha- or iso-yohimbine) are all also found in Indian snakeroot (*Rauwolfia serpentina*) and seem to have similar hypotensive blood-pressure-lowering effects. The most abundant and active ingredient is yohimbine (alias quebrachine, corynine or aphrodine), also found in the bark of the South American quebracho ("ax-breaker") tree.

Yohimbine is extracted as a white powder that can be dissolved under the tongue, snorted, or ingested by capsule in doses of 5 to 20 milligrams (mg).

There is no consistently noticeable difference between the actions of pure yohimbine and the crude bark. Yohimbine penetrates the brain well and can produce increased pulse and blood pressure, sweating, physical restlessness, urine retention or sometimes nausea. Sexual excitement may result from stimulation of nerves in the sacral plexus, inducing hyperemia (engorgement with blood) of the pelvic area. Spontaneous erections that sometimes pop up without outside enticement are guaranteed to promote a grateful respect for herbs even among the most skeptical.

The yohimbe alkaloids also have a blocking effect on the neurotransmitters acetylcholine and epinephrine, which is presumed to cause the herb's mild psychedelic and brain-stimulating effects, especially in larger doses of up to 50 mg yohimbine. The mental changes run toward heightened empathy and emotional openness rather than the visual fireworks and confrontation with the ground of being more characteristic of full doses of LSD or psilocybin. Skin sensitivity is sometimes enhanced so much that the specific ecstasy of flesh flowing and bodies melting into each other is often felt for the first time.

Yohimbe is a weak serotonin inhibitor. Part of its aphrodisiac effect may be a reduction of accumulations of this vasoconstrictor in some persons. An excess is known to produce increased blood pressure, sleepiness, lack of energy and loss of interest in sex.

The increased flow of blood to the genitals can be harmful in some cases of impotence caused by inflammatory disease, such as prostatitis. All users must note the fact that yohimbe is a monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor. This means that it blocks the enzyme that normally protects the body against amines, such as the tyramine widespread in foods, which can otherwise cause a dangerous rise or fall in blood pressure associated with cardiac problems, headaches and in severe cases even death. As a result, the widespread tribal

custom of fasting before a sacrament is advisable, and yohimbe is, despite its pleasures, not a substance one can use regularly or casually.

It should not be taken with other drugs, especially not with other MAO inhibitors. Most tranquilizers must be avoided, al-

Yohimbe is one of the precious few potions that may excite a genuine undeniable horniness within an hour.

though Librium (chlordiazepoxide) or sodium amobarbital can be safely used if the yohimbe voyager develops an anxiety reaction. Tryptamine and harmala alkaloids, most sedatives, antihistamines, amphetamines and all diet pills, mescaline, alcohol in any form, cocoa, aged cheese, pineapples, bananas, sauerkraut and any other foods rich in the amino acid tyrosine (converted to tyramine in the body) must also be avoided on the day yohimbe is used. Don't forget to consider prescribed medication, as many are long-acting MAO inhibitors, and merely stopping their use for a day or two will not avoid the danger. Finally, any persons with diabetes, hypoglycemia or any organic problems of liver, heart, kidneys or circulatory system should avoid yohimbe altogether.

Yohimbine, tried for a time by doctors as a local anesthetic, is sold under names like Yocaine as a cocaine substitute. As such it is a less energizing but more directly aphrodisiac sniffable; it takes effect in a few short minutes and eliminates the nausea that the oral route sometimes entails in the entrails. Here again, there are no MAO warnings on the labels. Most yohimbe experimenters survive this ignorance without damage, but there have been a few close calls hospitalized with near fatal hypertension. Many take too small a dose to do much of anything and, if they feel dizzy or headachy, often just give up on this particular herb.

To experience the rewards of yohimbe without its dangers, avoid the foods listed above on the day of use. Simmer three to six teaspoons of the powdered bark (up to eight if in shaved form) in a pint of water for 10 minutes. As with all psychoactives, it is best to start with a low dose, even at the risk of no effect, and work upward—especially if you are a person of low body weight. As the tea cools, dissolve one gram (1,000 mg) of vitamin C in the cup. California self-experimenters proved that the yohimbine ascorbate thus formed is more easily assimilated. Sip the drink slowly, preferably with honey for your taste buds' sake. Because of the vitamin, the first effect—usually a warm, shivery

feeling in the lower back—will be felt in about 15 minutes instead of 30 to 45. The experience seldom lasts more than three hours, and there are no aftereffects except the fatigue that normally follows an intense experience.

At best, yohimbe should be thought of as a sort of botanical sex therapist. The preparation and precautions make it too cumbersome to do regularly, even if one wanted to subject oneself to a psychedelic every day or so. For some men, the external boost in the rigidity department provides the confidence needed to relax into natural sexual response more completely than ever before, a benefit that can then accrue to every encounter thereafter. Except for the spinal stimulation, the yohimbe experience is much like low doses of the more common psychedelics. Like them, it can be used to warm up special holidays in bed or to make sure your id remembers the fullest possibilities of orgasm, wherein *all* the tension is released, the beauteous present is momentarily eternal and all the colored wheels fly away in the brain.

Damiana


The ancient Aztecs used this herb as a tonic, aphrodisiac and cure for impotence, but most of their knowledge of the plant disappeared during their zealous persecution by Spanish missionaries. Fortunately, damiana was not altogether forgotten; modern lovers are rediscovering its potential and creating their own traditions.

Also called shepherd's herb and stag's herb, known to Indians as Xmisibcoc and to botanists as *Turnera diffusa* or *Turnera aphrodisiaca*, damiana is a small shrub native to the American Southwest, Mexico and the West Indies. A compound called damianin produces both a bitter taste and direct stimulation of the nerves and sexual organs. A volatile, greenish oil that smells like chamomile may aid in the herb's activity.

Damianin is chemically related to strychnine, with the advantage strychnine lacks—safety. An active dose of strychnine allows nerve messages to spread out undirected throughout the nervous system. The stimulus is unbearable, causing uncontrollable convulsions or death from overstimulation of the heart. Damianin has a similar but much milder effect on nerve sensitivity, with a large margin of safety. Still, in Mexico, *Nux vomica*, the plant source of strychnine, is sometimes mixed with damiana to heighten its effect.

In the 1930s several livestock breeders were using damiana to stimulate their studs, a fact that led sexologist George Ryley Scott to try it. He pronounced it, after "extensive experiments, quite useless" but did not mention how he prepared it. He may have used too little or may not have taken it continuously long enough.

(continued on page 84)



In Search of the Royal Herb

According to ancient Sufi legend, the Marijuana Goddess selects one of her faithful and visits that farmer's fields by moonlight, spreading her magic pollen on the farmer's beloved colas, transforming them into the most extraordinary ganja on earth. If any strain of *Cannabis sativa* fulfills this myth, it is purple sinsemilla, the Bob Dylan of the boo world, highly acclaimed but rarely seen.

Like other varieties of sinsemilla, the rare purple strain gets its extra punch from the overabundance of

As told to Jerry Corlew

Pictorial by Jerry Corlew and High-Lite Productions

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A three-month-old plant is already tinged with purple. Mature, it is a connoisseur's delight.

cannabinol resin produced by a horny pubescent female plant if she is not impregnated. The result is a supersmoke that tastes like Afghani hash smoked through a licorice stick and is far stonier, toke for toke, than any other reefer.

But this special sinsemilla is set apart not just by its high but by its color. Appropriately so, for purple has been a traditional symbol of royalty and rarity (the color of the Pharaoh's robes and the Prince of Wales's feathers), of luxury and sensuousness (the once common phrase "purple and fine linen" connoted high living; "blue blood," if such a thing ever existed, would surely be more purple than blue), of holiness and mystery (bishops wear purple robes, the Pope a purple zucchetto).

Tales and joints of the powerful purple herb first circulated among the psychedelized hipsters of Big Sur in the late '60s. They tell of the first kilos being smuggled across the border from Zihuatenejo, Mexico, fabled home of this heady oddity. A lucky few rescued the occasional seed found among the brilliant purple colas of those early kilos, then planted, loved and nurtured them in the rich soil of the surrealistic Santa Lucia Mountains, only to see most of their prestigious crop stolen by weed

rustlers. A few seedlings survived to pass on those potent purple genes, and today one strain of California sinsemilla, called Dolores, is rumored to be the tenth generation of the original Zihuatenejo mother crop.

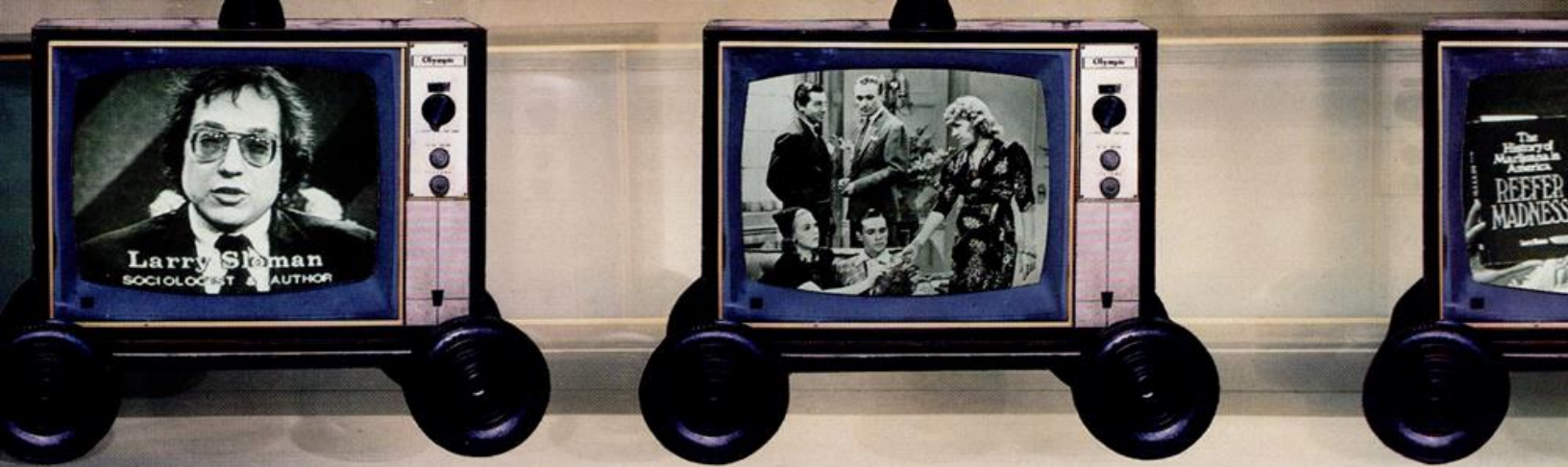
I first experienced the delights of Dolores, or perhaps a close cousin of hers, in 1973 when a dealer-friend turned me on to a joint of "the purp." He had sold his last ounce, but he did have six exceptionally mottled seeds, which I halfheartedly planted, convinced they were nothing but purple placebos. Came the fateful day to prune the tops, I was astonished when pearls of reddish purple sap oozed from the severed stems. Even more surprising was the fact that my crop of normal, healthy Colombian-gold plants had yielded one purple alien offspring.

These were not old-maid plants, which sometimes turn purple, or plants in which the hue is produced by slight freezes or uneven soil pH. The seed strain I speak of showed characteristics of purple foliage and bled purple chlorophyll from the seedling stage on. Perhaps the purple strain is a regressive characteristic of all marijuana seeds—waiting to appear, I would like to believe, at the Goddess's command. ☐





This blue-blood sinsemilla strain bleeds purple chlorophyll and (inset) has purple foliage.



On the Road with Reefer Madness

Selling a pot book is not like selling pot

by Larry Sloman

I got the call from my publicist at the publisher last April. "Good news," Sally said. "You're booked onto the 'Today' show and we're sending you out on tour." Every author's dream. National promo tour, 15 cities in three weeks, Marriott Inns, 5:30 A.M. wake-up calls, night flights to Georgia, the bit. There was only one thing—the book I'd be pushing was called *Reefer Madness*, a history of marijuana in America. All across the country, I'd be waking up Mr. Commuter and Mrs. Houseperson with wild tales of ax murders and suicides, chronicling the rise of the vicious weed as it spread from the Mexicans to the blacks to the jazz musicians and then straight to the belly of the beast, the great white middle class. But it was a challenge—attempting to clear the air of the old grass myths while plugging a humane, reasonable view with respect to "drug abuse." Besides, what red-blooded American male would pass up a chance to dish with Jane Pauley?

I taped the "Today" show segment at the end of January. After many long seesawing arguments, Sally had finally

convinced me that my image for this tour should be hip-academic. Which translates to pinstripe three-piece suits, Saint Laurent tie, Calvin Klein shirt, and leave the sunglasses home. I had argued for my sunglasses along with the straight outfit—as a kind of Custer's last stand, an implied ironic distance. Sally thought that they made me look like a pusher.

Our segment was to be taped immediately after one morning's live show, and after a perfunctory dusting at makeup I settled into the Green Room and watched the tail end of the show. Shortly, Jane Pauley came in, introduced herself, and fetched me into the studio, seating me behind a desk. "How do you like our original art?" She gestured behind us. I couldn't believe my eyes. Someone in the art department had done a mural of five skinny joints with smoke snaking up off the canvas. It was to be the backdrop for the interview. Jane chatted a bit, told me she had read the book (an oddity for these talk shows), loved some of the anecdotes about the middle class discovering pot, and generally advised me

which direction the conversation would go. I complimented her on her ability to rise before 11 A.M. and tried to shake the residual sleep out of my head. Soon we heard the command for quiet on the set.

The red eye blinked on and Jane began: "Marijuana is surely the most widely used illicit substance in America today. Its supporters claim it's harmless, its opponents say its effects are not fully known or predictable. We've still come a long way from attitudes displayed earlier in this century. Take a look at a bit of a 1938 movie called *Reefer Madness*, for example."

The lights dimmed, and on the monitors we saw a two-minute trailer for the original version of *Reefer Madness*—a film clip that Sally had scored from New Line Cinema, distributor of the film. Everywhere I'd go on the tour, before each TV appearance, I'd suggest they run the clip to put the discussion in a historical perspective. And even after 20 or so viewings the clip never failed to make me crack up, the serious, prototypical announcer's voice over the visual of some good American youths circa 1938 dancing

with restrained abandon:

"These high-school boys and girls are having a hop at the local soda fountain. Innocently they dance, innocent of a new and deadly menace lurking behind closed doors." Cut to a few jaded older types passing a joint. "Marijuana—the burning weed with its roots in hell." Now a short montage taken from stock files of the Bureau of Narcotics: grass fields, officers posed in front of their contraband. "In this film you will see the ease with which this vicious plant may be grown in your neighbor's yard, rolled into harmless-looking cigarettes, hidden in an innocent shoe or watchcase. In this startling film you will see dopesters lure children to destruction."

Cut to some seedy characters confronting a couple that resembles David Eisenhower and Julie Nixon in their wholesomeness. "We're going over to Joe's place," the dopester says. "Why don't you come along?" "We have a date to play a set of doubles," Mr. America hedges. "Well, you can play anytime," the pusher pushes. "C'mon, we'll have some laughs." Back at the pad, someone offers the novice a



joint. "You will meet Bill," the voiceover booms, "who once took pride in his strong will, as he takes the first step toward enslavement." Cut to Bill, tempted by a coy coquette, joint dangling from her seductive fingers. "Of course, if you're afraid . . ." Bill seizes the reefer and begins sucking. "Smoking the soul-destroying reefer, they find a moment's pleasure at a terrible price—debauchery."

Next, a visual of a couple making out on the couch—"violence"—a scuffle breaks out—"murder"—a shot rings out and a body falls limp. Then we see a young girl in a stoned fit run down a corridor and take a swan dive out of a closed window. "Suicide," the narrator smirks, as we see her body float down ten stories, "and the ultimate end of the marijuana addict." Cut to a bug-eyed loon, mesmerized by the wacky piano playing of his reefer-smoking girl friend, the weird speeded-up boogie-woogie propelled by his urgent cries of "faster, play faster." "*Hopeless insanity!*"—the narrator's voice is triumphant. "See this film, before it's too late."

The camera panned back to Pauley, catching her laughing. "That's just one episode in the long and somewhat bizarre history of marijuana in America"—she has regained composure—"a history that has now been chronicled in a new book called *Reefer Madness*; its author, Larry Sloman."

Pauley began by noting that some people probably still believed in that movie, and I immediately credited Harry

Anslinger, who was the head of the Bureau of Narcotics for 32 years and the man who did more than anyone in history to keep marijuana (and himself) on the front pages of every yellow journal from Bangor to Alamoosa. On screen there flashed a photo of Anslinger in all his bald-domed prohibitionist glory.

But TV spots like "Today" are anything but substantive, so Pauley took a quick trip down pot memory lane—who smoked it when—and then brought up the use of grass by young teenagers, the new marijuana bugaboo, hyping NBC's rerun of Edwin Newman's shoddy, sensationalistic documentary "Reading,

'30s, you'd go to these tea pads, four o'clock in the morning, there would be mysterious jazz playing, sexy lighting. There was a tremendous mystique surrounding the drug then, and today it's routine."

Pauley moved in for the kill. "Is it for you? Do you smoke?" A sly smile crossed her face.

I couldn't believe it. There I was, before ten million Americans, with my parents watching, and Jane Pauley, Miss Media America, had asked me if I was a pothead. It was embarrassing. Embarrassing because after a year of research and a lifelong interest in drugs, I had to admit that I couldn't really smoke grass. One hit off some good

Jane Pauley, Miss Media America, asked me if I was a pothead before ten million Americans.

Writing and Reefer" in the process. In response, I came out against 12 year olds smoking. Ageist pig.

Pauley was wrapping it up. "The recreational users and the great middle class who are now smoking, the millions of Americans who do smoke—haven't they made marijuana a lot less interesting now that it's no longer a cult symbol?" Jane squirmed in her chair and peered attentively for the response.

It was a good question. It's a standard complaint among old potheads that the proliferation of the smoking habit has taken the romance and intrigue out of grass. "Absolutely," I smiled. "If you could look back at Harlem in the

shit and I'd sound like I needed to be Midas-sized. Which is why I prefer to eat it. I turned sheepish. "I actually don't. I can't even smoke a cigarette . . ."

"But you have, of course?" Jane raised her eyebrows.

"I have." I suddenly felt like an imposter in my pin-stripe suit. "I have to confess," I repented.

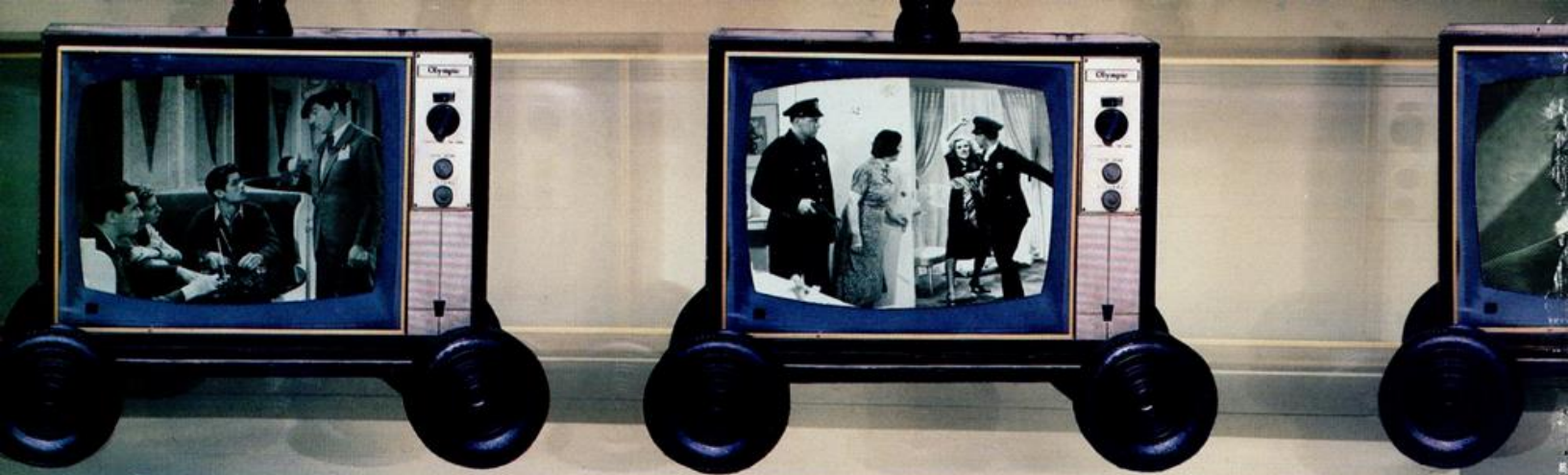
"Yes, you do." Jane smiled triumphantly. "Larry Sloman, thank you for being with us."

That was it. A total of six or seven minutes, including the film clip. Hardly a chance to get into the meat of the book, Anslinger's machinations, the history of the persecution of the jazz players, the spread of the substance from the Mexi-

cans to the middle class. But it turned out okay. I had liked Jane Pauley, even if she did put me on the spot. I felt that she was basically sympathetic to my point of view. After all, she had told me before we went on the air that the whole time she was reading my book, she had felt this strange, insistent hunger. I have to confess.

I left New York on Sunday, February 11th, stocked with 200 booklets of *Reefer Madness* rolling papers courtesy of E-Z Wider's Burt Rubin. Boston, the first stop, went well, but Atlanta was a welcome respite from the northern winter. In Atlanta, I had a guide to shepherd me to all the radio and TV stops that day. She was Vicki Rosenbloom, a lovely divorcee, mother of two young girls, who also happened to be one of the leaders of CAMP, the Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition, a national marijuana-reform group whose politics are somewhere between NORML and the Yippies. Rosenbloom was very active in the group, organizing memberships, using her house for meetings, putting in long hours in the offices, and after a while her dedication to the grass cause seemed a bit monomaniacal. Why would an attractive, intelligent 34-year-old mother devote so much of her time to marijuana reform?

"I was busted for possession," she shrugged, one of the 400,000 Americans who still get popped on marijuana charges each year. I wondered if the state created



enemies like this with each arrest.

Our first stop was "Today in Georgia," Atlanta's top morning TV show, hosted by a hip former Miss Florida, Nancy Scott. We arrived at the studio a bit early and sat at the rear, just as a young schoolteacher led in a troop of about 20 grade schoolers on a field trip.

"And this is the studio where Miss Scott's show comes from," the teacher said to her wide-eyed charges. She turned to me, a look of delight in her eyes.

"Are you today's guest?" She was hesitant.

I nodded.

"Oh, this is today's guest," she relayed breathlessly, and the kids craned their necks to get a good view of the guest.

"What are you on the show to talk about?" The teacher was inquiring for all 21.

"I'm promoting my new book," I said deadpan.

"Oh, he's an author," the woman squealed with delight, and the kids peered closer.

"What's the name of your new book?" The question was tinged with anticipation.

I took a deep breath. "Reef-er Madness—The History of Marijuana in America." I smiled sweetly.

The blood immediately drained out of her face as the kids fell on each other to suppress their giggles. "That's uh, er, nice." She grabbed as many children as she could, in a maternal protective gesture, and steered them toward the door on her left. "Hurry, children," she ordered, "there's lots more we have to see."

The interview with the former beauty queen was pleasant enough, but I ran into a

The Unknown Announcer walked on camera wearing a paper bag. "It's a nickel bag," he proclaimed.

slight tension convention on our next stop, radio station WRNG. I was there to do a call-in show, the Chip Wood program. It was 11 A.M. on a weekday morning, and once again it seemed that most of the audience would be housewives except for an occasional unemployed worker or a stray student. Chip introduced me, as most of the talk-show hosts did, as a journalist and a sociologist, as my academic background (master's degree from Wisconsin in deviance and criminology) seemed to legitimize my research on dope.

But a few minutes into the program, the trouble began. The first few callers had been friendly enough. One was a card-carrying Republican male who smoked daily. Another wanted some information on the history of the laws against grass. Another wanted a medical update. I suggested that grass might be less dangerous over the long run than chronic alcohol use.

Then she called.

"I would like to say that I think it's a shame to have this guy there pushing that drug on our young children." Judging from her voice and syntax, the caller was in her 60s, Southern born and bred, and wore tennis sneakers.

"I'm not pushing anything . . ." I started to protest.

"These homosexuals and others of his type are weakening this country." I was speechless. I couldn't believe it. "You come from New York,

all you sociologists or whatever. You social engineers. You're trying to engineer our way of thinking. Pushing that stuff on young kids, it's a disgrace." I was still speechless. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe she left out "dirty Jew." I guess she just took it for granted.

Although I never really got a chance to refute her statements ("C'mon down here, honey, and I'll show you who's homosexual"), her call did light up the board with more liberal-minded Atlantans, who were quick to apologize and eager to hear what I had to say about the killer weed. As for old Tennis Shoes, she's probably still listening in, convinced more than ever of the International Zionist Communist Social-Engineering Plot to brainwash America in preparation for the takeover. But it was noon and the advance man for the conspiracy had some other venues from which to push his pot.

Such as Ted Turner's fabled cable-TV station, WTCG, channel 17 from Atlanta. This is one of those experimental monster stations, a local outlet that got syndicated via cable-TV to over 150 outlets across America. I was to appear on the nightly news program hosted by Bill Tush, one of the most talented newsmen outside of New York or Los Angeles. Tush had a good sense of humor, and halfway through our interview his

sidekick, the Unknown Announcer, did a walk-on. The Unknown Announcer, as you might have guessed, had a paper bag over his head. "It's a nickel bag," he told Tush on camera. I gave him some rolling papers and marveled at the cultural schizophrenia in Atlanta.

By the end of the week I was in Los Angeles. I had spent a day in Houston, Dallas and Denver and was amazed at the warm receptions in each of those places. In Houston, I kept remembering a news story I had meant to follow up for the book. A father had shot his son in the head while he was sleeping because the kid was hooked on marijuana. The old man eventually got off on a temporary insanity plea, but it still made me a little paranoid to be promoting my pot book in that climate.

But L.A. was another world. Most of Saturday I hung out with Tom Waits and Chuck E. Weiss, just standing on the corner watching all the girls go by. When we weren't standing, we were sitting at a back booth at Ben Frank's, the all-night hash house, trying out our lines. On Sunday, I had one radio talk show, an early-morning affair out in Long Beach hosted by Mike Evans, who doubled as the West Coast sports editor for the New York Post. Evans, decked out in an Adidas jogging outfit, was slick but friendly, and the callers were mostly heads comparing prices and highs. Welcome to California.

Monday I did a few TV and radio shows and then met Leonard Cohen for lunch at Cantor's, a wonderful all-



night Jewish deli. Leonard looked marvelous, and he treated me to a preview of his new album, which he was about to record with Henry Lewy, Joni Mitchell's producer. The talk then shifted to *Reefer Madness*.

"Marijuana," Cohen moaned. "I hate it. It's been responsible for more boring conversations than anything in history. I mean, everyone sitting around, wheezing, with blood-shot eyes..." Cohen made a face. I smiled, picked up the check, and we spent the next few hours rummaging around the nearby Jewish stores looking for some Hasidic music.

That night, after a few more radio shows, I went disco roller-skating with Linda Lucks, the L.A. regional coordinator for NORML. But this was no ordinary roller crowd, for Monday nights are celebrity skate in L.A. It had started a few months earlier when Helena Kallianiotes, a brilliant actress who had appeared in *Five Easy Pieces* and *Renaldo and Clara*, decided to organize a skating club. The idea was to promote good clean fun as an alternative to the standard Hollywood atmosphere of drug-induced Sodom and Gomorrah. Within weeks it was chic, especially after some of Helena's pals—Jack Nicholson, for one—showed up. So Monday-night skating was the hot ticket in town, and when we arrived there were already frantic-looking hopefuls lined up looking for a member to take them in.

By ten, the joint was jumping, with about a hundred people on the floor whirling around to the latest sounds and twice that many people milling around the snack bar

"America Goes Bananaz!" featured me, an army recruiter, a psychic and a "Munchies" cook.

and benches. Beautiful people, the crème de la crème of the new Hollywood. There was Cher, looking lean as a whip; Diana Ross, surrounded by a bevy of sycophants; Marisa Berenson, demure and beautiful; Sally Kirkland and Ronee Blakley, two of the hottest young actresses around. The list went on and on.

On the floor, Cher was leading the pack, quite nimble and graceful on her feet. She was followed by ingenue after ingenue, whirling in turn, waiting to be seen and discovered. Bobby Neuwirth, Dylan's longtime sidekick and now an art teacher in L.A., skated up to me. "Welcome to the jet set," he growled, and we smiled. And both tried to catch up with Cher.

I left L.A. Tuesday night for San Diego, where I was booked on "Sun-Up," which began at the ungodly hour of 8 A.M. I was sharing the show with a doctor who had written a book on quackery (which turned out to be any procedure that was not sanctioned by the AMA) and a woman who was selling Joan Crawford's jewelry. The show's hostess was a vivacious blond named Neisha Cohen.

After the doctor had ridiculed Laetrile, acupuncture and breast-enlarger devices (complete with a demonstration), and after Crawford's jewelry made Neisha look like a queen for a day, my segment

was up. I took a seat on the archetypal sofa and watched the monitor as the teaser came on. They showed the cover of the book, and the logo read "Coming up next: *Reefer Madness*. Stay tuned." Suddenly the entire cover was shimmering in a weird psychedelic pattern. Then the letters started flashing. Only now they were changed, and all of early-morning San Diego was advised to "Stay stoned," like some subliminal advertisement. We broke for a commercial, and the producer trotted in, smiling. "How'd you like our teaser? Pretty creative, huh?" I just nodded in amazement and made a note to give him some rolling papers after the segment.

After San Diego, I left the sun belt, regretfully, and headed for the Midwest. And through Minneapolis, Madison, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, I was amazed at the warm reception the book received. On TV, I had to just try to cover the highlights, but whenever I did a radio talk show, inevitably the boards would light up (along with the audience) and we'd get into some good discussions about the weed's history. But there was one show that I was a little apprehensive about, a syndicated cable-TV show out of Columbus, Ohio, called "America Goes Bananaz!" It was a kids' show, sort of a cross between "American Bandstand," Phil

Donahue and the "Gong Show," complete with a live studio audience whose mean age was about 14. A strange booking, I thought, as the taxi dropped me off on Olentangy River Road, smack in the heart of Columbus on a drab Sunday afternoon.

They were taping two shows that day. Lee Denham, the pert young associate producer informed me, as I was led into a studio that featured bleachers full of screaming teens. The earlier show had starred Heart, the rock group. The late show featured me, the pot expert—along with an army recruiter, a psychic who predicted the newspaper headlines weeks in advance, a pizza-eating contest, a world-class lumberjack demonstrating ax hurling, and a cooking segment at a desk labelled "Munchies." I came after the munchies and before the ax hurling. Strangely appropriate, I thought.

Before I knew it, it was time for my spot. The army recruiter, a huge crew-cutted bear of a man, had done his thing, including nearly walking out over a question that implied that the army might not be too popular among the youth of our country. The pizza had all been eaten and the psychic had guessed the headline right. Randy Hamilton, the young host of the show, who could have passed for an ex-Mousketeer, was sitting in the audience, surrounded by screaming prepubes.

"How many of you are bored with history class?" he asked.

"I am, I am." Shouts from all around as an avalanche of hands shot up. Mine included.

(continued on page 93)

A GUIDE TO MICROCOMPUTERS

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HOW TO BUY A BRAIN FOR \$2,500 OR LESS

BY FRANCIS X. KIRBY

Tiny computers are here to stay. These shiny little miracles of machine intelligence are the best, most impressive development yet to escape the sometimes murky backwaters of American high technology. Anyone can use them. Kids play with them like toys. Record keepers tout them as a fast-acting remedy for filing and organizational headaches. Engineers turn to them as an efficient alternative to huge, bureaucratized, expensive time-sharing systems. Artists, writers and composers explore their seemingly limitless possibilities as a medium for creative expression. They can play a formidable game of chess, handicap a horse race with pinpoint accuracy, or effectively run a large greenhouse full of your favorite herbs and spices.

Microcomputers, capable of quick, easy storage and retrieval of up to 250,000 bits of information, of creating graphics and music, and even of speaking, are available for as little as \$1,000. Slightly less sophisticated systems are priced as low as \$300; supersystems start at about \$2,500.

At these prices, small computers are well on the way to becoming as commonplace as televisions or stereos. Currently, some 200,000 enthusiasts attest to the fact that they are fun, useful and easy to operate. No sooner have they learned their ABCs than some schoolchildren are being taught to program in BASIC; the simplest computer language. Adults can learn BASIC in about two hours.

The rest is up to the imagination. No computer will ever make anyone a genius. The machine will only mirror acquired skills and enthusiasm. Minimal effort yields minimal results. One of the few aphorisms of the computer establishment worth remembering is the motto "Garbage in, garbage out." However, these little machines—while not up to the capabilities of their giant corporate cousins—are far more powerful than the "Giant brains" of 25 years ago, and with application the garbage factor can be all but eliminated. Better still, novices plugging into the booming microcomputer market become part of a network of enthusiastic programmers who are more than willing to share their secrets for free or for a small fee and who are continually devising ever more ingenious uses for these little brains.

What Is a Computer?

To know what a computer is, it's first essential to know what a computer isn't. Pocket calculators, no matter how sophisticated, are not computers; nor are video games, though a small computer can both play video games and perform extraordinarily complex calculations.

A computer is an information handler, a processor of words and numbers, and a device that can control other electrical devices. Its components include: a means of entering information—usually a typewriterlike keyboard; a means of displaying information—most often a TV

screen; and a means of retaining information. Its memory takes the form of microscopic electronic circuits where information can be juggled, reorganized or erased, and a permanent memory storage center. Today, the latter is most often a standard audio tape cassette, but connoisseur computer freaks favor the "floppy disk," a vinyl grooveless record (slightly smaller than a 45) capable of loading information 60 times faster than a cassette tape.

Finally, a computer has a way of processing all this information. Small computers accomplish this through microprocessors, the tiny silicon chips containing hundreds of thousands of electrical components, that are daily revolutionizing post-industrial-age America.

A computer's memory, hence its capacity for work, is measured in thousands (abbreviated K, for kilo) of bytes, roughly equivalent to the number of characters it can store. A small computer with 8K of memory is one that can store approximately 8,000 characters. The more bytes, the more memory. The more memory, the more potentially powerful the machine is.

To communicate with a computer, you use a programming language. The most common language among small computers is BASIC (Beginner's All-purpose Symbolic Instruction Code), an easy-to-learn language consisting of English and English-like words. The capabilities of small household or office machines can be considerably boosted by programming them with improved, more complex versions of BASIC.

Applications

Like an amplifier in a stereo system, a small computer functions entirely on input. A clever operator will be able to demand considerably more from his machine than a beginner. With practice, however, the following uses are well within the range of most microcomputers:

Record keeping: Anyone dealing with money and property can use a small computer to organize books and files. Generalized filing systems are rapidly becoming available, as are general-ledger programs for small-business people. At home, you can keep track of record collections, book libraries, household data, insurance files, etc. A good, fast-acting record-keeping system, though, usually requires a floppy-disk drive, which means an additional expense of about \$500 above the cost of the basic computer.

For those whose records might prove embarrassing—or incriminating—it is possible to encode information so that no one else can gain access to it, or understand it if they do. Sensitive data can also be erased from the memory bank in a matter of seconds.

Word processing: The latest hi-tech must-have in office and industry. In simple terms it means electronic typing. You can enter words, phrases and paragraphs, then edit the manuscript using a TV screen. Besides saving reams of paper, the computer enables you to instantaneously delete and reinsert items, switch the order of paragraphs, or chuck the whole thing and go back to the original. Once everything reads right, the computer can print out the document on its own printer or on a cheaply converted typewriter. Business word-processing systems are sold for tens of thousands of dollars, but a microcomputer can do the job just as well for considerably less. Of the many programs written to do this, the best is one called the Electronic Pencil (cost in additional hardware: \$100-\$300). Word-processing programs work best with floppy disks and, of course, require the added expense of a printer.

Education: Computer-Aided Instruction (CAI)—regarded as a major educational breakthrough by researchers who have concluded that students learn more and better when they learn at their own speed—is no longer limited to educational systems with access to expensive computer hardware and programming. Programs for small computers can take children through concepts in math and build their vocabularies. For adults, there are programs in foreign languages, law, auto mechanics, and even one to teach them how to use a small computer. Parents with programming knowledge can also create educational programs specifically for their children.

Art and music: Computer graphics, once possible only on specialized, expensive machines, can be easily executed on today's small computers. New color-graphics systems can create graphs, dizzying designs, likenesses of reasonably high definition, and video special effects as complex as those seen in *Star Wars* or *Battlestar Galactica*.

Computer music ranges from simple R2D2 squeaks, squawks and pops to



Radio Shack's TRS-80, \$600.



Atari 400, \$500.



Ohio Scientific Challenger, \$350.

some very uncomputerlike sounds. Various music programs are available right now, and they are rapidly advancing to the point where computers may soon be favored over expensive, sophisticated synthesizers by both pop and modern classical musicians.

Fun and games: Virtually any video game ever invented can be played on a small computer, but of greater interest is the machine's capacity to be a challenging opponent in games that require thought and strategy. Rigorous chess programs are available for most microcomputers, as are programs that play backgammon, Othello and other board games. Then, too, there are computer classics like *Hammurabi*, in which players rule the ancient land of Sumer for a decade, trying to avoid starvation plagues and civil revolt; or *Star Trek*, in which they cruise the galaxies in search of Klingons.

Home control: A computer can't be a chess partner and a housekeeper at the same time—an important fact to remember if you're thinking of using one to control kitchen appliances, energy consumption, sprinkler systems or burglar alarms. Small computers, unlike industrial systems, are capable of only one activity at a time.

While it is technically possible to control up to 256 electrical devices using a small computer, sci-fi buffs with visions of totally automated living may first need a computer to figure out where the money is going to come from. The secondary hardware necessary to computerize a household could end up costing many times more than the computer itself. Nevertheless, the possibilities are exciting, and a number of amateur programmers are already living in a future world of their own creation.

Speech synthesis and recognition: It's genuinely startling to hear a computer talk—even more so when what it says is meaningful. Technology has advanced to the point where computerized talking devices, such as spelling teachers, language tutors and translators, will soon appear on the market. Speech is relatively easy to generate with a small computer, and each of the currently available systems is equipped for it. Speech recognition, whereby a computer will respond to oral commands, is, unfortunately, more difficult to implement. Nonetheless, there are at least two voice-recognition systems available for tiny machines.

Telephony: A computer attached to a telephone line creates wide-ranging possibilities. Programmed with your Rolodex or little black book, it may be used as an automatic telephone dialer. You simply type the name of the party into it, and the machine does the rest.

Using a device known as a modem (for modulator/demodulator), computers can talk to each other over the telephone, swapping the latest programs and data. A modem also allows a tiny computer to interact with large institutional machines, so it's *theoretically* possible to gain entry into any number of large computer systems. (Whether or not those systems *want* you there is another story.) This was the method used by Stanley Rivkin, a brilliant California operator, whose arrest last year brought computer crime into the headlines. Using the modem, he was able to plug into the systems of several banks to create a fictitious account of \$8 million, which he later used to buy diamonds and gold.

How to Buy a Computer

To buy groceries, you go to a grocery store. To buy a computer, you go to a computer store. This may have sounded facetious five years ago, but today thousands of computer stores have popped up in cities, suburbs and rural communities. Most of them have names like Computerland, The Byte Shop or The Computer Store. They're easy to spot in the Yellow Pages, but avoid anyplace that sounds like it's part of the computer establishment (i.e., names with "data," "com" or "general" in them, or with the initials IBM). People at these places will tell you that whatever you want to do will cost millions.

Likewise avoid discount or department stores, where consumer computers are beginning to show up alongside video games and video-cassette recorders. Prices may be better, but the characters who sell color TVs all day usually lack necessary specific information about the machine's fine points and possible programming problems. Someone at a computer store is likely to be of more assistance. Also, computer stores are centers of activity for small-computer owners, making them one of the best places to pick up on the latest developments on the programming front.

Consumer Computer Roundup

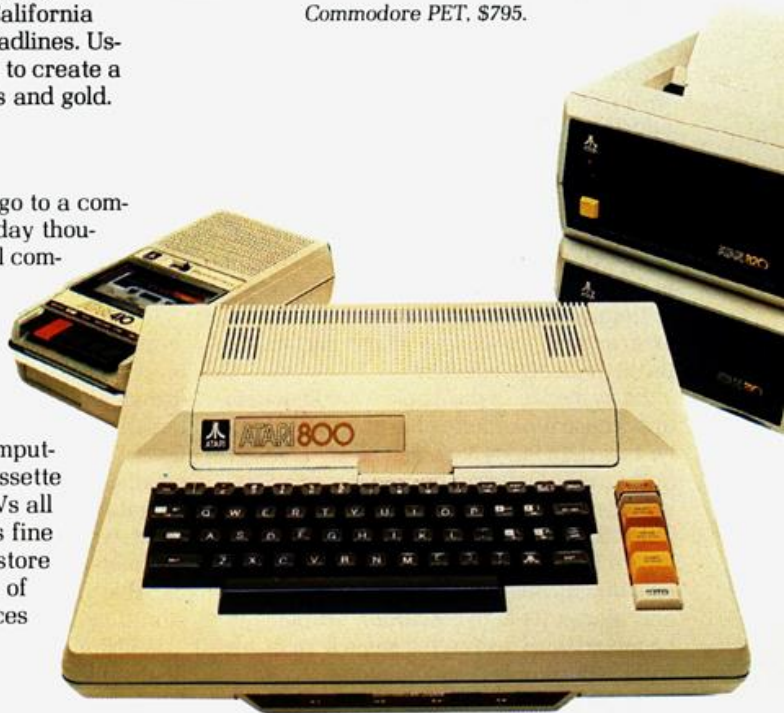
There are hundreds of small computers on the market, but only a handful



Apple II, \$1,200.



Commodore PET, \$795.



Atari 800, \$1,000.

that offer truly high capability at truly low cost. A rundown of what's around in '79:

TRS-80

The TRS-80, manufactured by the Tandy Corporation and sold through its Radio Shack stores, is the most popular small computer on the market. Unfortunately, most popular doesn't mean best: high TRS sales are partially the result of a national advertising campaign budgeted higher than the cost of manufacturing the machine itself.

The basic TRS-80—including computer, typewriterlike keyboard, cassette recorder and black-and-white TV monitor—sells for \$600. It comes with 4K of memory and what the company calls its Level I BASIC. This version is slow running, has limited graphics capabilities, and is restricted to integer (whole number) arithmetic.

For the most part, these shortcomings were remedied when Radio Shack introduced a Level II BASIC, which boosted the machine's capabilities considerably but still left many computerists dissatisfied. It's difficult to load information stored on cassette tapes, making the addition of floppy-disk drive almost a necessity at an additional cost of \$500.

Upgrading the TRS-80 can be sticky. The basic machine is limited to uppercase letters, making word processing impossible. The modification to provide both upper- and lowercase is simple, but it reportedly voids Radio Shack's warranty. Memory expansion is available cheaply from other manufacturers, but its installation also reportedly voids the warranty.

On the plus side, because of its popularity more programs have been written for the TRS-80 than any other small computer. Also, Radio Shack's repair service is the only nationwide small-computer maintenance network.

The best bargain in the Radio Shack line is the Level II machine, with 16K of memory, priced at \$988. This cost can be trimmed by furnishing your own cassette recorder and TV monitor or converted TV set.

Apple II

The Apple was the first microcomputer, and it is one of the very best. It's a small, typewriter-size, portable unit that connects to a color-TV set and a cassette recorder or floppy-disk drive. It generates lovely color graphics, as well as sound and music through its own speaker.

Early models of the Apple were limited to uppercase alphabetic characters. Recently, this deficiency was solved by Eclectic Software in Dallas, who introduced a \$100 integrated circuit called the superchip. This microchip gives the Apple upper- and lowercase alphabets, inverted video (upside down), inverse video (black on white), and allows its high-resolution graphics to be mixed with text on the same screen—a truly remarkable development.

Apple's memory can be easily and cheaply upgraded without fear of voiding manufacturers' warranties, and its plug-in mod-

ular design makes the addition of a printer, floppy-disk drive or speech-recognition hardware as simple as plugging in a lamp.

One of the machine's major drawbacks is the flea-powered BASIC it comes supplied with; but a second, more powerful version called Applesoft is available for permanent installation for an additional \$100.

Another drawback is expense. The Apple is the most expensive of the microcomputers. Base price is about \$1,200 for the computer, with 16K of memory. Apple's floppy-

Microcomputers are still in their infancy. It's estimated that advanced microprocessors and microchip memories will increase their capacities tenfold by 1990.

disk drive is another \$500, and users need to supply their own color-TV set and cassette recorder, an additional \$400 expense. Total, including superchip and Applesoft: \$2,300. But for many computer enthusiasts the Apple is a bargain at any price.

Commodore PET

The PET (Personal Electronic Transactor) has been plagued with problems since its introduction two years ago: late deliveries, quality-control deficiencies, and general lack of cooperation from the machine's manufacturer.

Commodore has been slow in furnishing the written instructions and descriptions of the machine to stores and owners. As a result, PET programmers have had to find out everything about the machine on a trial-and-error basis. (Both the TRS-80 and the Apple II come with excellent printed materials.) Commodore has also been slow to introduce the additional hardware—printer, floppy disk—that could turn the PET into a valuable tool. These shortcomings are slowly being remedied, and despite the hassles the PET is an impressive machine.

It has a fast-running powerful BASIC, word-processing capabilities, a unique set of special graphics characters (which make drawing on the video screen simple), and the ability to easily animate graphics creations. The PET is especially excellent at making music. Using a device known as a digital-to-analog converter and some specially written programming, the PET can be turned into a multivoice synthesizer capable of playing musical compositions stored in its memory. Cost: \$40 or less.

A stripped-down PET, with a small keyboard and 8K of memory, is available for \$795. A better bet, though, is a \$995 model with a full-size keyboard and double the memory capacity.

The Ohio Scientific Challenger IP

The Challenger is a late entry, and, unfortunately, one that looks as though it will receive less user support than the other major consumer computers. This is surprising, since the Challenger's \$350 price tag is the lowest on the market.

This price includes a fast-running BASIC, special graphics characters and 4K of memory. For \$1,000, Ohio Scientific offers an expanded Challenger system with an upgraded version of BASIC and a floppy-disk drive. Both systems are real buys in computing power.

Unfortunately, the Challenger's unique graphics system must be carefully used with normal black-and-white TV sets or else some of the information (top and bottom of the screen) will be lost. Of greater importance is the lack of owner-written programs, stemming from the Challenger's so far disappointing sales record.

The Atari 400 and 800

Atari, well known as the originator and popularizer of arcade and home video games, announced, last January, that it would begin concentrating on small computers for home and business. This fall, it will introduce two models priced in the \$500–\$1000 range.

The Atari 400 will be a "simple" computer that will rely on preprogrammed tape cassettes and cartridges sold by the manufacturer. Even though it will be somewhat limited in its functions, it will have its own version of BASIC, a color-graphics system, and a sound-generation system. Memory (beyond the 8K supplied with the machine) will, apparently, not be expandable, nor can the system be used with a printer or floppy disk.

Atari, however, has outdone itself on the 800 model. The 800 will have the most advanced color-graphics system of any consumer computer. In addition to three different sizes of alphabetic and numeric characters, its memory (8K supplied) will be fully expandable.

Both machines will have multivoice music and sound-effects capabilities, and Atari is even planning for such future applications as digitized video special effects and speech synthesis and recognition. A floppy-disk drive and printer for the 800 will be available when the machine is introduced.

Where Is It All Heading?

Despite enormous advances in the field, microcomputers are still in their infancy. It's estimated that advanced microprocessors and microchip memories will increase their capacities tenfold by 1990.

The impact these small computers will have on society's information revolution cannot be overestimated. But perhaps the greatest role that the small computer is playing is as a teacher. These machines are teaching people that there is nothing mysterious about computers, and that people are still the machine's ultimate masters. ■

300 years of sex, death and weirdness

The Strange History of American Cults

by Jim Hoberman



Photographs Bettmann Archive

An influx of dropouts from other cults sustained the celibate Shakers for over a century.

Relax, America. Don't worry about those cults. Archvillains Jim Jones and Charlie Manson may be scary, but they aren't quite the very modern aberrations that the media would like you to think they and their cultists are. Dad and Charlie—not to mention more respectable cult leaders such as Werner Erhard, Reverend Sun Myung Moon or Garner Ted Armstrong—are just the latest models in a continuous tradition of fringe religious leadership that has flourished in this nation from its inception. America's first European settlers were religious cultists (Pilgrims, if you like), and since then this continent has been a Mecca-like magnet and last frontier for utopians of every denomination. Our history is filled with prophets crying in the wilderness—and you don't have to be one to see it's all coming to a boil again as we close in on the millennium year 2000.

After all, America has had practice, hailing the dawn of the 19th century with a spectacular outburst of religious mania. Cults popped up like mushrooms in the

Brook Farm, founded in 1841, was a successful 19th century utopian commune.

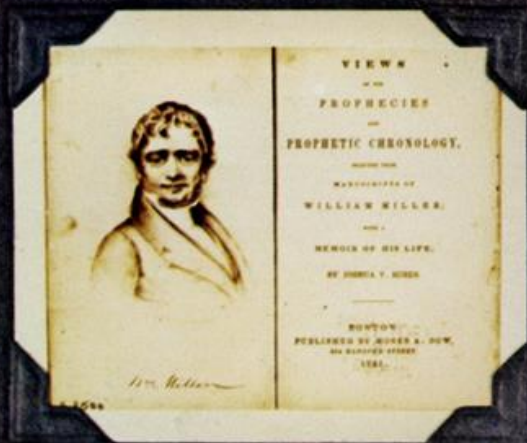


backwoods camp meetings that were invented in the Kentucky hills during the holy year of 1800. Families pilgrimaged hundreds of miles to cleared-out hollows in the depths of the forest, where teams of Bible-thumping evangelists whipped them into a frenzied, screaming mass. The torchlit woods thundered with hellfire exhortations to "Agonize!" as 10,000 sinners shrieked "Jesus save me!" in response. Little children, babbling in incomprehensible tongues, were hoisted up on tree stumps and displayed until they collapsed from exhaustion. Sometimes an entire camp meeting would lie prostrate on the ground while the preacher crept among the sob-racked bodies, moaning "I am the old serpent that tempted Eve . . ."

As the days and nights wore on, many in the crowd lost all control—even of the power of speech. The hysterical sounds they emitted were referred to as the "holy laugh" and the "bark." Groups of penitents would drop to their hands and knees and lope through the forest yelping like dogs. This was known as "treeing the devil." The most alarming trance state was simply called the "jerks." Head pitched back, body doubled over, a victim of the jerks bounced violently from side to side with every limb twitching like a galvanized frog. These spasms were highly contagious. Eyewitnesses report meetings where 500 souls began doing the jerk all at once. Not even the society ladies and plantation belles, up from Knoxville for the day to take a gander at the antics of the great unwashed, were immune. Once jerking fever convulsed the crowd, they fell out of their carriages—bonnets flying off, loose hair "cracking loud as a wagoner's whip," shaking and frothing down in the mud with the rest.

The largest and most intense meetings were held in the Cumberland Mountains (the same region that later gave rise to the "snake cults" and an occasional human sacrifice), but the phenomenon spread like a brushfire over the American frontier. Charles Grandison Finney, the self-styled brigadier general of Jesus Christ, a preacher rumored to have the power to drive men mad, stormed throughout the "Burnt-Over" district of western Vermont and upstate New York before coming to rest in Ohio. In his wake, the country was filled with prophets, cults and religious excitements.

There were the Vermont followers of Isaac Bullard, who sought their salvation in a return to a "biblical mode of life," shaving only their upper lips and wearing nothing but bearskins as they wandered around the countryside. Not only were they highly visible but farmers claimed that it was possible to smell these pilgrims from afar. Bullard regarded washing as a sin and boasted that he hadn't changed his clothes in seven years. In Ohio, Abel Sargent barnstormed the state during the War of 1812 with a dozen female disciples, offering to raise up the dead and



William Miller predicted the world would end on March 21, 1844. When it didn't, suicide and madness decimated his fanatic flock.

A Millerite preparing to survive doomsday.

preaching that those who believed in him had no need of material food. The cult suffered a terminal setback when one acolyte put his faith to the test, refused to eat for nine days, starved to death, and was not revived.

Several years later, a worldlier messiah named Joseph Dylks appeared in Salesville, Ohio, and converted most of the town. His religious services involved a church full of men and women rolling naked on the floor, committing (in the phrase of one contemporary observer) "sins too revolting to mention." Other cults attacked organized religion directly. Rochester, New York, newspapers

The torchlit woods thundered with hellfire exhortations to "Agonize!" as 10,000 sinners shrieked "Jesus save me!"

printed stories of one Martin Sweet, an Auburn farmer with six spiritual wives. Sweet sent one of his women out into the street to cleave whomever she met with a butcher's knife while three others attacked a nearby church, smashing the altar and drinking the sacramental wine.

The most extensively documented of these frontier saviors was Robert Matthews of New York. "Jumping Jesus," to his neighbors, Matthews returned home after one of Brigadier General Finney's revival meetings and announced that God had delegated him to convert the city of Albany. After the earth failed to open up and swallow the unrepentant town on the day Matthews predicted for its destruction, he embarked on a grand evangelical tour of the South, where he was jailed for preaching to the Indians. In 1830, Matthews—now "Matthias the Jew"—turned up in New York in rags, wandering the streets and haranguing whomever would listen. He there found a patron in the form of Elijah Pierson, a wealthy merchant with a hot line to God.

In accordance with the divine instructions imparted to Pierson one afternoon as his carriage rode through Wall Street, he and his wife had established a "holy club" dedicated to the redemption of the harlots of New York's notorious Five Points district. (Their daily 18-hour prayer meetings were somewhat dubious orgies of foot washing, toe kissing, and groveling on the floor.) Mrs. Pierson died, but God promised the bereaved Elijah that He would bring her back. Pierson delayed his wife's interment for several days, and was in fact still postponing the date of her resurrection when Matthews appeared at his door in the

guise of Jesus Christ.

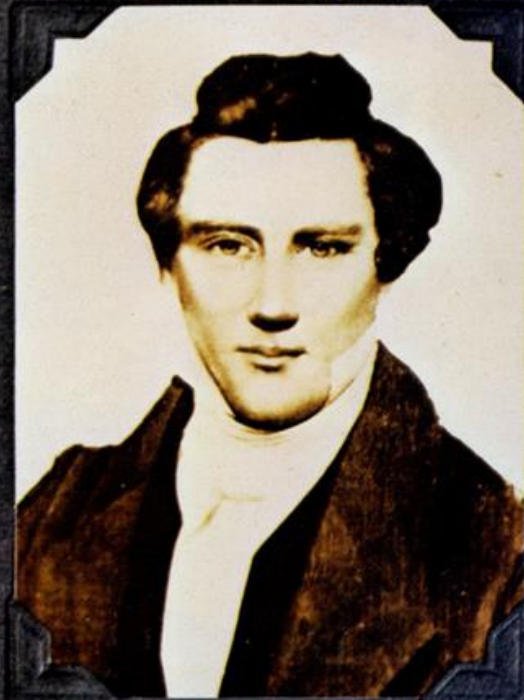
Soon, "Jesus Matthias" had taken over Pierson's congregation. He moved in with the family of another church elder, Benjamin Folger, where, immersed in a barrel of holy water, he would sanctify the naked devotees of his cult clustered around the tub. Eventually Matthews invited Mrs. Folger to share his bath. Although she was already a mother several times over, she became convinced that her virginity had been restored in anticipation of the holy child Matthews had promised to father upon her. To placate Folger, Matthews arranged to have his own daughter leave her husband and become Folger's concubine. When he was not engaged in his ablutions, Matthews strode through the city, waving a sword in one hand and a seven-foot ruler in the other, shouting that he had come to save the world. Undeterred by a brief stint in Bellevue, he cut a dashing figure around town until God signaled Pierson to cut off his funds.

The enraged messiah responded by poisoning everyone in sight. Pierson died in convulsions after eating some blackberries that Matthews had picked and prepared for him; the entire Folger household came down with a mysterious intestinal ailment after Matthews fixed their breakfast. When the abandoned son-in-law showed up, "Jesus Matthias" was charged with blasphemy, theft, assault, insanity and murder. Matthews's rantings during his sensational trial were so severe that he was dragged from the courtroom screaming "Dissolved! Dissolved! Dissolved!" Perhaps the greatest miracle of his career was that he was found not guilty.

Matthews made one last appearance before vanishing from recorded history. In November 1835, he was reported at the house of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith. The two consorted and swapped visions, until Smith decided that Matthews's God was really the Devil and sent him away. Nevertheless, some credit Matthews with revealing to Smith the "esoterics" that the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, were soon to practice in their Nauvoo, Illinois, settlement. To have influenced Smith even a bit is surely to Matthews's credit, for Smith remains, without a doubt, the most successful prophet that the United States has ever hatched. His cult grew from a handful of disciples into a full-fledged religion.

Smith, like Matthews, was a product of the Burnt-Over district, where as a teenager he dazzled the local farmers by divining for buried treasure on their land and reading the future in his "peep stone." But he was evidently made for more than amateur necromancy. After a visitation from the angel Moroni, Smith discovered the gold tablets of the Book of Mormon. Buried with this sacred text were a pair of divine spectacles that allowed him to translate the book, which he did behind a

Husband of 50 wives and founder of the Mormons, Joseph Smith (1805-1844) was arrested and murdered in prison.



Doing the jerk at an outdoor revival meeting.

Aimee Sample McPherson, one of the first evangelists to parlay cults into big business.



In 1847, Brigham Young led the Mormons to Utah, where they practiced polygamy until 1890.

curtain hung up in his living room, dictating it to five disciples.

In 1836, Smith led a band of followers westward and established the town of Nauvoo. By 1844, Nauvoo was the largest city in Illinois; and it was there that Smith received the revelation of polygamy. He became not only Nauvoo's mayor, judge and hotelkeeper, the king of the Kingdom of Heaven, and a candidate for U.S. president, but the husband of 50 earthly wives. (In one of his last sermons, Smith paused and remarked almost to himself, "I don't blame anyone for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I could not have believed it myself.") Ultimately, he was arrested by the Illinois National Guard and murdered in his prison cell. Two years later, in 1847, Brigham Young, more an organizer than a prophet, guided the rest of Smith's flock on their last great trek, to Utah, where they practiced polygamy openly until 1890.

At the same time that Joseph Smith and the Mormons were battling the state militia for control of Illinois, the most sizable millennial movement since the days of the Roman Empire had grasped hold of the American people. More than 50,000 citizens were fanatically convinced that sometime during the year 1843-1844 Jesus Christ would appear, transport the saints to heaven, and send the wicked to hell. Their prophet was William Miller, a mild-mannered New England farmer whose Bible studies led to the conclusion that the world was about to end. Throughout the 1830s, Miller's movement snowballed through New York, Vermont and western Massachusetts. By the time it swept Boston in 1839 it had achieved epidemic proportions. It's been estimated that over a million Americans were at least partially persuaded that the latter days were at hand. As the millennium grew nearer, Millerite newspapers and tabernacles were established in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Rochester. A hysterical crowd of 3,000 gathered in Washington, D.C., just on a false rumor of Miller's appearance.

Miller spent the summer of 1842 orchestrating a series of camp meetings throughout the Northeast, having pinpointed the end as occurring between March 21, 1843, and March 21, 1844. Meanwhile, the most brilliant comet of the 19th century blazed nightly in the skies, frightening thousands more into the cult. Astonishingly, the failure of the Last Judgment to arrive on schedule only served to further inflame the Millerite madness. His followers quickly accepted a new prediction put forth by the Reverend Sam Snow, putting the Day of Wrath on October 22, 1844, and their enthusiasm surpassed that of the first few months of the year. From mid August, things were at a fever pitch. Farmers refused to plow their fields, shopkeepers gave away all of their stock.

On the morning of October 22, Millerites all over the country wrapped themselves in white linen "ascension robes" and gathered on hill summits. Others waited in graveyards or climbed into the treetops. By midnight, the movement had collapsed in despair. Millerite preachers were tarred and feathered; many of their pauperized followers committed suicide. In the ensuing weeks dazed Millerites filled local insane asylums to capacity. One congregation near Brattleboro, Vermont, selected a young man from its cadre as the scapegoat and bludgeoned him into oblivion. Many ex-Millerites joined the Shakers, a traditional last resort for the most pious devotees of every religious mania that swept the frontier. (As the Shakers had a strict ban on sexual intercourse, their movement was largely sustained by such conversions.)

Other Millerites became Perfectionists, reasoning that the elect had entered the millennium, only instead of being transported to heaven they had been given permission to enjoy a heavenly lifestyle on earth. Soon Millerite preachers were being charged with receiving stolen goods or operating brothels; the notorious "House of Judgment" in Springfield, New York, was the site of group gropes led by naked spinsters and interspersed with direct messages from the Almighty.

The cult of Perfectionism, so attractive to the Millerites in their postapocalyptic confusion, began in New England in the mid 1830s. Lucinia Umphreville and Simon Lovett preached that spiritual perfection could be attained when two lovers lived together in total chastity. The doctrine had a cute kicker: if the couple proved so weak as to succumb to temptation, that only proved they were an unworthy, ill-matched pair who would have to find new partners and try again. In Brimfield, Massachusetts, two young women visited Lovett's bedroom to prove that their piety could overcome their carnal desires. It didn't. That same summer, Lovett, Umphreville and several others made a similarly failed experiment. Afterward one woman's husband was struck blind when he went after the Reverend Lovett with a horsewhip. This "act of God" gave the final stamp of approval to the doctrine of human perfection and security from sin.

The greatest Perfectionist was John Humphrey Noyes. At the age of 22, Noyes received the revelation that the Second Coming of Christ had occurred in 70 A.D. Thus, men and women should be able to live their lives by the same conventions that governed the angels in heaven. In a holy community, it followed, there should be no more reason why sex should be regulated than eating or sleeping. Noyes's first utopia was established in 1843 at Putney, Vermont. It abolished private property, established a six-person "complex" marriage, and was run out of the state in 1847.

Noyes then took his cult to Oneida, New

York, to establish the most successful and sexually unorthodox commune in American history. The 87 members of the Oneida farm were all married to each other. At Putney, Noyes had served as the traffic cop deciding who would pair off with whom on any given night; at Oneida, partners were obliged to obtain each other's consent through the intervention of a third person, but the ground rules were more complicated. The younger members were encouraged to bed down frequently, if not exclusively, with their seniors. This insured that no one would feel left out. Male adolescents were initiated in sex by women who had passed through their menopause, while girls between 10 and 13 were deflowered by Noyes and then further introduced to sex by the commune's older men.

Central to Oneida's erotic practice was the theory of male continence. The men of Oneida engaged in sex without ejaculation (or at least attempted to), thus keeping the sexually active commune's birthrate at a manageable level. The Oneida Perfectionists thought their discovery of orgasm sans ejaculation an innovation greater than that of the combustion engine or the telegraph. Noyes regarded the practice as an art form destined to surpass all others. In this shared bliss, the complex marriage of the Oneida community flourished for over 30 years, until the pressure of local authorities forced Noyes to end, in 1879, his experiment in perfect communism.

Oneida was one of many communes that appeared throughout America in the middle of the 19th century. There were Brook Farm and Fruitlands, the communities established by the otherworldly Massachusetts transcendentalists; the French Icarians who settled in the ready-made, deserted Nauvoo; the spiritualist utopia of Thomas Lake Harris, which claimed to be situated on the exact spot of the Garden of Eden (in Virginia). The optimistically named Modern Times, located on Long Island 40 miles from New York City, was established by the anarchist Josiah Warren in 1850. Based on complete tolerance, it attracted a number of misfits from other, more uptight communes. The citizens of Modern Times included nudists, polygamists, wife swappers, transvestites, and a woman who starved to death because she refused to eat anything but beans. Despite these freewheeling personalities and a lot of newspaper publicity, Modern Times lasted over three times longer than the average commune. Without any central government it remained operational for seven years, until the depression of 1857 wiped it out.

Most religious communes were the expression of a single charismatic leader. Few could survive a change in ministry. After the failure of his Michigan nudist colony, renegade Mormon Cyrus Sprang took his followers to Illinois, where they

built for him an ecclesiastical palace modeled upon that of King Solomon. Sprang planned to spend eternity in "repose and meditation" while remaining among his followers as "the Eternal and Invisible Presence." No one was allowed into the tabernacle except the cult's "virgins," who came one at a time on particular nights and were received by Sprang in total darkness. (No one could look upon the face of the Invisible Presence and expect to live.) Ultimately a jealous postman, who had fallen in love with one of Sprang's handmaidens, broke into the temple and fired three shots. The report soon circulated that the Invisible Presence was dead, but Sprang's follow-

Dylks's religious services involved a church full of naked men and women committing "sins too revolting to mention."

ers refused to believe it. They were reassured the next day when a virgin reported back with the message: "Fear not, thy God is immortal."

Several months later, however, Sprang's daughter-in-law accused her husband and his brother of taking turns occupying the temple and greeting the virgins. "It took two of them to fill the place of the prophet, one wasn't enough," she charged. Sprang, Jr., maintained that his father had ascended to heaven in a fiery chariot, but this vision was not sufficiently compelling to keep the sect intact.

As the 20th century approached, some enterprising cult leaders managed to combine business with religion. The first of these was the Australian faith healer Alexander Dowie, who came to Chicago in 1893 and built his first tabernacle/healing room on the outskirts of the World's Fair. Despite its official doctrine that the earth was flat, his Christian-Catholic-Apostolic-Church-in-Zion became the nation's fastest-growing cult since the Mormons. In 1901, Dowie revealed himself as the reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah and established the community of Zion City, 42 miles north of Chicago. Zion City was basically the lace factory where all residents worked and a great observation tower for Dowie. He ruled with an iron hand and employed an intricate spy network. The workers in his factory were compelled to deposit their money in his bank; in 1904 he founded the Theocratic party and marked everyone's ballot for his nominee, President Theodore Roosevelt. Among the things forbidden to Zion City residents were doctors, drugs, dancing, vaudeville, unions, pork, tobacco, war, lust and bad language. In between factory shifts, Dowie's flock partook in three daily

prayer meetings, and their Sunday services lasted all day. The prophet was finally deposed in 1906 after an indiscreet attempt to ditch his wife for another woman. After his death the next year, it was discovered that he had invested a substantial portion of his profits in a collection of rare pornography.

Dowie's spiritual successors were religious leaders like Sister Aimee Semple McPherson, Father Divine and the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, who were able to parlay their cults into substantial corporative entities. But even more commercial—if less lucrative—was William E. Riker's Holy City, California, the world's *schlockiest* utopia. In 1919, Riker, an ex-mechanic who called himself "The Comforter" and claimed to receive messages through his nerves, moved his Perfect Christian Divine Way from San Francisco to a 200-acre site in the Santa Cruz mountains. As the colony grew no food, it was wholly dependent on tourism. With an eye to the state highway that passed through their land, Riker's several hundred adherents constructed an angel-bedecked Gas and Public Comfort Station, with a barber shop, grocery and restaurant. Huge billboards proclaimed Holy City the "Headquarters for the World's Perfect Government" and offered a "\$25,000 reward if you can find any flaws in it." A row of wooden Santa Clauses stood on Main Street, each with a Riker axiom affixed to its stomach, such as: "God winks His eye at any act we care to do, if we take Him in on the deal."

During the 1920s and '30s, Holy City's industries expanded to include bottled holy water, alcoholic soda pop (sold under the counter during Prohibition), peep shows of naked women (housed in miniature churches), and a zoo. "The Comforter" was no wet blanket: at one time or another Riker was tried for reckless driving (nine accidents in 1929 alone), fraud, tax evasion, breach of promise, sedition and murder. A pen pal of Adolf Hitler's, Riker maintained that the world belonged to the white race and regularly ran for governor of California on that platform.

After the war, Holy City fell on hard times. The state rerouted the highway, and by 1952 the colony's principal means of support were the social-security checks of its residents. Although Riker was swindled out of his land in 1960 by the "New Jewish Messiah" (and former music director of the "Sergeant Preston" radio show), he managed to hang in for nine more years until his death at age 94. During the Summer of Love, Holy City issued an official invitation to the hippies of San Francisco. None responded. Still, when asked about Holy City's future, one of the old-timers remained optimistic: "Holy City belongs to mankind, and mankind never dies." So far, events haven't proved him wrong. □

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(continued from page 64)

Philadelphia doctor W.H. Myers, after extensive use of it in cases of sexual debility, pronounced it "the most effective and only remedy that in my hands had a successful result in all cases," using 15 to 30 drops of fluid extract per day.

The last decade's resurgence of interest in herbs has brought damiana back, if not to popularity, at least to the realm of available knowledge. A tea is usually prepared with one or two tablespoons of the dried leaves steeped in a pint of hot water. Some people also smoke the leaves, but the herb is so harsh on the throat that a water pipe is usually needed. The smoke in combination with the tea gives a faint marijuanalike high, too faint to be worthwhile.

Word of mouth has it that damiana has a stronger effect on women, but both sexes tell of erotic dreams when they drink a cup before bedtime and increased sensitivity when they take it before balling. The effect is cumulative, growing more noticeable after a few days. Personally I noted no change in my dream content and no immediate effects after each cup. But a marked rise in the lust level was unmistakable after four or five days, especially with the cordial described below. Upping the dose beyond a cup or two per day does not seem to increase the effect, however, and prolonged overuse (many cups daily) is suspected of causing liver damage. But a cup a day is a definite sensual turn-on with no known side effects.

Once available only through such herbal pharmacies as Kiehl's in New York, damiana is now marketed by many herbal companies, by mail or through health-food stores. It is often blended with saw palmetto berries for an even stronger boost.

Louis T. Culling, in his *Manual of Sex Magic*, describes his sexual rejuvenation after two weeks of damiana tea every evening. To make his tea, Culling immersed two heaping tablespoons of the dried herb five minutes in one large cup of water; he drank an extra cup or two just before, or ideally a few days before, coitus. Culling feels damiana is a "communicative" aphrodisiac as well as a physical one. He and friends who tested it found that "people who would ordinarily have conversed with us quite casually were unusually friendly, even to the point of intimate interest." He kept a diary of his test of damiana during an affair at age 69 with a young Tijuana waitress. At one point he writes:

Last night was like being in an Arabian Nights' story. Four times was La Encantadora taken on the magic carpet to the mountain of ecstasy. Three times I sailed with her—already an incredible exploit for me. Yet she has said that she is going to be with me again the coming

afternoon and night! It is time for that feeling of complete surfeit. Yet I am looking forward to this with an enchanted imagination that rivals the anticipation of the first love affair of my youth.

Culling also mentions a damiana cordial imported from Mexico, called "Liqueur for Lovers." This, however, contains too little of the herb to be effective.

Both sexes tell of erotic dreams when they drink a cup of damiana before bedtime, and increased sensitivity when they take it before balling.

The following recipe has been circulating in the California underground for a few years and first surfaced in Adam Gottlieb's excellent *Sex Drugs and Aphrodisiacs*. Soak an ounce of dried damiana in a pint of vodka for five days. Pass the liquid through a coffee filter, then steep the vodka-sodden leaves in spring or distilled water (chlorinated tap water will affect the taste) for another five days. Filter as before. Then warm the water extract and mix with one-half to one cup of honey. Keep the temperature under 160 degrees F., though, or the honey's flavor will also begin to deteriorate. Combine two solutions. Drink it as is or age it for a few weeks. A cordial glass of it makes a delicious and sexy nightcap.

Saw Palmetto Berries

Also known as sabal or fan palm, *Serenoa serrulata* (or *S. repens*) grows in dense stands of scrub within one to five miles of the Atlantic shore from South Carolina to Florida. The sweet reddish-brown or purple berries look like dark olives, ripe from October to December. For many decades they have been known to herbalists as one of the most fortifying foods for regaining strength after wasting illnesses. They help build up glandular and muscular tissue and can be used by both overweight and underweight people to help normalize their weight. They have been used with some success to reverse atrophy of the testes and increase sperm production. It has also been claimed that long-term use can enlarge underdeveloped breasts. Their effectiveness is greatly increased when combined with damiana. They are one of the safest and most generally beneficial of all aphrodisiacs. If available,

fresh berries are best, a dozen or more per day. The same number of dried ones may be eaten as is, reconstituted with water or powdered and brewed as a tea.

Fleeceflower Root

The smoke-dried tubers of *Polygonum multiflorum* are one of the favorite tonics of Chinese herbal medicine. Oriental doctors say their *ho shou niao* nourishes most of the essential organ systems, including nerves, muscles, bones, viscera and glands. It is about half starch and contains a great deal of lecithin.

Fleeceflower tuber can occasionally be found in this country as a powder, which makes preparation a simple matter of boiling a teaspoon or more (7 to 15 grams) in a cup of water for a few minutes. Otherwise the rocklike spud must be wrapped in a cloth and cracked with a hammer or boiled for an hour or two until it can be mashed, boiled some more (or pureed in a blender) and strained. Powder or broken pieces can be steeped in spirits for a week or so, then filtered for an alcohol extract. Like all tonics, fleeceflower's effects are gradual and take at least a week or two to become noticeable.

Sarsaparilla

Sarsaparilla still smells of spiffy white summer suits, wrought-iron ice-cream-parlor chains and handlebar mustaches. Back when root beer was made with roots, sarsaparilla was one of them, and it was commonly sold as a spring tonic, blood purifier and restorer of lost manhood. A Spanish doctor named Monardes introduced it to white-man's medicine in 1568 after studying the Indians' use of it as a strengthener and remedy for syphilis, for which it was used until the advent of arsenicals.

Native Americans from Mexico to the Andes had valued these species of *Smilax* in treating impotence and sexual debility of old age. Most sensible whites considered this to be typical savage silliness, and many still do because the flashier antics of *der Führer* in 1939 overshadowed the discovery of raw materials for sex hormones in sarsaparilla. Dr. Emerick Solmo, a Budapest chemist living in Mexico, found that the well-known root bark contains sterones. Today sarsaparilla is the chief commercial source of testosterone, the "male" secretion that grows beards and fully developed penises but is essential to muscle tone and sexual drive in both sexes. The plant also yields sarsapogenin for making the female hormone progesterone. Synthetic cortin, an adrenal hormone that defends us against infection and depression, also starts from sarsaparilla.

Older herbals recommend a simple tea in which the root bark's effects are too weak to be felt. A modern recipe, first promulgated by Adam Gottlieb, is a sure but



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perhaps temporary cure for lax libido caused by hormonal insufficiency.

Simmer two to three heaping table-spoons (up to one-half ounce) of the shaved inner root bark for five or ten minutes in one pint of water. Be careful it doesn't boil over, as the saponins will create a head of foam. Drink one to two cups (up to a pint) of this decoction morning and evening.

An excellent homemade tincture can also be prepared by stuffing a bottle half full of sarsaparilla and filling it up with equal parts water and grain alcohol—or vodka. Let it stand two weeks, shaking it well each day. Take a table-spoon four to five times a day.

Oddly enough, sarsaparilla will not make an already lusty person much lustier; it may eventually decrease desire. External sources of hormones tend to signal the body to shut down its own internal factories. Therefore this remedy should not be continued beyond a couple of weeks. The idea is to support lazy glands, spark them into renewed life, rather than become dependent on a substitute.

Calling Dr. Love

Pharmaceutical researchers haven't given up on the quest for a powerful, reliable, safe aphrodisiac. In fact, the dope docs have stumbled across some very interesting substances in their researches on how the brain and central nervous system work—and these may lead us to the instant aphrodisiac of the future that may work directly on the sex centers.

One of the things that happens to the brain as it gets older is a degeneration of nerve pathways that use the neurotransmitters dopamine, epinephrine and norepinephrine—the catecholamines (which are normally made in our bodies from L-dopa, or dihydroxyphenylalanine, a precursor in turn made from the amino acid tyrosine in our diet). These electrochemical pathways drive all the hormone-balancing work of the pituitary gland. As these catecholamine pathways decay, they are slowly replaced by others using a different transmitter, serotonin.

In cases of extreme dopamine loss (Parkinson's disease), an external source of the precursor, levodopa, can for a time restore the function. The dramatic return of sexual desire in patients was at first hailed as the sign of the aphrodisiac, but an endless list of side effects pertains, and no rushes of desire occur from it in youthful animals or humans.

PCPA (parachlorophenylalanine) was tested after researchers at the National Heart Institute tried it on a woman with bowel cancer. She got permission for her husband to stay at the hospital because "she was trying to grab everybody." Dr. Alessandro Tagliamonte studied the substance further on rats and found "hypersexual aggression" lasting for several

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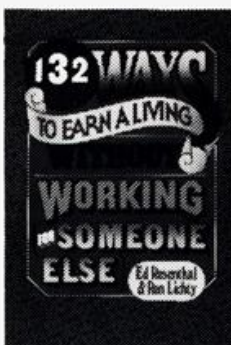
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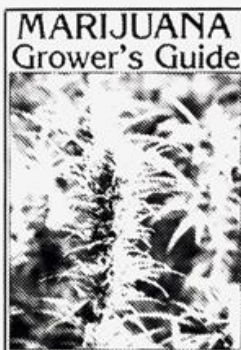
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hours and ending with "all the animals in one cage attempting to mount each other at the same time."

PCPA seems to work by inhibiting the production of serotonin, antagonizing the sexual antagonist, as it were. But it too has an emerging list of problems. In humans it seems to take several days for any effect to show, then several days to wear off, during which time sleep is impossible and exhaustion inevitable. This property may have given birth to the rumor of a mythical three-day aphrodisiac called "steam" a few years ago.

Dr. Joseph Meites of Michigan State University Medical School has worked with both of these compounds, and his colleagues have succeeded in rejuvenating aged female rats whose estrus cycles have stopped, the effect proven by pregnancy. No live young have been born yet, because the long-unused womb is subject to infection. Dr. Meites points out that the ovaries of old rats can be reactivated, but those of old humans cannot, because the ovaries shrink up like an appendix so that new hormones have no effect. Male rats are much closer to humans, in that sperm and hormone production seem to decrease reversibly.

One of the most promising of the dopaminergic helpers is part of the same complex of drugs made by the ergot rye fungus that gave us LSD. Bromocryptine, or simply promocryptine, has been available by prescription in West Germany and Switzerland for several years. In experiments at the University of Siena, Italy, scientists found the drug restored menstruation in all 11 women tested, whose cycles had stopped for as long as 12 years. In other tests in Sweden and Holland, sexual desire awoke in many "frigid" women. In some who "never had erotic feelings in their entire lives, bromocryptine led to normal sexual activity," concluded Dr. Andrea Genazzini.

The surprising thing is that there have been no adverse effects noted so far. In late 1978 bromocryptine was approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration for prescription use in cases of galactorrhea amenorrhea. This is a condition, usually postpartum, in which milk flow never stops and menstruation never starts. By fortifying the dopamine pathways, bromocryptine inhibits the milk-secreting hormone prolactin and stimulates production of the gonadotropic hormones.

Still other molecules, like antiserotonergic-ergot derivative methysergide, will be checked out in coming years. But there is no evidence that any of them have much effect on healthy people. Two things—fear and orgasm—have been produced in animals by direct electrical stimulation of the appropriate parts of the brain. Maybe the true aphrodisiac is somewhere we'd hardly thought of looking.

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Culture Hero

KEN KESEY

A mellowed Prankster recalls
the good trips and bummers
on the road from Edge City
by Malcolm Cook

Author, Prankster, psychedelic pioneer, Ken Kesey is one of those rare writers who come along periodically who become better known than their work. His literary output is acclaimed but small—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion*—yet he so intensely lived what he wrote that Kesey the man became a far more exciting and inspiring figure to those growing up in the '60s than any of his fictional heroes.

Born in 1935 in Colorado, Kesey has spent most of his life in rural Oregon, where his father managed a creamery. It was on a dairy farm owned by his grandfather that Kesey (who holds a pasteurizer's license) claims he did the only legitimate work in his life. He graduated from the University of Oregon with a degree in drama and at one time hoped to become an actor. He was also a jock, a wrestler training to qualify for the Olympics who shunned drinking and smoking and never even thought about drugs.

His undergraduate prose earned him a Woodrow Wilson Foundation Fellowship to study creative writing at Stanford. He wound up living in the campus bohemian section, called Perry Lane. During his first days there, in 1960, Kesey, needing spending money, volunteered as a \$75-a-day guinea pig at the Veterans Hospital at Menlo Park, undergoing experiments with new drugs. Across the continent, at Harvard, Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert were first turning on to LSD.

At Menlo Park, Kesey joined the elite. Beginning with acid, he was given a wide spectrum of psychedelics including psilocybin, mescaline, peyote, IT-290, Ditran and morning-glory seeds. While his intellectual colleagues on Perry Lane continued their lofty discussions over glasses of cheap campus wine, the quiet Oregon rube was exploring inner space, coming on strong and vital, moving into the center of things. That experience, and a few subsequent peyote trips, inspired *Cuckoo's Nest*, which was dedicated to the psychiatrist who turned Kesey on.

Kesey went on to pioneer recreational acid "happenings" with a band of psychedelic communications artists known as the Merry Pranksters, a series of adventures immortalized in Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. Shaping and savoring the lunacy of the '60s, the Pranksters skirted the edge, from the festive ambience of free Grateful Dead concerts in San Francisco's Cow Palace to drug paranoia in Mexico and murder at Altamont. It was too much to handle. Today, Kesey is back on his dairy farm in Oregon with his wife, kids and assorted animals. He has completed a new novel, *The Demon Box*, edits a small magazine called *Spit in the Ocean*, and says he is happy.

Though he moved out of the spotlight in 1970, Kesey was back in the news six years later when Milos Forman's film of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* won six Academy Awards. The success was both elating and depressing. Kirk Douglas had bought the rights to the novel for peanuts in 1962, hired a hack to turn it into a play, produced it on Broadway (himself starring) to mixed reviews, then turned it over to his son Michael, who needed a job after his TV series "The Streets of San Francisco" got the ax. The younger Douglas produced the movie, which eventually earned Jack Nicholson \$7.5 million. Kesey went to court, feeling entitled to a piece of the action. He settled for approximately \$75,000.

Kesey takes a mellow, philosophical attitude to the incident and to all the madness that preceded it. Twenty years of smoking good dope will do that.

Tom Wolfe described Kesey as a handsome jock with thinning curly hair and a lumberjack's build. That's no longer the case. His hair is a fringe of gray on the sides and virtually nonexistent on the top. His belly sags a bit but never his personality. Ken Kesey remains vibrant, intelligent, funny, an expert at cooling bad vibes, a great talker.

(continued on next page)

How do you feel about the acid-test days now?

Acid really relates back to the '60s, when we thought the world was coming to an end. We painted a school bus red and put nationalistic signs all over it. We put two tubes on a moving turret on top and played military music, and we'd sing, "Bomb Vietnam, boys! Kill the gooks! Bomb Vietnam, boys!" And we'd drive through the middle of the towns of America, thinking we were bringing about the millennium. I still think the world is coming to an end, but I believe you've got to treat it like it isn't. I can't do a bunch of acid and go to a PTA meeting. Things have changed.

We got distracted by thinking we were going to win. We're not going to win. It's born for us to lose. We'll always be the weird crew out on the edge of the majority who chose to go crazy. One of the ways I like to think about it is a story Dick Alpert (Baba Ram Dass) told me. A rabbi in ancient times comes to a king and says, "There's a poison on the wheat, a blight, a strange fungus. When you eat it you go crazy." The king says, "That's terrible!" The rabbi says, "I thought you'd say that, so I gathered all the good wheat and have it stashed so you and I have got enough to last until the next crop." The king says, "But since I'm the king of these people and you're their rabbi, don't you think we should eat the same wheat so we'll know what they're going through?" The rabbi pondered and answered, "I thought you'd say that, so I also brought some of the blighted wheat. But before we eat it, what do you say we make a mark on our foreheads, so when we see each other later on the street we'll know that we chose to go crazy, whereas everybody else is just crazy."

What are you doing now?

Living on a farm outside of Eugene, Oregon, in a little place called Pleasant Hill. We have about 67 acres, 30 cows, sheep, more horses than I care to think about, cats proliferating in all directions, kids, the PTA . . . the whole catastrophe! I'm trying to maintain the whole syndrome with the rep Tom Wolfe left hanging on me.

What was the turning point? When did you decide to change, to return to your roots, move to a farm in Oregon?

Nineteen sixty-nine—a bad year. Just out of jail; Altamont, Manson, a bunch of bad stuff . . . STP. I remember taking STP once. I was in a room with all my family and all my friends, and we realized if we didn't really keep track of each other, we'd lose somebody. It lasted 30 or 40 hours. But we stuck it out and stayed together. This one guy that was with us kept saying, "No matter which way you turn, there you are."

Another time I took it with an old black buddy who's a good old alchemist and

dope dealer from a long time back, and he and I ended up at a hot springs. Hours and hours went by and I got to looking at his hand. You can tell when you're getting a brilliant whip from psychedelics. All you can do is say, "My God! Look at the picture." His hand was like a great glob of black ice hanging in the mist. . . .

There you are, two days, three days, pretty soon your eyes are going. You stand against the wall. You go through the door and you go near the edge. I realized that everybody knew something they didn't know they knew—and I had forgotten; I had lost it.

Atoms bouncing off the atoms of my hand bouncing off the atoms on the table, and there was no difference. There was nothing around but this sweep of things moving through emptiness. I got panicked all right, but I knew that between these atoms things are tasty and worthwhile. Then I did one of the smartest things I ever

"Acid ended the Vietnam War. It wasn't marijuana, it wasn't heroin. Acid was a blessed thing, a powerful thing."

did. I got my whole family and we went to England.

What I feel as I think back on it is that when we took the acid, we cut off our time sense of past and future. We said, "We are here. Let's quit thinking about what we'll be doing an instant from now. Or next week." And, there we were, bobbing along. Finally, after being here for a long time we looked out and saw a light, or at least perceived something we thought was a light, and said, "Well, nothing else to do. Let's head for this light." We reached for the tiller and it was gone.

I got this sense that I had lost something. When I was in England, going to Stonehenge, seeing things that are old, churches that are old, seeing people who have been doing the same gypsy trips for the past six generations, I began to find it again.

I was sitting smoking a joint in a churchyard and I saw this 400-year-old grave, grass growing through the cobblestones, and I looked across the street at this little kid riding a bicycle. He fell off the bike in the grass. And it all came back to me. I remembered it again. The only way I can verbalize it is that I realized that the guy in the grave was not gone. Just his flesh is gone. But his spirit, there's no way you can stop it. In spite of what Shakespeare says, it isn't the good that's interred with the bones. It's the shit. The spirit continues. I

maintain these spirits are not getting their due and haven't for quite a while, because we don't acknowledge the past enough.

A lot of people who had those kinds of experiences in the late '60s got involved in the "born again" movement in the '70s. What are your reactions?

I really object to the notion of someone being "born again." In the Seth Speaks books [Seth Speaks and The Seth Material, written by Ouija-board medium Jane Roberts] this spirit speaks through a 47-year-old woman. I don't care for the writing, but I do believe it. There have been psychics who drew pictures of Seth. He's bald and looks like Genet. Anyway, one time they asked him about people who took acid, and he said, when you take acid you get right down to the kernel of your consciousness and start over again. What comes back may be healthier and clearer, but it's always a little suspicious of you because you took this acid and killed the former ego. How does the new ego know that you ain't gonna do it again?

Now, don't get me wrong, acid ended the Vietnam War. It wasn't marijuana, it wasn't heroin. Acid was a blessed thing, a powerful thing. But the whole notion of taking it with an idea that you're seeking this ego death. . . . A lot of people did that, and a lot of people who say they are "born again" do that. It's like a guy I know who married six women. To be the seventh wife of this guy, you've got to mistrust him a little.

Well, that's how I feel about the idea of being "born again." I'm suspicious. I mean, who we are is what we are. I'm the first Kesey to complete high school, let alone go to college. How did that come about? My Okie parents put it all together. They got me into college and got me an education. How can I suddenly, by some acid flash or religious conversion, discard all that, turn my back on all that and say I'm born again, and all that means nothing? All that means a tremendous amount.

You were reared a Baptist, weren't you? Yeah, but it was no big thing. It was church every Sunday, until one day the family was driving to church. We had a brand-new '50 Dodge. A guy ran a stop sign and rammed us. The car was totaled. My Dad said, "That's it!" and we never went to church again. I really appreciated that. It was not like his faith was diminished in any form.

The Fundamentalist revival won't last. I think it began to disintegrate with Jim Jones. I believe in Christianity—One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest is, among other things, a Christian book—but I know what happens. It's a dangerous religion. All you have to do is stray a hair and, boy, you're into some weird superstitions.

It seems that with just a few changes in the scenario, you might have turned into a Jim

Jones. How did you steer clear of that? It wasn't that I chose not to. I've got a very good wife. She's the keel to my boat. I can sail into strange waters and not turn over. I've got some kids I care for. I've got land that's important to me. I've got friends whose opinions I respect. The traditional things. I think I was given all those opportunities and would have done it if I'd been alone, but I was lucky. I could have led a bunch of people into God knows what. Taking acid off in Crete, leaping off cliffs.

I often felt like I was in cross hairs. You're talking up on a stage and you feel this momentary passing of cross hairs, like from a gun on a roof. When the cross hairs touch you, you feel powerful, but they're still cross hairs, and if you stay up there long enough, someone's going to off you. So I was really lucky in having a lot of good people to steer me through. That's why I survived.

Do you think that, conversely, that's why someone like Kerouac didn't?

I really believe that poor Kerouac . . . it was not meant that he survive. He had a task to do and he completed it, like Marilyn Monroe—he Marilyn Monroe'd out. Sure, she could be 55 years old and doing Bette Davis bit parts. It's what I call "the Hemingway hump." Who can make it over the Hemingway hump?

But really, we should canonize Kerouac. He was a saint. As we know more about this guy, he took in whatever came to him, like a liver; he just distilled the venom, and what came out was holy and made sense, and the poisons and the venom stayed in him and he died of it. This guy could write poetry about stinking dog shit in Central Park and make you realize that it's beautiful—that's a gift.

What about Neal Cassady?

He was a phenomenon . . . a dope-taking energy phenomenon. Everybody who ran across him couldn't help but write something about him or be affected by him. Once we were very strung out and stopped in an Oakland bar. There were four black guys standing a white guy against the wall, and they were ready to lower the boom because of something that was said. Everybody was waiting for the fight to begin, and the bartender was on the phone. Cassady sized it up immediately, reached in his pocket and said, "Hey! You want some gum? Have some gum!" Everyone got confused. By the time the cops got there everything was cool. What Cassady was doing was saying that there's always a third alternative.

One time we took him to the hospital when he had something wrong with his shoulder. The doctor asked him if he was taking any medication, and Cassady answered, "Speed three times a day since 1948, sir." At the end, he was living in Mexico with people he didn't know too well. These guys got him doing stuff and

got him out there on the edge. Then they dared him to count the railroad ties between where they were and the next village, which was 30 miles away. The railroad crew found him the next morning and took him into the hospital, where he died of hyperthermia. His last words were, "Sixty-four thousand, nine hundred and twenty-eight."

We've got 57 hours of film of the Pranksters, which in a way is a film about Cassady. I'm trying to write a fictional frame around it so it's not just a documentary. What we have is—somewhere in this Kafkaesque castle in the sky—we've got Cassady's soul on the carpet. How does he fare in heaven? What he did in the '60s, was it a good thing or a bad thing? I, of course, think it was a good thing. But that is the issue. Was he blessed, or was he a Jim Jones who just never got that big? I don't think Hollywood has the answer in the film they've made from Carolyn Cas-

"Marijuana is about the most intelligent plant. It will actually communicate with you. It's a godsend, and means nothing but the best."

sady's *Heartbeat*. I'd rather crank out an eight-millimeter under-the-counter film than do that.

Since the Pranksters, among other things that have transpired, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest was made into an Oscar-winning movie.

I never saw it, but from what I've heard, all I can think is it must be hard to make brass out of gold. My only feeling is that Jack Nicholson, all five feet five inches of him, got seven million bucks. I got about \$75,000, which is still better than most writers get. Now Hollywood is thinking of making a movie of *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* with Richard Dreyfuss playing me.

The book and the movie really went right to the public's heart. Did you expect that all along?

I used to get off on thinking, "I've written a goddamn classic! I don't anymore. People are attracted to McMurphy because he's a simple American character, he's everybody. It's an easy book. But one thing a lot of people don't get is that the Chief is what makes it work. I started off with the Chief—Christ, the first three pages of that book I wrote on peyote!

People keep trying to relate *Cuckoo's Nest* to some kind of Freudian craziness, seeing Nurse Ratched as a mother figure.

The real thing behind it is that it's about America . . . and it's about what's crazy in America. These people are crazy because they're Americans. America is built around the Chief. What has gone wrong has gone wrong with him. It has to do with this American Dream character and with American guilt. That is what the issue is. It's not just a fight—or love affair, really—between McMurphy and Big Nurse. The hero is the Chief.

When I was talking to the movie guys, I wanted it to be like *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*—guys glued to the walls and drooooooooooling . . . being really crazy! Being crazy ain't like being in "Delta House." Being crazy hurts way, way down. Without that agony, it's really a shallow piece of shit. They didn't want to go into that.

When did you first turn on to pot?

After I'd been high on acid. And I took acid before I ever got drunk. When I first tripped, I was a college wrestler. I was trying to get in the Olympics.

The first time I smoked grass was in the Veterans Hospital doing the acid experiments. There was a little guy on the ward, a jazz drummer who immediately made me for a dope smoker, even though I wasn't. He turned me on. We used to stay up late at night watching black-and-white dive-bomber movies.

Marijuana's good stuff. Marijuana's about the most intelligent plant. Probably only peyote is more intelligent. We have all these plants around. This one you can roll into a joint and it will actually communicate with you. It's a godsend, and means nothing but the best.

In all you've gone through, has there been some sort of central goal, something you were working toward?

Civilization has always been my revolutionary goal. I'm a fan of civilization. So it's a drag when you're in a place where there's no sense of it. There are a lot of things that give you that feeling from the beginning of morning until the end of day. Traffic, pollution . . . each one of these things nags a little at who we are and makes it easier to go home and be violent or do dumb things.

Sometimes I think of myself as the "scope"—the medieval traveler who went from castle to castle, talking about how the previous place was doing, someone who reports on the progress and failures of civilization.

Sort of a 15th-century Walter Cronkite. What's on the news today?

Well, there are three things that denote the fall of civilization: one is the solemn squeak of the leak of a radioactive nuclear plant, the second is the foam on the edge of a rabid dog's mouth, and the third is the green glint of broken glass in the goddamn gutter. (continued on next page)

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When you see something lying broken, it means more than you're just losing a two-cent deposit. It says something about the way society thinks. Something about the yin force, about the container and what it's good for after it's empty. If we develop a society that believes once something is emptied it's worthless—it's been used, so we throw it away and go on to the next one—it's exactly like getting your rocks off and moving on to a new container. The amount of broken glass you see in the streets is the way you register on the civil-ized scale. As far back as human con-sciousness goes—and as far forward—broken glass will indicate that civiliza-tion is suffering.

You can also judge a civilization by how it defends the small from the big. I'll tell you what we have to do. We've got to take the guns away from the cops. I've been shot at twice by cops. Both bad shots. But both of them really convinced me that I'm not nearly as likely to get killed by a crook as I am by a cop. We don't need guns any-more. Electronics can cover it. There are little electric guns now that shoot projec-tiles with nets that can catch eight people. Besides, even if you get away, there's nowhere to go. This is what we found out—me, Leary, Cleaver, Bobby Seale. Every-body eventually comes back. Anybody who wants any part of the action is going to do it here in America.

But you still think we're heading for Arma-geddon?

I believe the world is coming to an end soon, but I also believe more firmly that you've got to go ahead and continue to live as though it's going to go on forever, in the hope that your actions will keep it going. Like, I was eating dinner in a restaurant in New York a few days ago, and just as I finished dinner a guy across the room had a cardiac arrest. There were 60 people run-ning around in circles shouting for cold compresses. I went over and picked him up and looked at him. He was green and gone. I listened to his heart. There was nothing happening. I laid him down. Pound, pound, pound. Still nothing. I start breathing in his slimy old New York mouth. Pound, pound, pound. He suddenly comes back to life!

Edgar Cayce [world-famous clairvoyant and prolific writer on paranormal pheno-mena] says California is due to fall into the sea, but I don't think it will as long as a number of people who really love the land are saying, "Wait! I'm not ready to end this reality. The play is not over." It also has to do with getting it right. I don't want to fall into the ocean until it's right. I want all the guys in white hats to get a big hand and the bad guys to get booed.

You believe in Armageddon with a happy ending?

That's just the way it is. There's a Hasidic saying: "How can anything that hurts be the answer?" ■

Reefer Madness

(continued from page 73)

"Well, our next guest has written a different kind of history, and you might be interested in reading his book. It's the history of marijuana in America . . ."

The kids interrupted Randy's introduction with a generous helping of cheers on the mere mention of the killer weed. Randy smiled. "Here to tell us some of his fascinating discoveries is the author of Reefer Madness. Welcome Larry Sloman." More cheers as Randy moved from the audience over to the two stools, where I'm already camped.

His questions had been carefully written by the researchers for the show, and they were damn good. We went over the general history, Washington and his hemp, the racist origins of the early laws, Anslinger's campaigns, and of course we showed the Reefer Madness film clip, which went over well with the innocent teens present. Then Randy went to the audience to take some questions.

"Oh, there they go, hands are going up already." Randy turned Donahue and dragged his hand mike over to a young girl at the end of the bleachers.

"Hi, what's your name?"

"My name's Debby. Do you know how many people smoke pot?"

"According to recent government estimates, anywhere from 16 to 20 million regularly smoke it . . ."

"God." A collective gasp issued from the audience.

"You're talking about in the U.S.?" Randy jumped in. I nodded. "Boy." He shook his head in awe, then recognized a young man in the front row.

"My name's Larry. Is there any truth in what they said about marijuana curing glaucoma?"

I was impressed with the question. "Yes. In fact, there are five states now where it's legal to use marijuana under a doctor's supervision in cases of glaucoma, because it does reduce the pressure on the eyes."

Randy went to the back row to a small boy. "I'd like to know why the prices are going up."

The audience laughed and cheered. "I'd like to know how you know the prices are going up," Randy ad-libbed.

"Do you smoke marijuana?" someone called out. For a minute, I thought it was Jane Pauley.

"Actually I drink much more than I smoke marijuana," I confessed again, to the delight of the kids.

Randy came back to the chair. He asked for one more question. "Can pot help ease the pain for people who have cancer?" someone asked.

I was amazed at the precocity of these

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kids. "You're right, it's now being used in conjunction with chemotherapy for cancer patients because it takes away some of the bad side effects of the chemotherapy drugs, like nausea."

Randy spoke up. "Larry, it's always intrigued me that pot is illegal to buy, illegal to sell, but it's not illegal to sell or buy paraphernalia like pipes and rolling papers and that kind of stuff. Why do you suppose that is?"

"Well, I think one reason is because people roll their own tobacco cigarettes, and you can't really tell what it's going to be used for." That answer was greeted with derisive hoots from the audience. "That's true," I protested. "People were doing that before they were rolling marijuana cigarettes. But I think the paraphernalia industry demonstrates the whole commercialization of the marijuana field, actually." I reached into my sport jacket. "And, in fact, since you mentioned it, Randy, I do have these little rolling papers we're giving out as promotional gifts; it says 'Reefer Madness' on there."

"Okay." Randy smiled nervously, accepting the papers. "Well, I'll hang onto these and give 'em to some of my smoking friends." The kids went wild, cheering the transfer and jeering Randy's cop-out. Randy thanked me for coming and they went wild again. I left just as the lumberjack was about to chop his way through a four-foot tree trunk.

After "Bananaz!" I was home free. Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington were all a breeze. Despite a two-foot snowfall and a bankrupt city government, Cleveland was the busiest spot on the itinerary, with eight stops crammed into one day. Baltimore and Washington were lighter.

But it was in Pittsburgh that I was to get my first real taste of confrontation. It was on a public-affairs TV show called "Radius." I was to be on a panel with a doctor and a regional officer from the DEA. Who, in all probability, didn't like those nasty things I had to say about Harry Anslinger in the book. I got to the studio a little early and sat down. There was a black man there already reading a paper.

He nodded but seemed aloof. The doctor, I surmised. We were waiting for the DEA. But suddenly I felt paranoid. I glanced over at the doctor, who was absorbed in the news. Another Hardin Jones-type antimarijuana crusader, I figured. Here to talk about chromosome damage, or amotivational syndrome, or brain damage, or the horrible compulsion to urinate in flour bins—all afflictions at one time or another attributed to marijuana use by the medical profession. I saw visions of two on one, the pincer attack—the DEA on the legal front, the medico on the health, with the social engineer getting squeezed in the middle. My reverie was interrupted by Roxanne Martin, the show's host.

"Dr. Johnson," she greeted the black

man. "And you must be Mr. Sloman." We'll be right in as soon as the sheriff gets here."

"The sheriff? What happened to the DEA?" I asked.

"I just got a call from them this morning. They declined to appear. They said they wouldn't want to appear on the same show with you, Mr. Sloman. They said they read the first six chapters of your book and they didn't want to give you any publicity."

Dr. Johnson frowned. "What's your position on marijuana regulation?" Roxanne asked him out of curiosity.

"I'm for legalization," he drawled, and I heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm just upset the DEA isn't showing up. I was anxious to tell them a thing or two." He allowed a slight smile.

When the sheriff came we trooped into the studio. The show went well. The sheriff of Pittsburgh was a nice man, a liberal Democrat and one of the more realistic thinkers in law enforcement. Roxanne, true to her word, castigated the DEA on camera for canceling at such late notice. I suggested that they suffered from amotivational syndrome. The sheriff, when asked about legalization, hedged, saying that he wasn't in favor of it, with the cards we have played now. But his qualification was significant. Besides, he even took a pack of rolling papers when the show was over.

So that was it. Fifteen cities in three weeks. Crisscrossing the country with tales of reefer madness. And my trip convinced me that, more and more, marijuana use is almost routine in this country. Sure, there were still concerned parents calling in with tales of youngsters firing up and looting homes or breaking windows, but for the most part most Americans seemed to have accepted one's inalienable right to effect a change in consciousness as long as it didn't really hurt others. And by now, 1979, it was also clear to me that the old Anslinger-style myths were finally perceived as such.

But by no means is grass a dead issue. That's just another view of the cultural media mafia centered in New York who get all their information from the paper of record and New York magazine. Because throughout America, grass-roots America, marijuana plays a central role in millions of people's lives, as intoxicant, as social lubricant, as sensual stimulant. All kinds of people: students, rednecks, working-class heroes, Wall Street execs. In fact, some of the most compelling arguments for legalization and regulation that I heard on the tour came from born-again conservatives.

But there was one disappointment. I really wanted to share that talk show with the DEA. Get their critique of the *Reefer Madness* film clip. Talk about par-aquat. Oh well, I can always mail 'em the rolling papers. ■



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The ANIF Story

(continued from page 59)

Growers' Fair; and the paraphernalia industry, "which has especially grown since *High Times* magazine began to circulate in 1974." Pearson concluded by warning that "the more difficult you make the entrance of Colombian marijuana into the U.S., the more you favor the growth of it in other areas. Colombia is losing the opportunity of negotiating the sale of marijuana into the U.S. for medicinal purposes, or of supplying a currently illegal consumers' market that comes closer each year to legitimacy. And Colombia is also losing the possibility of an arrangement with countries such as Holland, which want to leave the repressive model of the U.N.'s Single Convention."

ANIF's official position is that Colombia must seriously study the possibility of legalizing marijuana as the only realistic way of solving the countless problems its "clandestine economy" is now causing. Samper, president of ANIF, concludes that the Turbay government is stuck with a repressive "antinarcotics" model in the name of the U.S.-imposed morality, and that it's just plain economic logic to take advantage of the *marimba* bonanza. Some of his arguments, supported by dozens of Colombian public and private figures, follow.

1) The "dope wars" perpetuate a clandestine or parallel economy, which is already seriously destabilizing other areas of the economy. "There are vast amounts of money circulating underground," Samper told me, "and the dollars that are coming in through marijuana are serving to create an extra banking market and a black market of currency. These two markets are producing serious destabilizations in the regular economy." ANIF estimates that only 20 percent of the "cannabis dollars" are being converted into pesos in the Bank of the Republic. "The rest has formed its own world where there are investments, speculation with real estate, even regular transactions in dollars instead of pesos," continued Samper, "and all this represents a serious deterioration for the economy, because we lose our monetary sovereignty, and we lose the capacity to control those revenues. So this is the principal argument that we can give for legalization."

2) The widespread corruption of the administration at different levels by *marimba* money is an unchallenged reality. Although corruption isn't a new phenomenon in Colombia—Customs all over the country, but particularly in the North, are long accustomed to charging "taxes" for incoming contraband goods—everybody I talked to agreed that marijuana has augmented this process of corruption. When you offer a cop 35 times his salary

just for looking the other way, it's not surprising to find that corruption is spreading all over the place. And if officials don't accept the bribery, they commonly risk death. A Wall Street Journal report on "Colombian Gold" recently reported: "A policeman up there is told by the smugglers that he has two choices: he can either get rich from payoffs, or he can get killed."

Investigating the mafias in Barranquilla, *Alternativa* reported that in that city alone, the municipal comptroller, the taxes director and the Customs director were all recently assassinated. "The Customs officials know," reported *Alternativa*, "that they must let the 'approved' merchandise pass, or else die."

3) The costs of repression. Around 150,000 persons live off marijuana-

Marijuana has augmented corruption. When you offer a cop 35 times his salary just for looking the other way, it's not surprising to find that corruption is spreading all over the place.

related activities in Colombia and the costs of eradicating these would be enormous. According to a highly reliable source near the president, Samper told me, the costs of really controlling the traffic would amount to about \$150 million, counting armaments such as coast-guard craft, helicopters, radar, and so on.

4) Other side effects of repression include making the business more attractive for the well-organized mafias, because, as the pot supply diminishes, its price rises. Repression is possibly creating a new, nonideological guerrilla corps in La Guajira, because the farmers and distributors, who are already heavily armed, are determined to defend their crops.

5) The above-mentioned U.S. government double morality is insufferable. "What is the sense of repressing, with a very high social cost, an offer that is being permanently stimulated by an increasing tolerance and expansion of its demand?" asked Samper in his opening ANIF speech. "Should we pay with our repression for their tolerance? And keeping, by the way, our bad image in the world press?" Even Attorney General Gonzalez's speech, while righteously denying that the government would ever legalize marijuana, referred to "a lack of equality between the laws in Colombia and those in the U.S."

6) The deterioration of the national image proceeds apace. Samper contends that while Colombia receives only 20 percent of





the profits in the "Colombo-American Interconnection," it stays with 100 percent of the *narcotraficante* image. "The face of the Colombian citizen," he said, "has been converted in many airports into a passport of shame, ringing alarms in the Customs sheds."

7) With \$1.4 billion received in 1978 from the sale of marijuana, Colombia is losing real revenue that today is incorporated in the underground economy. The 1975 coffee bonanza is over, there are no signs that new export markets will appear, and in 1979 alone Colombia will have to spend about \$420 million importing fuel. "In a few months, the Colombian economy will be asking with anxiety for an increase and revitalization of its economic reserves," said Samper in his speech. "And there will be none. This provides a new justification for reexamining a more realistic treatment of the marijuana economy." As economists, Samper and his colleagues at ANIF feel that the *de facto* legalization of marijuana is already "an irrefutable economic truth, not a judgment of value."

Although both the Carter and Turbay administrations publicly scorn the idea of legalizing pot, mainly on "moral and ethical grounds," the Colombians' national awareness of marijuana as a legitimate resource to boost the country's future development is changing apace. Through various interviews and polls reported in the press in the days following the conference, a number of political and business figures endorsed ANIF's view on *la yerba*. Among these were some heavyweights such as the comptroller general of the republic and even retired general José Joaquín Matallana—not long ago the head of the scandal-ridden Administrative Department of Security (the DAS, equivalent to the American FBI). "The state must completely assume the purchase, trade and export of marijuana," declared General Matallana. And a ranking congressman interviewed by *High Times*, Boyacá representative Napoleón Peralta, termed ANIF's plan "a very important step."

Considering that *la marimba* is capturing many Colombians' dreams of future grandeur, it's not hard to understand Samper's optimism on the issue. With his practical and urbane business sense, Samper knows that official medicine is rapidly tuning into the unique proven virtues of cannabis and that an increasing number of states in the U.S. have legalized its therapeutic use. So, besides ventilating the government's contradictions on pot, ANIF is pressing for a proposal to negotiate the legal export of marijuana for therapeutic uses in those states where it's allowed.

The day when an American hospital may receive a vacuum-sealed package of special *el dorado* stamped with "*Producto de Colombia*" may not be too far off, if the financiers have their way. ■

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Congressional Warning:

Elaborate Solar Gimmicks May Limit Market

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Many companies who produce solar-energy systems may be cutting their own throats by making their equipment too sophisticated, suggests the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. A House study of 100 solar water heaters in New England, in which sunlight cells were used to power a complicated variety of mechanical processes, shows that nearly three-quarters of the units had to be entirely replaced within the first year or extensively repaired. No one was accused of shoddy manufacturing by the committee, but retiring chairman Rep. John Moss of California speculated that if "problems with solar systems are not shortly reduced, the popularization of solar energy could be set back for years."

The New England solar study correlated well with an independent survey of complicated Florida systems, which showed that even in Sun Country about half of all solar owners were continually replacing or modifying their devices. Problems were commonly encountered in systems as diverse as pump and blower motors, and heat-exchange pipes and valves; many systems were further damaged by freezing or by water leaks that caused short-outs. The committee suggested that a kind of Murphy's Law seems to be at work in big solar systems, wherein anything that could conceivably go wrong inevitably will go wrong.

The federal government, according to the Moss committee, has taken the wrong lead by funding mainly complicated solar-energy schemes, "active" systems that employ fans and pumps and such to convey heat energy. Worse yet, the system of federal money incentives for encouraging companies and householders to install their own solar devices does not extend to the "passive" systems, simple and uncomplicated devices that have been proven to work dependably.

By the existing incentive setup, the government will actually underwrite 30 percent of the cost of any "renewable energy source" costing more than \$2,000, and 20 percent of further costs up to \$10,000. Such a plan hardly extends to the simplest and cheapest solar projects, which are demonstrably more dependable and effective in the long run.



Engineers install simple sun-soakup panels on the White House roof—which is exactly the best way to use solar power.

Such "passive" solar systems include simple "direct gain"—clustering double-glazed windows on a building's south side. Solar-energy containers can be installed on one's roof to collect sunshine power during the day; a movable insulation layer beneath the containers is removed at night, so that collected energy can radiate in through the ceiling. Several other simple structural devices are continually in development at any given time (consult Solar Engineering Publishers, 8435 North Stemmons Freeway, Suite 800, Dallas, Texas 75247), and a combination of them can cut down enormously on long-range household fuel and power expenses. Yet because of the very inexpensiveness of these devices, most

householders cannot get government help in defraying initial installment costs.

The committee noted that for all the chronic defectiveness, the owners of complicated solar systems tend not to gripe at all about them. Most of these folks, it was suggested, are adept gadget freaks out front; they are animated by some characteristically American spirit of technological pioneering. In fact most of them, after a year or two, manage to realistically adapt their systems to steadier, if less complex, functioning. But unless solar companies begin expanding their systems into simpler, cheaper, and less accident-prone paraphernalia, warns Moss, solar power may never catch on to the extent it deserves.

Smart People Glut U.S. Labor Market

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Currently there are approximately 140,000 college graduates in America who can't find work commensurate with their level of education. While throughout the '60s and '70s American colleges feverishly pumped out a steadily increasing volume of highly trained and educated people, the local market for their services has actually diminished, thanks to computerization and the reluctance of established industries to branch out into alternative modes of

development, such as solar power, geothermal energy, etc.

According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the National Planning Association, by 1985 there should be 700,000 overqualified college grads competing for what few specialized brain jobs still exist. Says congressional spokesman Robert Hamrin, "More college students [should] become aware of the oversupply and lower their educational goals."

Feds and Power Companies Rip Off Indian Resources



Christopher LaFaille

South Dakota Sioux view the havoc wreaked on Point Conception real estate by strip miners.

CUSTER, WYOMING—American Indians, who legally own most of the coal, oil and hydroelectric energy-producing land in the American West, are nevertheless poorer than ever before, an anthropological study has revealed. The Anthropology Resource Center of Boston, Massachusetts, discovered in the course of an extended study that major private and semipublic energy corporations, working in outright connivance with the Federal Department of the Interior, have

developed vast tracts of Indian reservation into highly lucrative power sources, without any significant remuneration to the Indians themselves.

Resource Center anthropologists accuse the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) in Washington of misleading Indians about the true value of their land and its resources. Indians are typically hired to construct dams, refineries, mine complexes and such, making decent wages at construction work for a

while, and then they are dismissed at the end of the projects. While the energy companies themselves continue to amass ever increasing profits from Indian lands, the Indians' income is unstable and their per capita income is steadily decreasing.

The Massachusetts study accuses the BIA and Department of the Interior of knowingly giving the Indians of the West—American citizens—a worse deal than any Third World populations. Indian lands have been leased by their supposed BIA "representatives" at fixed prices, with no escalator-clause provisions, no rights of termination and no rights to tax the corporations that exploit their resources. "Idi Amin got a better deal from American coffee companies than Indians get from Washington," comments one economist.

Last Year's "Ten Best Censored Stories" Announced

Every year, a class at Sonoma State University in California undertakes "Project Censored" in hopes of making the mass media more responsive to the needs of the man in the street. They ask the public to send them important news items that didn't get much press coverage in the previous year, and from those a panel chooses the best censored stories. "The historic failure of the mass media to inform the American public about the potential dangers of nuclear power" topped the Ten Best Censored Stories of 1978. The second-best ignored story was the success of organic gardening, followed by "The War on Scientists," about the cutoff of research funds to scientists who discovered that low-level radiation exposure can be dangerous. The following make up the rest of the "Ten Best":

4. "The U.S. Exports Death"—a story about how American asbestos manufacturers moved their plants to developing nations to avoid life-saving safety regulations.

5. "Winter Choice: Eat or Heat"—or the fact that 200 Americans died during the past three hard winters because their utility service was cut off.

6. The story of the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit, a private agency that links the intelligence squads of nearly every police force in the U.S. and Canada but is not subject to the Freedom of Information Act.

7. The fact that the American male population may be losing fertility through exposure to industrial and agricultural chemicals.

8. The story behind unsafe dams, which crumble at a rate of 25 to 30 each year.

9. Mounting evidence that our diet may be driving us crazy, while proper nutrition could significantly help the mentally ill.

And finally, number 10 is "Who Owns America?" According to this story, the average American worker is no better off than 130 years ago. In 1860, 1 percent of the population controlled 24 percent of the country's entire net worth. Today, 1 percent owns 25 percent of our wealth, and the top half of that 1 percent owns one-fifth of everything in America.

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Techie Confab Plugged in Again

by Michael Chance

Remember the weird kid in your class who used to stay home Friday nights tinkering with cathodes rather than girls, who was always carrying a bag from the Radio Shack and who gave classroom demonstrations on how to turn on a light by connecting two wires? Well, like everybody else these days, the "weird kids" have found each other and formed a subculture. These technofreaks have their own conventions, magazines and culture heroes. This summer one of the oldest and most bizarre of these groups met after a five-year hiatus at the fifth Phone Phreaks' Convention at New York's premier radical showhouse, the Diplomat Hotel.

Though only a couple of hundred people showed up for the daylong symposium, the level of discussions and presentations indicated that phone phreaks have come a long way since the last gathering in 1973. Originally the convention concerned itself mainly with how to make free phone calls by using credit cards, black, blue, and red boxes, WATS exchanges and the like. But since then the "technoanarchists," as many now call themselves, have branched into every area of technology that controls human life.

Each participant in the convention was given a Lone Ranger-style mask when they entered. Many people brought their own masks or came otherwise disguised (as Darth Vader, a robot, or a terrorist, for example). Cameras were *verboten*, although *High Times* managed to get some shots, and people who looked too much like phone dicks were carefully scrutinized.

There were a few booths, one representing a group called the Legion of Dynamic Discord, one of two outfits peddling atomic-bomb plans; another group had a display of old computers and phones; and there was a "Ma Bell is a Cheap Mother" T-shirt stand. On the walls were posted information-exchange boards that listed newly discovered WATS extenders, computer accounts and passwords, phone numbers for credit-card billings, and personal announcements such as "J. Levine notifies all that his name has been changed to Captain Cheeseburger." (Other phreaks have names like Al Bell, Tom Edison and Robert Fulton.)

Typically at these conventions, quiet, intense groups huddle around the fringes, their members occasionally glancing up to see if they're being overheard. But the main action is in the center of the room, where fifty masked people compare notes. A woman tells of new access codes she has broken by using a computer scanning device. A man asks if there is any more information on the new Citibank money machines. Several people bring up the subject of the Autovon, the Defense Department's automatic voice network and data bank. There are, one person points out, at least four classified levels to break through to intercept the Autovon, each containing codes, passwords and scramblers. The others listen in awe. To crack the Autovon would be like climbing Mount Everest.

Other topics include free plane tickets, how to make your own postage stamps, beating the supermarket's universal pricing code,



All these guys in masks at the phreak meet started out as weirdo high-school kids with electronics obsessions.

check kiting, false IDs and pirating electricity. Considerable time is spent on self-defense. Someone at the Diplomat convention noted that Ma Bell is using in some cities a "phone-phreak foiler," capable of "trapping by tracing the 2600 hertz cycles backwards." He explained how to beat the system by limiting phone calls when in these areas. Later, Ma Bell technical training films were shown for the edification of the phreaks.

The event was organized mainly by the staff of TAP, the phone phreaks' professional journal. TAP takes the position that "there's nothing wrong with stealing from the government. After all, they steal from us." One

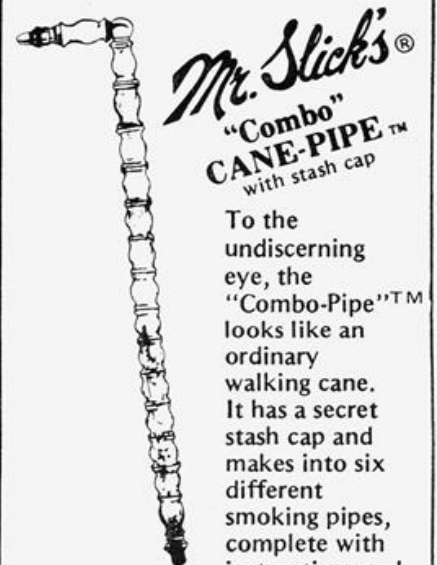
of the editors who organized the convention, Chesire Catalyst, says phone-phreak fever has never run so high. "More and more people have been interested in a convention in the last few years, it was just that this year we found the time and money to do it again." With the great response from this year's convention, and another promising event in the offing—a computer conference late this summer—Catalyst feels that underground technoculture is off and running like never before.



Top phreak used telex to tender resignation.

Captain Crunch Resigns Commission

Perhaps the saddest note of this year's convention was the announcement by wire of one of the phone dicks' favorite targets, and one of the phone phreaks' most revered idols, Captain Crunch, who says he is resigning his commission. After three busts in three years, he said he was ready to retire and write software for an Oakland electronics firm. "I am no longer a phone phreak," he claimed. Time will tell.



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Michael Chance

Pete Lippincott

Catholic Church Leads Resistance to Fascism

MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA—Eleven years ago a synod of Roman Catholic bishops convening here emphatically put forth a resolution that church clergymen throughout Latin America are ethically obliged to actively oppose the erosion of human rights throughout this hemisphere, not merely by denouncing the social oppression of the poor by the wealthy, but by involving themselves in social-reform movements. Though the Second Regional Bishop's Conference's 1968 edict was heatedly opposed by the top Latin American church hierarchy—and by the Vatican Curia under Pope Paul VI—in this decade the church has become the most influential guardian of human rights throughout Latin America, despite violent and homicidal retaliation from most government regimes; and now the new Pope, John Paul II, has all but ordained an official Vatican *nihil obstat* (Latin for "okay") to the "theology of liberation," in essence, proposed by the bishops at Medellin.



Wide World

A veteran of Polish resistance to Soviet oppression, Pope John Paul II looked at Mexico "with the eyes of the poor"—and came out in vehement support of the land-starved campesinos.

The Pope's un hoped-for encouragement to activist priests and nuns occurred toward the end of his recent visit to Mexico, where he opened the Third Latin American Bishop's Conference in Puebla. Though his early speeches had consistently implied that the clergy should restrict itself to passive, vocal remonstrances against social oppression, a visit to the southern state of Oaxaca—where the Lopez Portillo regime has, with paramilitary aid from the U.S. government, devastated the environment and lives of thousands of land-starved peasants—clearly shattered the pontiff. Emotionally ripping up a fatuous conciliatory address prewritten by the Vatican, John Paul pledged to henceforth personally advocate the cause of South America's poor people and to support "daring and innovative" means for their liberation, he even called for the expropriation of Mexico's enormous private plantations to peasant ownership, a recommendation that would have automatically been labelled communistic coming from nearly any other individual in the world.

Other Catholic clergy have been tortured, murdered or made to "disappear" by Latin American authorities and their unofficial vigilante squads for statements far less radical than the pontiff's. The "theology of liberation" movement, spurred by the 1968 Medellin resolution, has been savagely repressed everywhere on the continent. A secret 1974 Brazilian police report, for instance, declared: "The clergy constitutes the most active enemy threatening national security, using clearly subversive methods to

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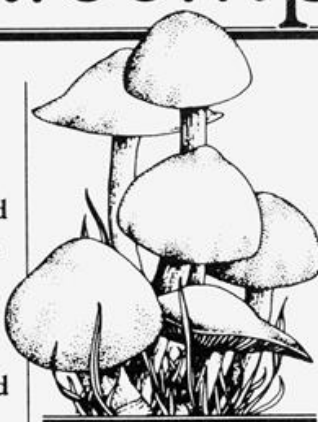
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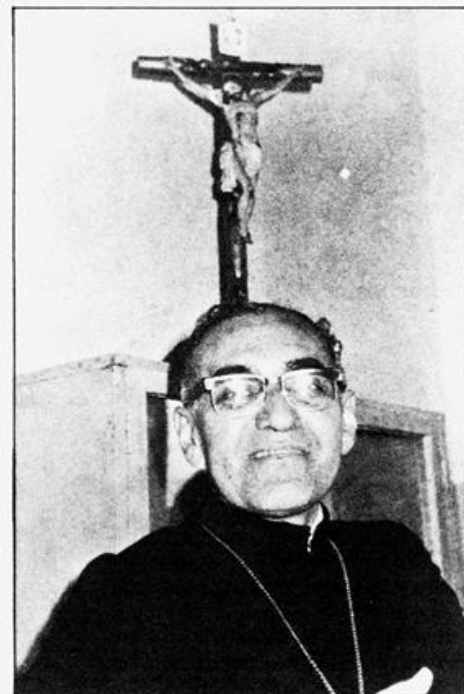
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Religious News Service

El Salvador archbishop Oscar Romero y Galdamez has been nominated by 23 U.S. congressmen to take the Nobel Peace Prize for his "defense of the peasants of his country."

try to replace the nation's political-social-economic structure with a new system."

In Chile, the widespread church support for former socialist president Salvador Allende Gossens resulted in massive retribution against the clergy after current president Augusto Pinochet came to power through a U.S. CIA-assisted coup. In Honduras, where the new National Peasants Union was largely organized with clerical assistance, government raids on Union-expropriated banana plantations invariably sweep up any church persons present for extended imprisonment without trial or charges. In Nicaragua, the bestial atrocities inflicted on rebel and nonrebel peasants alike by President Somoza's National Guard have actually moved several priests and nuns to take up arms outright with the Sandinista National Front, and several clergy have been killed in action against the Guard.

Still, many highly influential conservatives in the Latin American church, such as the powerful Bishop Pedro Arnoldo Aparicio of El Salvador, despise the notion of the



John Paul II in Santo Domingo: Now the "theology of liberation" has a global go-ahead from the Vatican to activist clergy from South America to South Africa.

"theology of liberation" and resolutely deny advancement to lower clerics who promote social reform. Instead, clergy are imported from Spain and North America to fill top area posts—but this backfires in many cases.

"When I arrived in Panama in 1960 I had no notion that such misery could exist," declares the Rev. Juan Hernandez Pico, a Jesuit imported from Spain. The Reverend Hernandez, along with innumerable "imported" church figures, was deeply transformed by witnessing Latin American social conditions at first hand. Illiteracy, homelessness, disease and crushing inflation are the common lot of South America's poor, the majority of its 310 million inhabitants (90 percent Roman Catholic). Childhood malnutrition in many countries tops 70 percent. And economic conditions are getting worse as local land barons and industrial magnates—themselves hard hit by global recession and inflation—suck more capital from the economy into their private and corporate accounts. Says the Reverend Hernandez, now a prime coordinator of clerical activities, "The resistance to all change by the elites finally convinced us that the only option was the awakening of the people."

The key method of Catholic "awakening" is the formation of over 100,000 *comunidades de base* ("base communities") throughout the



The ultimate ouster of Nicaragua's bestial Somoza dynasty was engineered by this four-person junta, including, at right, Sandinist poet-priest Fr. Ernesto Cardenal.

hemisphere. Groups of a few dozen peasant families each comprise these *comunidades*, meeting regularly to learn from priests, nuns and lay ministers that their suffering is not their own fault. "It's not easy," says a Brazilian priest, "to persuade people that it's not God's will that they are poor, that their children die of malnutrition, that they have no land to work." Catholic teaching directed toward poor people has almost always emphasized the authoritarian aspects of the Gospels, stressing obedient submission to the state, and the concept of suffering as deserved punishment for "sin." Illiterate peasants, say clerical activists, must be educated to an awareness that Jesus and his followers actually placed much more emphasis on the active rectification of injustice and the unconditional equality of all human beings before God. The exposition of these

precepts in the *comunidades*, often meeting secretly at night, has been compared to the second-century experience of the Catacombs Christians under Roman oppression. It has also been violently condemned, by conservative church figures, as a near-heretical perversion of "accepted" Catholic doctrine.

"There isn't one set of morals for priests and another for laymen," insists an American-educated Maryknoll priest working in Nicaragua. The eminent Spanish Jesuit theologian Jon Sobrino, a central force behind the "theology of liberation," declares simply: "You just read the Bible with the eyes of the poor. You read the same Bible, but suddenly you see different things."

International recognition and support for the efforts of the South American Catholic clergy has been slow to develop, partly because the U.S. government itself supports most of the totalitarian regimes under attack; in fact the U.S. CIA is currently "investigating" the Latin American church under orders from President Jimmy Carter and the Congress (see "The Planet," July 1979) in Washington. Recently, however, Monsignor Oscar Arnulfo Romero of El Salvador, who is vigorously organizing poor people in resistance to the genocidal military regime of Gen. Carlos Humberto Romero (and who lives under constant threat of murder from Humberto's unofficial vigilante White Warrior Brigade, who have pledged to make "examples" of all 54 Jesuits in the country), was nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize by a coalition of American and British statesmen.

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Colombia Becomes Banana Dictatorship

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—The military here is still arresting wholesale numbers of students, leftists, Catholic activists and intellectuals for "conspiracy" in a weapons raid on a major defense armory nearly ten months ago. Although virtually all the arms stolen were recovered within weeks of the tunnel-through theft, the number of people busted for "implication" in the event has topped 2,000, many of whom have been routinely tortured while in jail.

The best-documented atrocity to so far emerge from the yearlong orgy of military repression involves the sustained torture for five days of 34 medical students at the Briga-

da de Institutos Militares, north of here. When the medical wing of the civilian Justice Department, in honest horror, published the details in the national press, Justice Minister Jaime Serrano responded by demanding the resignation of the medical institute's director, Dr. Odilio Mendez Sandoval.

Mass imprisonments and routine torture of Colombian citizens actually began months before the January armory raid. The law under which they are being conducted—*Decreto 1923*, the notorious *Estatuto de Seguridad*—was promulgated by the law-and-order Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala government in September 1978, specifically to discourage a rerun of

the September 1977 general strike that effectively toppled the previous Lopez Michelsen government. Under the Security Statute, writers Eduardo Pizarro and Augusto Lora have been busted, along with sociologist Orlando Flas Borda, actor Carlos Duplat, several Uruguayan refugees, and scores of priests and lay workers for the Jesuit-founded Programa de Empresas Comunitarias here. After the supreme court ordered the automatic disbarment of any lawyer who might challenge the security law in court, one of the justices himself privately admitted that Colombia has now become a "constitutional dictatorship."

Barbara Hutton Dreamed of Castro's "Beautiful Armed Struggle"

CALI, COLOMBIA—The wild Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton was prepared to blow off a few bombs for Fidel Castro in 1958, Castro's former aide-de-camp has revealed. Currently a popular radio broadcaster here (and a naturalized Colombian), Jose Pardo Llada was coordinating guerrilla activities with Castro in Cuba's desolate interior in October of 1958 when a courier smuggled a letter from Hutton past Batista's goons to Castro's headquarters. Enormously pleased with the note, Castro read it aloud to Pardo Llada in his tent. It went:

Commander Fidel Castro
In the mountains of Cuba
I have followed with admiration your struggle against tyranny. I have been moved by the film recently shown on television in New



Barbara Hutton: a five-and-dime version of *Patty Hearst*?

York about your courageous campaign in the Sierra Maestra.

I think I could help your cause, which is that of all Cubans, a land of my affections, where since childhood I spent many vacations in Varadero with my parents in the

home of the Du Pont family.

I wish to be useful to the Revolution. I think the best way is that I meet with you in the Sierra Maestra to join your beautiful struggle for freedom.

With my greatest admiration,
Barbara Hutton

While Commander Fidel reportedly toyed with the notion of enlisting the five-and-dime millionaire in his "beautiful armed struggle," Pardo says he ultimately laughed off "this crazy norteamericana," and declined even to answer her.

Pardo Llada himself went on, after the Batista overthrow, to be Castro's U.N. delegate. But when Castro went irrevocably Red, Pardo defected; on his person he kept the original copy of Hutton's letter, and only divulged it over the air after her death last May.

High Court Demands Return of Soldier

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA—Warrant officer Domingo Vicente Berreuta has been ordered back to jail here, in what is viewed as a tentative squaring-off of the Argentine judiciary against the all-powerful military. Some months ago Berreuta was busted for threatening a civilian motorist with his service revolver and was pitched into the Villa Devoto jail to await trial. Before his first night was over, though, a squad of soldiers demanded his release at gunpoint and took him away without a court order.

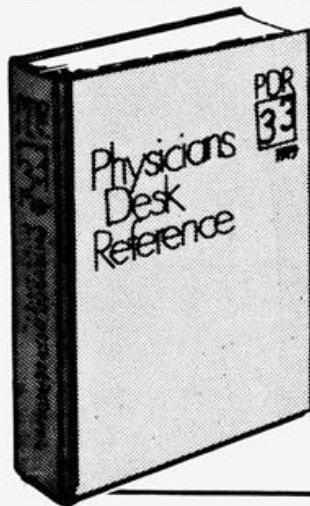
The Buenos Aires Bar Association promptly sued the army in the supreme court for Berreuta's return, calling the incident a direct attack on the majesty of the law. Civil judge Guillermo Ledesma agreed and served General Roberto Viola himself, the army's commander in chief, with an order to return Berreuta promptly. When an army counsel explained that Berreuta, a sometime "security" operative, had been in danger from certain political prisoners in Villa Devoto, Judge Ledesma courageously replied that Berreuta

had not been on a "security" detail when he was busted and deserved to do time.

Though the Berreuta case itself is petty, it represents the first attempt in over a decade to restore the rule of law in Argentina. In the late '60s, leftist guerrillas devastated the whole social order here with violent paramilitary campaigns and were only quelled by right-wing vigilante squads working with the aid and approval of the military. As a result, the army gained total control of the country and today employs the vigilantes as terror squads to kidnap and eliminate any opposition figures. Over 6,000 people have "disappeared" in Argentina since 1973; soldiers have told of dropping bound people out of helicopters far out at sea.

Most "disappearances" are conducted in total secrecy, though sometimes abductions occur in broad daylight, with the vigilantes identifying themselves to witnesses as "security" personnel, flashing army credentials before they take away the victim, never to be seen again. In another case before the supreme court, the widow of a labor leader who was so abducted last year is suing the army to learn who the kidnappers really were and what happened to her husband. Judge Ledesma's landmark ruling in the Berreuta incident is seen as a precedent for a possible ruling in the woman's favor.

Berreuta, however, seems to have disappeared himself.



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Europe

South American Hoods Invade Spanish Rackets

MADRID, SPAIN—The recent rub-out here of Argentine gangster Oswaldo Collazo provoked an intensive police investigation that confirmed that organized South American mobsters, supported by established international hoods in Italy, are methodically muscling in on Spanish crime syndicates. Spanish hoods have gotten so uptight about it that several rival gangs met recently in one of Madrid's swanky Cava Baja restaurants and agreed to bury the hatchet for the time being; as long as hoods from Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Chile, Uruguay and Nicaragua continue to edge into Spain, the indigenous hoods—*macarras*—will consolidate at least to the point of turning the foreigners in to the Spanish police whenever possible.

Since the demise of Generalissimo Francisco Franco and the resurgence of liberal politics in Spain, the South Americans have found easy entry into this country. Representing themselves as "political exiles" on the run from fascist dictators like Nicaragua's Somoza and Uruguay's Stroessner, the hoods are warmly welcomed here, where they and their families are often given relocation funds and welfare.

Once here, though, the hoods quickly contact one another and begin infiltrating the



The presence of foreign crime syndicates is now felt even in the Rastro, Madrid's very relaxed flea market.

UPI

gambling, hooking, dope, fencing, extortion and robbery rackets. Police say the hoods are aided by contacts with the Italian Cosa Nostra, which is even more powerful in Europe nowadays than the old Marseilles French Connection mob ever was.

Iron-Curtain States See Threat to Families



BUDAPEST, HUNGARY—Marital discord and the breakup of the nuclear family have come already to East Europe, complains the editor of Eletes Irodalom, Hungary's top political organ. "Sexual passion has not changed essentially through the ages," notes Lazlo Kelecseny, "while love has changed basically, reflecting the transformation of social institutions and the progress of mores. Class and ethnic differences no longer influence the choice of mates." The result, says Kelecseny, is an increase in marriages that break down class distinctions and mix ethnic traits, with a consequent rise in the divorce rate, a drop in the birth

rate, and a new generation of youth with no deeply entrenched cultural traditions.

Kelecseny views all this as a negative development and blames women's emancipation for it. "The massive entrance of women into the labor market has displaced the boundary lines between the social roles of men and women," he warns. "The change of roles has affected the character of love, so that women are often acting like men and men sometimes as women." He cites the recent proliferation of marital advertisements in Hungarian newspapers as a sign that young people here are lonelier than ever before.

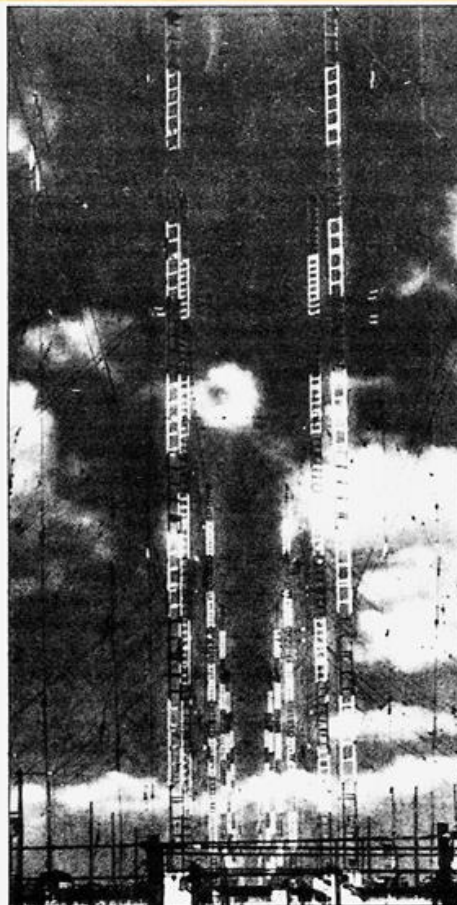
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Radio Free Europe Gives Time to Accused War Criminal

Radio Free Europe, an American-sponsored station that was founded by the CIA in the 1950s and that broadcasts to eastern Europe, has been criticized for airing an interview with a controversial Rumanian bishop accused of war crimes. The bishop, Valerian Trifa, now lives in Michigan. According to federal district court charges filed there, Trifa participated in a fascist campaign against the Jews of Bucharest in 1941. The interview, according to Radio Free Europe officials, didn't mention the bishop's alleged war crimes but concentrated instead upon the 50th anniversary of the Rumanian missionary church.

U.S. Representative Elizabeth Holtzman called the interview "outrageous and inexcusable." Radio Free Europe admitted that it was "an uncomfortable matter."

In Portugal, Radio Free Europe uses four 100,000-watt and eight 50,000-watt short-wave transmitters to cram pro-Western propaganda into the air all the way across the Iron Curtain. But now Radio Moscow has achieved a "shortwave gap," using a battery of transmitters even more powerful for their own propaganda.



Wide World

Mafia Takes Knocks in Italian Court

REGGIO CALABRIA, ITALY—Cops appear to be making significant inroads against the southern Italian Mafia for the first time ever, with the convictions here of 28 top capos for extortion. No court case against Mafia figures in Calabria had ever been completed before, but, despite a bomb attempt on the chief magistrate, this one came out successfully.

The case originated a few years ago, when the federal government undertook to run a railroad line into Calabria and put up a steel plant to stimulate the economy of this traditionally depressed region at the toe of the

Italian boot. The Mafia immediately began pressuring the businessmen, contractors and unions involved for "protection" kickbacks. "If you refuse," one contractor testified, "your equipment will blow up, your employees will be terrorized, or you will quite simply be kidnapped."

Evidently the Mafia's greed delayed the projects for so long that the local people, denied the jobs that had been promised them, withdrew their traditional support for the "Honored Society." For once, there was no lack of witnesses willing to testify against the top Calabrian goons.

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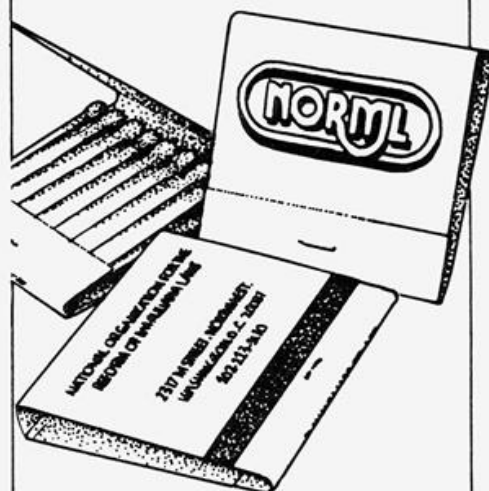
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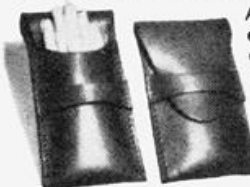
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Taiwan Propagandists Revive Red Smack Slanders

HONG KONG—Narc chief Peter Lee has angrily denied recent reports that the People's Republic of China maintains vast opium-poppo plantations to keep its citizens hooked on dope, and that thousands of junkies slip into Hong Kong from China every year transporting People's Republic heroin. "This is a facet of Taiwanese propaganda that is retailed from time to time," the urbane commissioner of narcotic drugs has explained. "There's not a shred of truth in it."

Smack addiction actually *was* encouraged in China for political reasons by the British and imperial governments, and its eradication was one of Mao Tse-tung's first priorities, Lee explains. "When [the Mao government] took over in 1949, it was faced with horrendous problems of drug addiction. Its antinarcotics laws were among the first the communists passed. They were very effectively de-

signed—substitution programs in those areas where opium had previously been grown, plus most severe punishment for traffickers, financiers, managers or organizers of the drug trade, or manufacturers of heroin. In other words, people were executed." Addicts themselves, says Lee, were treated compassionately and effectively; the government "felt addicts were the victims of oppression and should be treated as victims of any social disease."

Ironically, major segments of the Nationalist Chinese Army were pushed into Burma and Thailand by Mao's troops, where they've been enforcing the local smack production for 30 years. Yet the Taiwan regime sporadically issues accusations that the Reds are pushing shit. "The last propaganda was put out about two and a half years ago," Lee recalls. "There was no evidence whatsoever."



The mainland Chinese have been possibly the most drug-free people on Earth since 1948—but now that the kids are taking to hard rock, funny-looking clothes, and weirdo slogans like "peace" and "love," can reefer be far behind?

Moscow Author Exposes Tennis-Ball Scandal

MOSCOW, USSR—Investigative reporting isn't a very common feature of the Soviet press, and the recent exposure of the great tennis-ball scandal by veteran maverick newspaper muckraker Vladimir Kuibyshev indicates why. "Things are reaching a point," rages Kuibyshev in the local Literaturnaya Gazeta, "where the shortage of tennis balls is causing not only a disruption of training but also the postponement of competitions. The quality of the balls is poor," he adds.

When it comes to fingering the culpable bureaucrats, though, Kuibyshev clearly got lost in a maze of mutual deniability. "Responsibility for this lies with the Red Triangle Production Association in Leningrad," he fumed, "under the authority of the USSR Ministry of the Petroleum Refining and Petrochemical Industry, and with the Leningrad Thaelmann Combine of Fine and Industrial Cloth under the Russian Republic Ministry of the Textile Industry."

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Australia Seeks Casino Investors

WAGGA WAGGA, AUSTRALIA—Legalized casino gambling, with all the razzle-dazzle of Las Vegas, may soon be a feature of life in this most conservative of Australia's states now that the New South Wales parliament is clearly on the verge of instituting it. Though perfectly well endowed with natural resources for farming, mining and cattle herding, the interior of New South Wales has never attracted much settlement, even with favorable government incentives for it; life hereabouts, in the final analysis, is simply too boring.

The legalized-gambling initiative, unthinkable just a few years ago to the puritanical southeasterners, began to pick up steam after 1973 when a grand casino was opened in Hobart, Tasmania—the island right across the Bass Straits from Melbourne. Tourism to Tasmania promptly increased 100 percent, and so far 6 million Australians have passed through the Hobart gaming halls.

In Australian polite society gambling has always been regarded with commingled opprobrium and fascination, though commonplace Aussies are celebrated for betting on everything from football pools to rabbit hunts. If New South Wales is ever to attract the sort of development capital it needs and deserves, most parliamentarians now feel, then the experience of Tasmania clearly points the way. Already, slick multistory casinos, complete with gigantic fluorescent signs and swimming pools, are in the planning stages.

Similar gaming legislation is being contemplated for Australia's much more underdeveloped and uninviting Northwest Territory as well. Developers there have floated a great many uranium-lode rumors in the past to coax people into the scraggly outback, but nothing's ever come of them. Casinos, it's felt, might do the trick.



Australia, world's foremost explorer of hetero cheesecake, is VERY down on gays.

Gay-Rights Book Bugs Aussies

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—Australians are not ordinarily known for their tolerance of smut, but the national hysterics surrounding the latest censorship suit is really out of the ordinary. It seems the book in question, a thoroughly nonsalacious discussion of homosexuality called *Young, Gay and Proud*, was widely distributed in bookstores all around the country before some cosmopolitan Aussie informed the leading decency leaguers here of the American connotations of the term "gay." Immediately, parents' groups everywhere rose up in horror, petitioning their state boards of education to have the book immediately condemned, all copies confiscated, and its distributors prosecuted.

The book contains no lewd sex scenes or lascivious language. It was written, says the cover blurb, "as an antidote to the number of sex-education guides that assume that everyone is or should be heterosexual." This gives Australian prosecutors a possible hinge for having the book banned as a conceivable incitement to violate this country's antediluvian pederasty laws; though the plain fact that it can hardly be construed as obscene, and the fact that the book was openly distributed without official notice, seriously complicates the whole banning picture.

Parents' groups are now reportedly hinting about taking the law into their own hands.

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Man Eats Way out of Prison



Ian Smith has chewed his way out of jail! Well, not *the* Ian Smith of Salisbury, Zimbabwe Rhodesia, just Ian Smith of Leeds, England. Popped into a slam on a minor charge in nearby Rotherham, Smith's claustrophobia compelled him to commence eating the furnishings, nuts, bolts, blankets, light bulbs and screws (the threaded variety). Ian

ate so much of his cell over one weekend that the horrified Rotherham screws (the uniformed type) let him walk. Some while later, though, poor Smith was in the Leeds nick for something or other and ate the steel bolts off his cell bed; when they rushed him to the infirmary, he devoured the bolts off the X-ray table. And once reconfined to his bullpen, he went straight for his mattress.

• Have you entered the "Kill the Shah" contest yet? A newspaper in Iran has placed a full-page advertisement in the Iranian press promising an all-expense-paid trip to Mecca during the pilgrimage season to any person—true believer or not—who assassinates the Shah.

The publisher, Ahmad Rahimi Kashani, says in the ad that, should he happen to die before the Shah is offed, his heirs will pay the reward. The leaders of Iran's revolutionary government have suggested that it would be morally right for anyone—Moslem or not—to

kill the Shah.

• NATO has made it official: if women join the army, they'd better be prepared to fight.

According to rules adopted at a recent conference in the Netherlands, women in NATO forces are "authorized to defend themselves" with guns and other weapons. If captured, the NATO statement warns, women recruits should expect no special treatment from the enemy.

Some NATO opportunities will still be closed to women, though. The conference report emphasized the fact that NATO's fighter-pilot force will remain an all-male club.

• Despite the Harrisburg accident and persistent reports of a mysterious Soviet nuclear disaster back in the 1950s, the Soviet Union and its eastern-European allies plan to forge ahead with their plans to develop nuclear power.

According to the Russian government newspaper Ivestia, public alarm in the U.S. over the Harrisburg incident was partly the result of exaggerated reports in the press. The paper also said that the whole controversy was part of a continuing "campaign against American atomic energy."

• A team of five young researchers at a college in Scotland has developed a new device called a "blushometer." The device is attached to a subject's cheek and is reportedly so sensitive that it can detect and record the tiny changes in the face color and blood pressure brought on by the act of blushing.

The Scottish researchers claim that men are just as prone to blushing as women, and that blushing is usually accompanied by other signs of embarrassment—including increases in perspiration, heartbeat and skin temperature. They report that they have used their "blushometer" to teach habitual blushers how to avoid those embarrassing red faces. According to one of the researchers, Nicola Pyke: "Our tests prove that people who have this unfortunate problem can actually learn to control their blushing quite quickly."



The world has a new champion face puller, 50-year-old Horst Hebauer of West Berlin (left), pictured here with a French runner-up. Hebauer was crowned at the first World Grimace Championships in Moncrabeau, France. His prize—his weight (187 lbs.) in wine and prunes—will no doubt help keep the champ in form.

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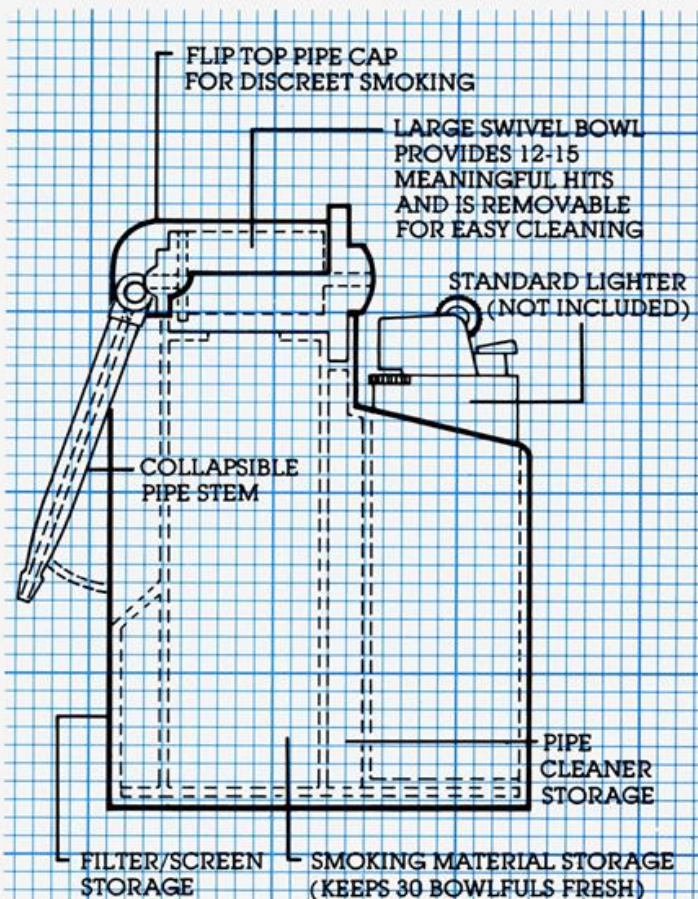
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Health



GAY GENES SEEN IN TWINS

Some cases of homosexuality may be influenced by heredity, studies of twins have indicated. Dr. Martin Ruse of New Haven, Connecticut, has studied 85 sets of twins in which at least one individual was homosexual, and he reports that in the 40 sets of identical twins covered, both individuals were invariably homosexual. By contrast, in the remaining 45 sets of fraternal twins, the rate of homosexuality was no higher than in all other siblings. Fraternal twins are the result of two egg



If one winds up in chains and leather, they both will.

cells being simultaneously produced by the mother and inseminated simultaneously; identical twins are the result of one inseminated egg cell dividing into two. Identical twins necessarily share exactly identical sets of chromosomes, determining their physical appearance, height, voice tone and a host of other factors. Dr. Ruse's study persuasively suggests that a predisposition to homosexuality may be another genetically conditioned factor.

PILLS AND SPIKES OBSOLETE

Dopers usually consider the sudden onrush of dope—the "rush" of coke, the "lift" of acid—as a prime attraction of the experience. But to most sick people who have to take mood-altering or body-changing medications, the effects they experience from them are most often a nuisance, at best, and can be downright disabling sometimes. Nevertheless, most such medications have to be administered to them, in pills or by shots, several times a day. The patient typically sustains an initially unpleasant overdose, followed by a period when the blood level of the drug is steady, then an unpleasant withdrawal syndrome as the level falls before the next hit. Almost never, using pills or shots, can a patient maintain a steady and comfort-

able blood level of drugs.

Now scientists at the Alza Corporation in Palo Alto, California, have devised several systems by which this OD-to-withdrawal syndrome can be eliminated, with some drugs. The prototype is a gimmick something like a Band-Aid, which is placed behind the person's ear: the Band-Aid continuously exudes a preparation of scopolamine, a powerful antiemetic, through the skin and into the subject's bloodstream, thus maintaining an imperceptible but steady level of it in the blood. Scopolamine is an ideal drug for air-or seasickness, but its onset in large quantities tends to flip people out with belladonna-like hallucinations and convulsions, as well as blank out memory. Dramamine is therefore generally used for motion sickness, although it is less effective. Alza researchers have shown, however, that with their device scopolamine is several times more effective and lasts as long as the subject needs it, without new doses being required.

The Alza people are also working on ways to achieve steady blood levels of antihistamines, antiasthmatics and antihypertensive agents. And an Alza female contraceptive device, inserted directly into the uterus, can provide a steady level of progesterone for 100 days straight.

TOBACCO IN PREGNANCY PRESENTS MAJOR HAZARDS

The long-term effects of tobacco smoking—emphysema, progressive heart disease, probable lung cancer—have been known for years, but the U.S. surgeon general has only recently been apprised of its hazards to pregnant women and their fetuses. Dr. Richard Naye of the Pennsylvania University Medical Center, in Philadelphia, addressing a meeting of the National Heart Institute, claimed research has shown that tobacco presents several immediate hazards during, and before, pregnancy.

Smoking during pregnancy significantly raises the risk a woman faces of sustaining a miscarriage: it promotes a premature separation of the placenta from the womb and may be conducive to malformation of the fetus's heart. Smoking may also be implicated in crib deaths of newborn infants, although only as a minor factor.

Smoking even before pregnancy can present a risk to the mother. It appears to contribute to a condition called *placenta praevia*, in which the placenta becomes attached to the wrong part of the womb wall, presenting possible complications in labor and birth. ☐

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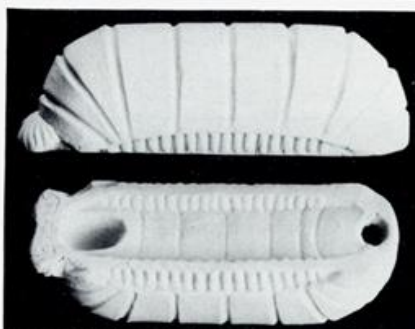
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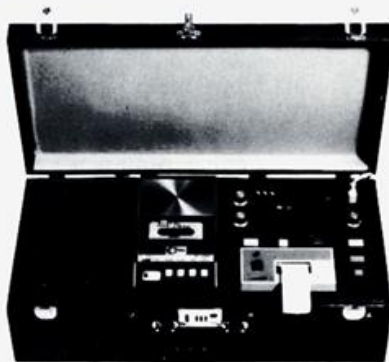
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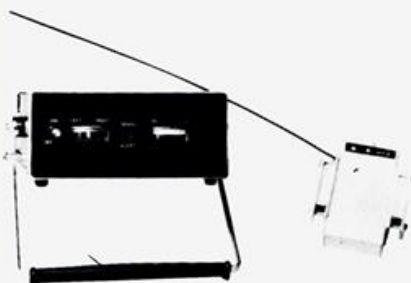
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DECRIM BUSTS GET FREE COUNSEL

People who are busted for less than an ounce of grass in California are legally entitled to free counsel and a jury trial, even though the penalty is now no more than a \$100 fine. Grass possession is still a misdemeanor here, the state supreme court noted in affirming grass defendants' rights, and all misdemeanor cases are entitled to the conventional court rights. Prosecutors had charged that since no jail penalty exists anymore for simple possession, the crime has become, in effect, an infraction, like a traffic ticket, and defendants in infraction cases are not necessarily entitled to counsel or a jury trial.

RUNNING IN THE FAMILY

Heroin users with very young children will henceforth have to be careful about letting the kiddies observe their recreation, after a recent smack conviction in Seattle, Washington, was upheld by the ninth circuit court of appeals. A Seattle woman with a house full of kids, aged 2 to 22, consistently thwarted city police narcs during a two-year undercover investiga-



A \$5 bribe sent her mom up the river.

tion by shrewdly using her kids to cloak her dealing. Whenever a narc or snitch set up an undercover buy at her house, one of the kids would go into the backyard, retrieve a dime or so of the dope from an unseen cache, and bring it in. When the cops finally got a search warrant and raided the house, they found nothing but a small stash of coke, even after scouring the yard, while the kids giggled.

The ten people on the premises included a five-year-old boy, who at one point asked to go wee-wee. The cop escorting the kid casually asked, over the commode, if he knew where "the little balloons" were hidden, and the kid nodded. When the cop then offered him a \$5 bribe, the kid led him right to the spot where the heroin was buried.

The woman's trial conviction was initially reversed in district court, where the



magistrate said that cops' bribing kids was "shocking to the conscience" and so "violative of the decencies of civilized conduct" that the woman's right to due process of law had been violated. The ninth circuit upheld the conviction, though, remarking: "Due process means many things, but we are not convinced it confers immunity on criminals clever enough to keep their crimes within the family."

Lest cops everywhere take to bribing infants to turn in their pot-smoking folks, though, the court was careful to point out that the Seattle case was special. The bribe to the child was termed "an isolated and atypical incident," made permissible only because of the woman's "Fagin-like use of children." Because she was calculatingly making her kids active accessories to her crime—and because the kids had shown they knew about the smack by laughing at the cops when they couldn't find it—the bribe was okay. "To hold that police may never match love of lucre against family loyalty would be nonsense," cracked the court.

DUMPING OF STASH MAY HURT

People who think they're about to be searched on the street for dope by a cop should not try to ditch the stuff right there, the Florida Court of Appeals for the Third District points out in a decision upholding the conviction of a teenage kid for grass possession. The kid had been bicycling innocently through Tallahassee when two cops in an unmarked car, patrolling for bike-riding black youths who had pulled off a recent string of housebreakings, asked him to pull over. The kid responded by tossing a bag of grass onto the street and heading for the hills; one cop nailed the dope, and the other chased down the kid.

In appealing the conviction, the defense charged that the cops had no grounds for stopping the kid in the first place, so their retrieval of his stash was an illegal search. The court, however, noted nearly a dozen other cases where persons on the point of being searched tossed away their dope in plain view; evidently a lot of people believe it will help their case in court later. This belief is erroneous.

In this particular case, the court pointed out, if the officers had searched the kid after an illegal stop, the grass would certainly have been suppressed from evidence at any subsequent trial. But since the kid had "voluntarily abandoned" his grass in a public place, no real concept of "search" obtained here at all. □

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They got the wrong ones doing the commercials. They got some two-bit Broadway actor or some washed-up starlet who can barely break into Earl Wilson's column out on the deck of the Staten Island ferry with the salt air blowing her hair around just right as she belts out, "I love New York."

Bullshit. It should be Lou Reed. You could put him in a dank room in St. Vincent's Hospital with the paint peeling off the walls. Or sitting in the last car of the D train as it rolls toward the city from Coney Island. The same car Emmett Grogan died in. There are a million sets in the Naked City.

Lou Reed is our finest urban poet. And *The Bells* (Arista AB 4229) is a stunning tour de force, his most complete achievement to date. Eight snatches of cityscape, peopled by the New Yorkers (and deep down, we're all New Yorkers) we all know. People looking for connection—taking their pills or potions, whatever gets them through the night. Or to it. It was Lou Reed who once wrote, "If you close the door, the night could last forever."

He also once wrote, "It's hard being a man, living in a garbage can." Especially when you gotta do the dishes in a behavioral sink. But we endure. Most of us do. Except for some who wander out on ledges, Quasimodo's in drag, playing their last soliloquy to a hopeful audience:

It was really not so cute to play
without a parachute
As he stood upon the ledge, looking
out he thought he saw a brook
And he hollered, "Look there are
the bells"
And he said, "Now here comes
the bells"

But it depends on how we hear them. For Lou's bells, like Edgar Allan's, can herald



Lou Reed, the Metal Machine Maestro, walks the wild side of the naked city's rock 'n' roll streets.

There are those who dismiss Lou Reed's vision as perverse. It's about as perverse as a barbecue on Long Island or a shooting gallery in Queens.

a world of merriment, happiness or terror.

So we group into families. Real or imagined. Natal or adopted. The guy in "Families" who can hardly ever go home, who won't inherit the family business out on the Island, who, no, won't get married and give his mother a grandson, who feels so awkward there, feels at home elsewhere. Or walks off a ledge.

What makes this album so great is that Reed has finally found a musical vehicle that matches the high-octane lyrics. It's a strange amalgam of jazz-rock, swirling, polyrhythmic, propelled by the tremendous

horn playing of jazz great Don Cherry and Marty Fogel's gutsy saxes. And Reed's singing, almost Bowie-like in its changeability, has just the right measure of commitment and ironic distance, from song to song.

There are those who dismiss Lou Reed's vision as perverse. It's as perverse as a barbecue in Freeport, Long Island. Or a shooting gallery in Astoria, Queens. There are no moralists in the foxholes. This album celebrates the human spirit in every borough. Let the city lights blaze, let the bells ring out their song. —Ratso Sloman

HEAVY-METAL HALEN

Yesterdaze overnight sensation becomes today's cereal box when the all-telling second album exposes the true lack of constructive disco destruction and creative power-chord pretensions at the artist's disposal. Boston bit the big one three years after unleashing their fuzz-box paranoia panorama to the tune of \$7 million, and now Van Halen follows suit with *Van Halen II* (Warner Bros. HS 3312), or, what do we do for an encore, gang?

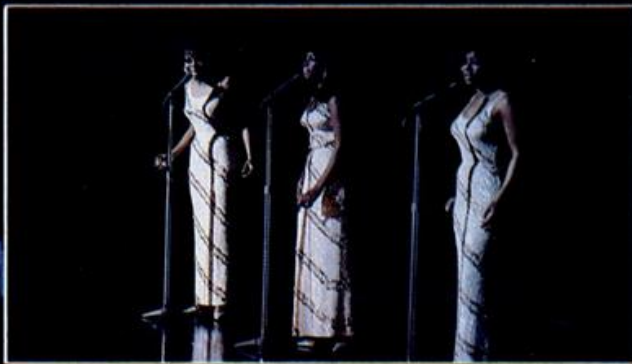
If at first you succeed, don't get cute when you try, try again. VH's debut LP was a mega-decibel display of prime-time brain damage, fueled by Eddie Van



Van Halen: vibrators, orgasms and boogie.

Halen's one-man Blue Oyster Cult guitar finesse and David Lee Roth's castrated lead microphone. This year, the band forsakes previous originality for vibrator orgasms and clones ZZ Top bozo boogie ("Bottoms Up"), Sweet's funk farts ("Outta Love Again") and even themselves ("Light Up the Sky") to maintain platinum pizzazz. Linda Ronstadt's "You're No Good" is given the dinosaur death treatment, and "Beautiful Girls" is latent macho posturing, a prerequisite in this sandbox, so *Van Halen II* shouldn't fail to please the party pukers who haven't had any fun since Deep Purple sank into the tar pits. Otherwise, please pass the punk.

—Chris Clark



Motown's chart-busting survivors: Smokey Robinson, the Temptations and the Supremes.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOTOWN

Motown's 20th birthday this year is marked by *From the Vaults*, a collection of ten previously unreleased recordings by that label's most successful stars of the '60s, including the original Supremes, the Temptations and the Marvelettes. Dating from 1962 to 1966, the songs on the LP were recorded when Motown was the primary force in American pop, operating at its creative and commercial peak. *From the Vaults* is a surprising addition to a musical legacy long believed to be complete and, for fans of the Detroit sound, a cache of buried treasure.

While none of the tracks on the album rank with the durable Motown classics, they're far from throwaways. "What More Could a Boy Ask For?" the Spinners' selection, features a delightfully lilting Harvey Fuqua-Johnny Bristol arrangement. Diana Ross's sweet, swinging vocal makes the trite lyrics of "Take Me When You Go" easily forgivable. Versatile Smokey Robinson scores as composer-producer of Mary Wells's "Drop in the Bucket" and as performer on his miraculous "It's Fantastic," easily the LP's best dance tune.

From the Vaults celebrates the

assembly line of the Motortown's hit factory, where a skilled crew of writers, singers, musicians and producers searched for the magical combination. Some of the experiments included are less than successful. Marvin Gaye's "Sweeter as the Days Go By" is basically a laid-back reworking of "Ain't That Peculiar." And the Monitors' "Cry" is a blatant rip-off of the Four Seasons' singing style. Still, all the cuts on the LP feature the impeccable handclapping, finger-poppin' Motown sound, great musicianship, and the pulsebeat of the ever-present snare drum.

The release of *From the Vaults* raises some interesting questions. Is it a one-shot, or is there much more unreleased material hidden away at Motown? And what about the LP's omissions? Holland-Dozier-Holland, perhaps Motown's greatest writer/producer team, is not represented, nor is Stevie Wonder or Junior Walker. Nevertheless, *From the Vaults* represents an unusual step forward for Motown. Apparently designed with posterity in mind, rather than profit, the LP marks the first time the label has released anything resembling a studio outtake. With *From the Vaults*, Motown looks self-consciously and proudly at the past artistry of its golden years. A unique historical document, it is also a wonderful birthday card.

—Bud Kliment

GLASS MENAGERIE

Opera is an art of the past. Modern works are seldom written. Most flop, never repeated. And Philip Glass and Robert Wilson's *Einstein on the Beach* (Tomato 4-2901, four records; highlights only, Tomato 101) is five hours in all. No plot, no intermission. No development, no transition. Motion perpetual motion. Musically intentionally monotony. Do re mi, do re mi. Loud and the simplest harmony. No anticipation. Nothing to recall. It asks for trouble, but fills up the hall.

Three basic scenes, developed three times. ABC, ABC, ABC. An image, not a declaration. A motivation for a meditation. First there comes A train. B is first a trial. C the people dance by a spaceship in a field. A becomes a train at night. Court Bcomes a jail. C them dance again. Trains are now A building, brick with no light. Jail now B a bed. Last, we C the players in little lighted rooms upon the ship in flight.

All players dressed as Einstein—suspenders, baggy pants and sneakers. They formulate their movements. The century grows old. Background-chanted texts balance hope against the cold. Hiroshima statistics show behind the frizzy hair. As prelude, postlude, interludes, "Knee Plays" for two, timeless songs of sex and violins, show lovers or maybe strangers,

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STONEAGE

outside of scenes and acts, paired in isolation. They know where they are but don't know who. They move around but go nowhere. Einstein fiddle on the sidelines, an uninvolved observer, relatively speaking. Numbers chanted syllables descanted, blend like atoms of history. Notes are lyrics as matter is energy. As easy as sol la ti, sol la ti.

Childlike harmony weaves security. Minimal structure induces trance. Clarity evokes complexity. More in the hearer's mind than in the dance. Austerity taps profuse emotion. Lickety-split tricky licks snake like ten unraveling balls of twine. Not quite identical, yet all drawn with the same line. Like waves on an oscilloscope beach, into and out of phase. 123, 12, 1234—a mad madrigal sung by souls in St. Anthony's blaze. The needle must be stuck, yet edges higher. Change snuck in unnoticed. Evolution has struck the mind with fire. A sense of "just when," as sharp as Bach's, to strike the harp and stop the lyre, again. Languidness, occasional, prestorm calm, balances. Before the algebraic microsecond wavelengths run amok once more. Forget the "highlights" disc. Hear the whole in toto. This music's psychedelic, no seams or breaks, perpetuo moto. Hypnotic arpeggios scale the score. Fa sol la, la ti do. More, more, more.

"It could get some wind for the sailboat. It could get the railroad for these workers. It could be a balloon. It could be very fresh and clean." But it's out of control too soon. Know what I mean? We've poisoned the

their bodies touch. They do not flinch, the judge has gone away. They are not dead. Heard of the Rite of Spring premiere? Excuse me, but I fear that someone's beating time upon my head.
—Gary Selden

MANIFESTO DESTINY

Leave the heart of Saturday night to Tom Waits. Bryan Ferry, songwriter and vocalist of Roxy Music, is stalking its soul. In the discos, not the diners. But where do you go when the after-hours places close? That's the central existential question of our time. If 7 A.M. satori in a greasy spoon was the program of the Beat-hipster era (kept alive by Waits at the edge of the



Front man Ferry portrays the rock poet as romantic hero.



Philip Glass, master of musical relativity.

age of Aquarius. So what's there left to do? Sit on the beach and play a Stradivarius.

Act Four's culmination, with cadenzas and coloratura, more dramatic orchestration, brings both fear and hope to their ultimate confirmation. The train is made of brick. The prison became a bed. The players end up in a ship of unknown destination. The dancers' feet are made of lead. But the strangers turn into lovers in the last Knee Play. In a park, on the bench,

wilderness, L.A.), Ferry's contribution is to relocate his spiritual quest in the particular '70s shrine: the disco.

Manifesto (Atlantic ATCO SD 38-114) is a cry in the night. A brilliant album that defines our time in the same way that Roxy's 1973 release *Stranded* ushered in this narcissistic decade. Who else in rock would resurrect the Robert Louis Stevenson Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde scenario (in the album's showstopper, "Still Falls the Rain") and use it as a vehicle to explore the excesses and the allure of the new hedonism? A strange situation indeed, when Hyde is our Muse.

But what can a poor boy do but play in a rock 'n' roll band. And dream. "Manifesto," the title track, is a stunning song: the rock 'n' roll poet as romantic hero, living on the edge, sailing through "frenzied ports of call," the "crazy guy [who'd] rather die than be tied down," rotting for the revolution and the workers of the world. Construction worker, I'm with you in Rockland. But at the barricades you might not see Bryan:

Hold out when you're in doubt
question what you see
and when you find an answer
bring it home to me.

If the East Side has the songs of inspiration and introspection ("Manifesto," "Still Falls the Rain," "Stronger through the



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Years"), on the West Side we meander
through the Studio 54 of the soul. And oh
but love is strange. "Dance Away" is the
one with the Herculean hook, a sprightly
sambalike anthem for the broken-
hearted. And what better therapy than to
hear Ferry moan:

Loneliness is a crowded room
full of open hearts turned to stone
All together all alone
All at once my whole world
had changed
Now I'm in the dark, off the wall
Let the strobe light up them all
I close my eyes and dance till dawn

Throughout the album Roxy's members
play with a precision and spirit that belies
their lengthy separation. They're more sup-
ple than ever, out-feating Little Feat on
"Ain't that So" and sending up the Stones
(and Mick and Jerri) on "Cry Cry Cry."

But where do you go when the
after-hours clubs close? Try stumbling
home, slapping *Manifesto* on the box and
spinning it 'round. Then dance away. You'll
never go to another diner.

—Ratso Sloman

JARRE'S EQUINOXE

Jean-Michel Jarre's first album, *Oxygene*,
was such a perfectly crafted space jewel
that he has a right to a bit of a letdown on
number two. Straining to top himself,
Jarre has created too facile an ecstasy.
Much of *Equinoxe* (Polydor PD-1-6175) is
self-consciously cosmic, too remote and



Jarre—cherchez le synthesizer.

passionless to engage the head or body ful-
ly. During some of its eight parts this
listener felt like he was dancing in
molasses in heaven to billions of harps.
Band four produces some real drama by
marrying richly embroidered orchestral
rock to a disco beat, but the next two cuts
revert to computerized-Herb Alpert,
mariachi-from-Mars effects.

These up-tempo tracks are fun and
make good window-washing music, but
we must wait for the final two sections
before Jarre lets loose another blast of
oxygen. A tricky syncopated bass line

grounds a swelling euphoric chant that
picks up a slowly growing array of har-
monic nuances, melodic fills, gurgles and
glimmers before dissolving into a thunder-
storm—and for the life of me I can't tell
whether the cloud is outdoors or made in
the studio.

After the rain, a wistful cabaret tune,
done as a sort of concertina-tuba duet,
dissolves into a neorevivalist tent song
that makes you want to shout "Amen." Space
rock is the modern equivalent of
spiritual music, and, to this end, Jarre has
consolidated his mastery of not just 1
but 16 synthesizers—the church organs
of our day. The last cut is worth the price
of the album, but, more important, Jarre
has shown that he is moving on, looking for
a way to surpass a great start; his best is
yet to come.

—Gary Selden

WHISTLE WHILE YOU TOOT

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musical health.

Peruvian Whistling Vessels (SRI-781,
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94302, \$8) is one in a series of records that
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—David Walley



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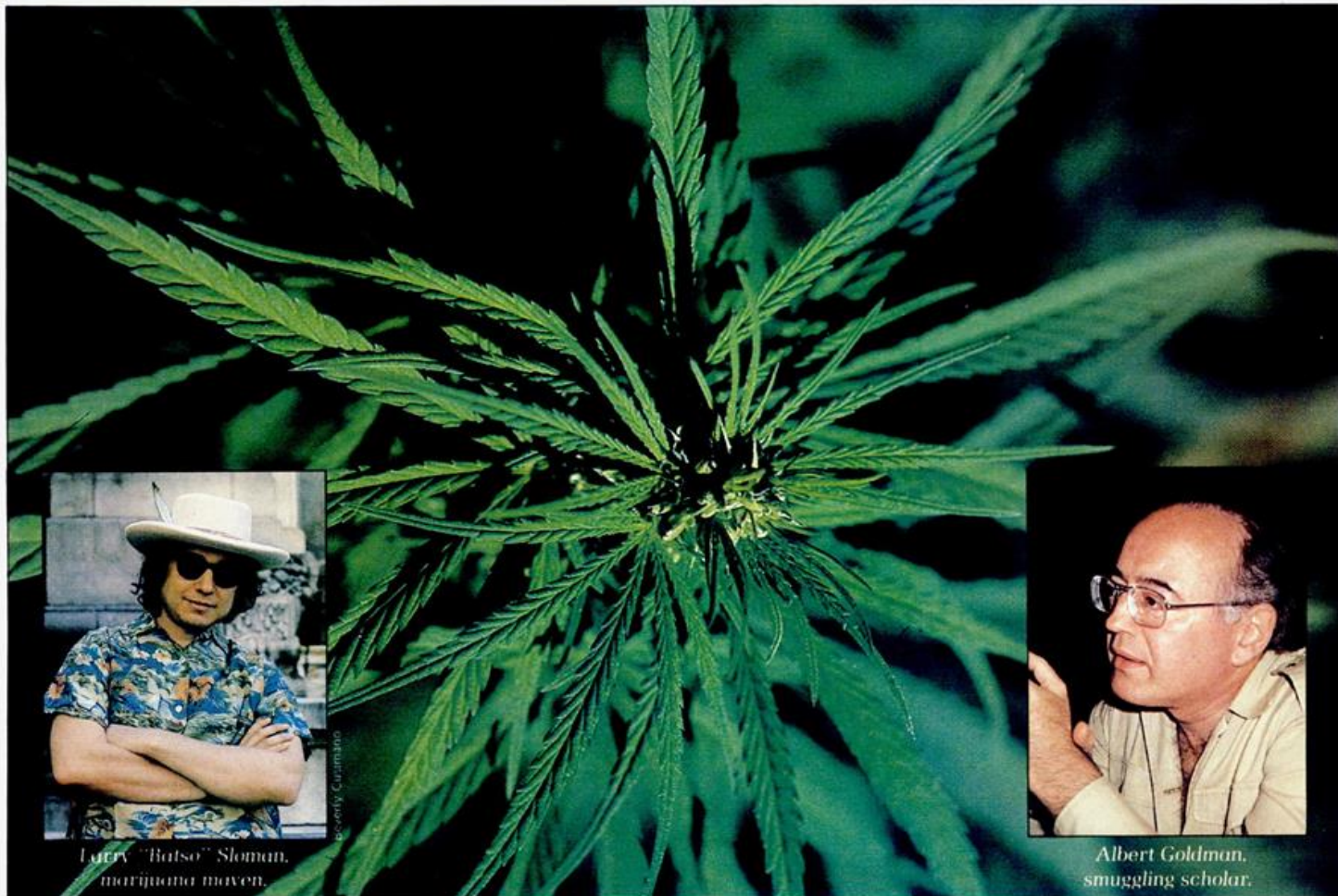
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Larry "Ratso" Sloman, marijuana maven.

Albert Goldman, smuggling scholar.

REEFER MADNESS

Larry "Ratso" Sloman, who last year presented an intimate, insider's look at the Rolling Thunder Revue in *On the Road with Bob Dylan*, now gives us the most comprehensive social history yet of pot in America. Ratso has been getting stoned since his days as a sociology grad student at the University of Wisconsin. (He wrote his thesis on the junkies and clap victims at the St. Marks Free Clinic in New York's East Village.) *Reefer Madness: The History of Marijuana in America* (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, \$12.95) was originally conceived as a collaboration between Ratso and his best friend, Jim Cusimano, who wrote a restaurant column for U. of W.'s *Daily Cardinal* and makes several sparkling cameo appearances as Ratso's marijuana and munchies taste tester.

In the third-person style of *All the President's Men* and Norman Mailer, Sloman writes about Sloman investigating the history of the wacky weed's popularization in America. His time machine takes him to George Washington's hemp pastures, to Harry Anslinger's obsessive battle against the rising tide of demonic dope

smokers, to Allen Ginsberg toking up with Burroughs and Kerouac.

Sloman's biggest scoop is the discovery of an interoffice government memo revealing that when the Treasury Department originally wrote the 1937 antimarijuana law they planned only to tax growers \$25, allowing them to grow and smoke their

**In the style of
All the President's Men
and Norman Mailer,
Sloman writes about Sloman
investigating
the history of
the wacky weed.**

own, with penalties for selling only. It was Anslinger's crazed ranting about dope smoking inciting wanton murder that led to the more repressive version of the law.

The '70s pot scene is represented in *Reefer Madness* by interviews with pot-

puffing suburban Jewish yentas and with rising young professionals who prove that smoking a lot of grass doesn't necessarily dampen ambition for the almighty buck. And what book on the marijuana movement would be complete without the hilarious antics of Yippie pranksters Dana Beal and Aron "Pieman" Kay?

—Harry Wasserman

GRASS ROOTS

Grass Roots: Marijuana in America Today (New York: Harper & Row, \$12.95) is the first major-press state-of-the-scene boo book to address the mass market in the vernacular. And who, you ask, is so qualified to address the masses? *High Times* contributing editor, Lenny Bruce biographer, former Columbia English professor, pop-culture historian Albert Goldman, that's who.

Goldman combines enough inside info to convince us he knows his shit with enough middle-aged academic tight-assedness to convince them. Data on the botany, pharmacology and political persecution of pot, and historic insights provided by a range of experts, from psychopharmacologist Jacques Joseph Moreau (1840) to

reefer-dealing jazz clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow (1940), complement the current-day dope adventures of Goldman himself.

Goldman bumbles through the boo underground like an older, balder, taller Woody Allen, hep but not quite hip. We see a nervous Albert copping on the streets of New York, a paranoid Albert ODing on hash brownies in Miami, a terrified Albert making a connection in Santa Marta. Only Albert Goldman has entree to Gotham's finest smokeasies, access to Barranquilla's back rooms, the confidences of the legendary Marijuana Maven, and the psychic constitution of a brownie (scout, not Alice B. Toklas). Here is a guy who can digress on the linguistics of leaf as easily as he can tell you how to smuggle it. Someone who can imagine he's lost his swallowing reflex and still convince your parents that pot should be legalized.

—Pamela Lloyd

THE NEW SOVIET PSYCHIC DISCOVERIES, by Henry Gris and William Dick (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, \$10.95). Shortly after the authors completed

The New Soviet Psychic Discoveries

by Henry Gris and William Dick

their startling research in the USSR, with the Novosti Press Agency's full clearance and cooperation, all channels of information into psychic research were closed to Western observers, using the excuse of a 1977 KGB-staged show involv-

ing an American reporter and some allegedly secret parapsychological papers. Although the topic isn't new, the Soviets' rigorous investigation of inner space while proclaiming, at the same time, their atheistic ideology remains one of the fascinating ironies of our time.

Take Kirlian photography (photos of auras used diagnostically like X rays). The AMA and American Cancer Society discount it as just another useless New Age gadget. However, Kirlian machines are accepted in the Soviet Union, where they are used in hospitals, space technology, agriculture, and geological and metallurgical research. A 50-year-span experiment is being conducted, Kirlian told the authors in his first interview with Western journalists, in which daily "aura files" have been kept on 100 individuals from birth. And a team of scientists under physicist Victor Inyushin is working hard in the secret research facilities of Alma Ata, where an imminent breakthrough is expected in cancer research using newly developed Kirlian paraphernalia.

Also presented in detail are the by-now classical Kamensky/Nikolayev telepathy, or bio-information, experiments testing individuals gifted in telekinesis, levitation, psychic healing, mentalism and hypnosis. Rather than debunk these phenomena, Soviet investigators have advanced theories about a "system of elementary particles

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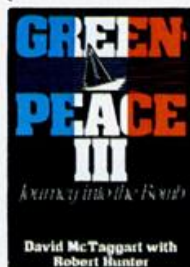
called biological plasma" as the basis for new psi technologies such as Dr. Sergeyev's "time machine" and Inyushin's "laser acupuncture."

The *New Soviet Psychic Discoveries* offers interviews with top Soviet astronomers and academicians about contacting extraterrestrial intelligences at their radio observatories in Gorki and Byurakan. It presents probes into the history of our solar system based on the hypothesis, supported by such an august body as the USSR Academy of Sciences, that a planet, which they call Phaeton, once existed in the present asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter. The said planet cracked under a chain of nuclear explosions, but a few survivors, or ancient astronauts, landed on primitive Earth, accelerating its evolution. Also included are important reports on the 1908 Siberian Tungusky explosion, Bigfoot, and research on UFOs by Felix Zigel, professor to the Russian cosmonauts at the Moscow Aviation Institute.

Interesting and entertaining throughout, this book leaves one with the gut feeling that, while Western scientists are still engaged in a useless debate on whether or not paranormal phenomena exist, their Soviet peers are explaining and perhaps even controlling these powers. We shouldn't be surprised then if one day the comrades blow us up with some highly unpleasant and effective psi weapon.

—Antonio Huneus

GREENPEACE III, Journey into the Bomb, by David McTaggart and Robert Hunter (New York: William Morrow, \$10.95).



There are those who believe that marijuana smugglers are the last of the world's great adventurers. They defy all odds, travel to romantic settings and always seem to end up bringing the goods home. But the freebooter's bravery is minimal compared to the people of *Greenpeace III*. These are the people who sail ships into nuclear holocausts, shoot rubber bands at the French navy and single-handedly grapple with world powers trying to take over the world's oceans for nuclear testing.

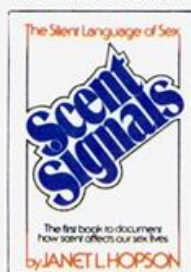
They are totally nuts. Totally mad. Total heroes. Every year the Greenpeace folks roll out the small yacht, cat and mouse heavily armed French gunboats and head straight into the epicenter of a nuclear testing site. It is there that they float like ducks in a barrel, defying the French government to explode their atomic weapons. *Greenpeace III* is a modern adventure of human compassion beyond anything else imaginable. Not only have the Greenpeace desperadoes been beaten, shot at and arrested by French authorities, they have followed the deadly atomic devices to their blast

point, attempted to stop the navy's setting them off and have only given in when physically removed from the blast site.

Greenpeace III, Journey into the Bomb is the story of their adventure. It is the ultimate *Red Badge of Courage* for the nuclear age. It is the story of a few men willing to sacrifice their lives for the betterment of all humankind.

—A. Craig Copetas

SCENT SIGNALS: The Silent Language of Sex, by Janet L. Hopson (New York: William Morrow, \$7.95). Your nose is a sex organ. It grows larger in puberty along with the genitals, and some of its spongy tissue fills up with blood during an attack of lust, just like the erectile spaces of the penis or clitoris. The olfactory bulb of the brain, being



located in the oldest part of the cerebrum, is right next door to the sexual centers in the hypothalamus and limbic septum. Furthermore, humans, like most insects and animals, emit a symphony of smells that seem to unconsciously affect our reactions to other people all the time, even though sight and sound dominate the consciousness.

It has been proven that women who live or work together many hours each day eventually synchronize their menstrual cycles. California researcher Michael Russell showed that smell coordinates this trick. Using the armpit sweat of a colleague who didn't shave and had a clockwork 28-day cycle, he daubed "essence of Genevieve" on the upper lips of 16 volunteers and brought their periods within three days of each other after four months. No one yet knows whether "essence of strange man" can prevent pregnancy in women as it does in mice, or, similarly, whether human "stud smell" will help activate fertility.

Scent Signals is the only book that brings together the fascinating discoveries about sexones, copulins, pheromones and other odor communicators. It is as clear as any summary of this chaotic and hotly debated research field can be, and Hopson carefully sorts out the proven facts from exciting but unproven theories.

Much more is known about animal smells than their human counterparts. Some creatures are olfactory robots. Ants will groom a dead ant until it stinks and bury one tainted with death smell no matter how often it runs back to the land of the living. Humans are not so "smell-bound," perhaps because we wash off most of our odors in the shower, then mask any residue with the copulins of a jonquil or a beaver. Even so, Hopson's book is the general public's best avenue to awareness of subliminal nasal seduction, and it offers a glimpse into a future of sexone-scented

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A new tune to play.

Meet the Pied Piper™. The first water pipe to thoroughly research the 'why' of smoking. Smoking itself. And the cool, clean enjoyment it should deliver.

The research led us to a complete reexamination of the water pipe: what it is, how it works, how we can make it better. We'd like to share the results with you.

The Pied Piper presents solutions to problems.

The key to the Pied Piper is in its use of the purest materials and functional design—smoothly sculpted plexiglas, enveloping a glass liner, that solves several specific problems encountered by bong smokers.

Ease of Assembly. 4 detachable units, each performing a

precise function. Assembles and disassembles in seconds.

Ease of Smoking. a) A mouthpiece that molds gently around the lips. b) A bowl/stem that completely eliminates the screen, yet allows the smoke to draw down into the glass, where the water cleans and cools it. c) A built-in carburetion system that clears the pipe with a flick of the finger. d) A pure, clean smoke, with no aftertaste, from use of glass and water. (Or, preferably Perrier® mineral water.

Ease of Cleaning. a) Easy disassembly of the 4 parts. b) Just a quick swab of the stem, likewise with the bowl, and a refill of water. Voila.

It's high time for the Pied Piper.

Finally, a pipe that is designed for the smoker, pure and simple. This new concept in water pipe smoking, devel-

oped specially by the Buzzon Research group, is about to lead the industry in a new direction. You'll find the Pied Piper easy to smoke, easy to clean, and easy to look at.

Discover the how and why the unmatched high by following the Pied Piper home from your favorite paraphernalia store. For additional information, or to order by phone call (602) 265-4840. The Pied Piper wants to talk to you.



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Model G

Model M
Your Choice \$24.95

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CB-500 Sugg. Retail \$22.00

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political handbills and hamburgers, perfumes that really work, a fail-safe olfactory rhythm method and contraceptive nasal sprays.

—Gary Selden

FREAKS' AMOUR, by Tom De Haven, (New York: William Morrow, \$9.95).



What happens to the survivors of an atomic surprise? Soon you may get a chance to find out in your very own neighborhood, but while you're waiting, try some grade-A science fiction. De Haven

has tentatively scheduled a nuclear explosion for April 18, 1988, at 221 Blofeld Street, Jersey City, New Jersey. The case remains officially unsolved, with hints of a terrorist-bomb-factory accident. Only 1,200 people died, so life soon resumes its hysterical course, except for 77,000 folks with beat-up chromosomes.

These hapless locals begin growing reptilian claws on fingers, little blind eyes on cheeks, teeth in nipples, gorilla hair, fins, watermelon-sized skulls and hideous wattles. Soon Hudson County has several Freaktown ghettos where the victims cluster for solace and protection from freak baiters.

The fraternal twins Charles and Alan Fistick live in Jersey City. Charles (called Grinner Fishdick for his lopsided mouth, green scales and gills) and Alan (dough faced, called Flour) grow up hating each other but loving Reeni Stankunas (furry, lipless, face full of moles). She marries Grinner, and together they work the rent-a-freak agencies and road shows at \$90 per hard-core freak rape. Even though a side order of macaroni salad costs over \$5 and Normals buy bags of rocks and broken glass at the door to chuck at the performers, they still hope to survive and save the multithousands needed for Synthaskin surgery. Sure it's a grind, but it beats selling radioactive cockroach powder as an aphrodisiac.

Eventually this life gets Reeni down. She goes back to Flour, an outlaw proud of his skin who lives by dealing death eggs, a new drug he discovered in the roe of his mutant goldfish, which gives a few hours of rigor mortis followed, usually, by resurrection. The mangled love triangle soon runs afoul of the narcs, and the conflict yields more sardonic tragedy for all, as well as a solution to the Blofeld Blast mystery.

Freaks' Amour would make a great movie, but we'll see it on the news in a few years anyway. De Haven's imagination is unusual in achieving the same level of obscenity as real life. He does not flinch at exploring the similarities between humanity and cancer. The author actually lives in Jersey City—our gain, his funeral.

—Gary Selden

Mass-media consumers, beware. Your information is coming from fewer and fewer sources.

It's about time you take a look at *Alternative Media*, the magazine beholden to nobody but its readers. *Alternative Media* punches holes in the mass-media myths. It gives you truly independent viewpoints. Read about public-access television, community radio, underground comics, the ever-growing alternative press. Discover news and entertainment the overgrown media empires suppress or ignore.

Since when was the truth a commodity?

Some facts:

10 newspaper chains earn over half of all newspaper revenues in this country.

5 media conglomerates share 95% of the records and tapes market. Warners and CBS control 65% of the market.

8 Hollywood studios account for 89% of U.S. feature film rentals.

3 television networks earn over two-thirds of the total television revenues.

7 paperback publishers dominate mass-market books.

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MAN BITES DOG

Banking on the old saw that "No news is good news," the Unknown Editor hacks away at the next edition of the No News Service, a triweekly dispatch of "all the news that never happened anywhere." Boasting innumerable No News agents and uninformed sources, comprising an intergalactic network, NNS reckons on riding the crest of No Wave journalism into the '80s and beyond.

Recent NNS dispatches have recorded the world's first glaucoma epidemic in No Mexico (following passage of a law allowing medical prescription of pot to glaucoma victims) and the historic Pinhead Convention in No York City. NNS not long ago scooped the competition with an exclusive story on Altamont II and the incisive exposé "Is Perrier Water Carcinogenic?"

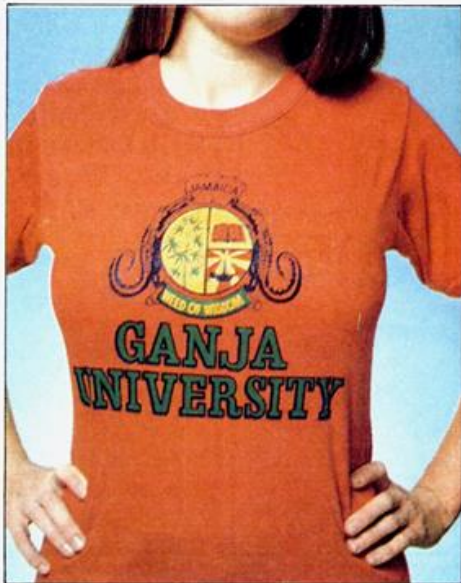
Originally aimed at news-hungry editors, this seriocomic service is now available to the public. "Innocent Bystander" subscriptions are \$3 quarter-



ly, \$10 annually. Though NNS has no office and no phone, a sub (or sample for \$1) may be obtained by writing their anonymous mail drop: No News Service, 110 Bank Street G-4, No York City, No York 10014. (Media rates on request.)

GANJA UNIVERSITY T-SHIRT

You'll be the dreaddest head when you return to school this fall sporting one of these Ganja University T-shirts to the freshman-orientation mixer or to your first day of class in the psychology department. Let 'em know that your head's in the clouds by wearing proudly the colors of the School of Rastafarian Highs. This authentic bit of Jamaican culture can be had for the small price of \$6 American greenbacks. Order from the Sun King, 45 Molynes Road, Kingston 10, Jamaica, West Indies. Ask them to send you one of their catalogs too.

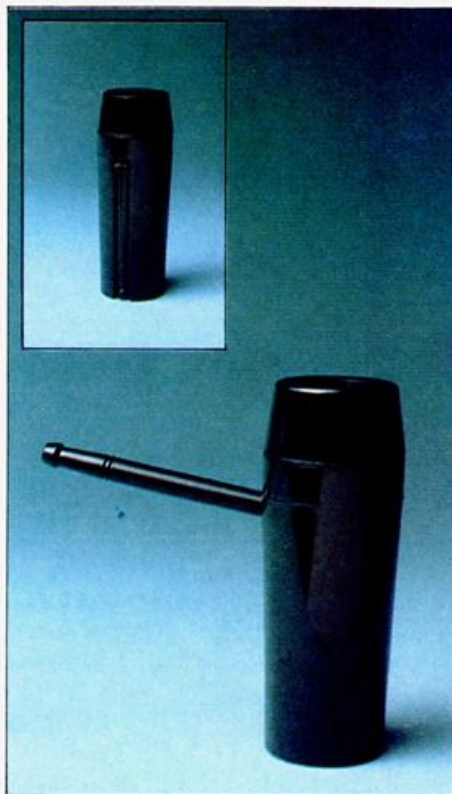


FREAK BROTHERS COKE SNORTER

Now, for the small price of \$8, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling, you can have your very own miniature statue of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers stealing a telephone pole. This one-and-a-half-inch-tall pewter statue holds a clear Pyrex tube that can be used as a nostril extender or a smoke holder. Join Phineas, Fat Freddy and Freewheelin' Frank as they set out in search of just one more high. Order from the Rip-Off Press, Dept. HT, P.O. Box 14158, San Francisco, California 94114.

THE AQUAPIPE

Stop the presses! A late-breaking item from this year's paraphernalia trade show: Now, from the same people who brought you EZ-Wider rolling papers and the EZ-Wider waterpipe smoking system, comes the Aquapipe. The first really practical, spill-resistant, portable, pocket-size waterpipe. The Aquapipe, made out of tough, shatter-resistant, waterproof plastic, represents many years of development and testing. Standing less than four inches tall and one inch wide, it easily fits in the palm of the hand for quick toking. The bowl is a little bigger than thumb size and has two levels for the screen. The plumbing system is virtually spill proof, incorporating a foldaway plastic stem that seals off the water chamber when not in



use. A great value for under \$10. Pick one up at your local head shop, or, in the event that the authorities have passed an anti-paraphernalia law, order direct from the manufacturers, Robert Burton Associates, 485 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of any item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor. ☐

PAGE MAZE!
START HERE
END HERE

THE
High Times

PUZZLE PAGE

BY Ken Weiner

Journey to the center of your

MIND!

START
AT THE
NOSE!



Let's take
a look in
the ol' stash
box! BUT HEY!
SOME JOKE
has hidden
a PRACTICAL
JOKE IN
among the
nine drug
words—go
find them
& SEPARATE
THEM!



WHICH OF THE FOUR MEN
is a drug enforcement agent?

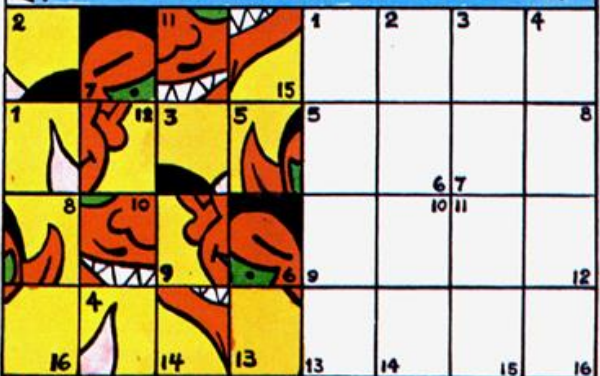


ANS: ALL OF THEM! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

Here's a tough
one for you!
can you draw 4
straight lines
through the nine
pills and NOT
lift the PEN!! If
not your BRAIN
is a total LOSS!
ANSWER on PAGE 352!



THE MYSTERY GUEST!
who is that? Sort out the lines
& colors in NUMERICAL ORDER!!



CONNECT THE DOTS!
and color in the HALLUCINATION!



DISGUISE THE NARC!



Psi Energy from Matias Romero



Once you have encountered **MATIAS ROMERO** you'll quickly discover it's something **very** special. **MATIAS ROMERO** is the latest and greatest development from **HIDDEN CREEK**, the magic mushroom people who are forever keeping your mind in mind.

One Step Is All It Takes to start production in your **MATIAS ROMERO** mushroom farm. This is an important contrast to "kits" in which one must first germinate *CUBENSIS* spores to mycelia...a process taking up to four weeks. "Kits" come with only one growing chamber thereby giving only one chance for mushroom growth. All require frequent watering which greatly increases the chance of contamination and crop failure.

In your **HIDDEN CREEK MATIAS ROMERO** farm, one step is all it takes to start your mushrooms growing. The healthy *CUBENSIS* starter comes to you already in mycelia form. All you do is transfer it into the growing chambers and wait for the joy of harvest time. No watering required! In just four to six weeks your first crop should be ready for harvesting.

Everything you need is included in your order. You get healthy **MATIAS ROMERO** *CUBENSIS* mycelia, multiple pre-sterilized growing chambers with ready-to-use brown rice growing medium and a transfer probe with a lighter to sterilize it.

It's high time you got together with **MATIAS ROMERO**. Newly discovered from Oaxaca, it's a distinct, tropical variety of *CUBENSIS* that has never been offered to the public before.

HIDDEN CREEK magic mushroom farms are easier, faster and far more productive than any of the mushroom-growing "kits" on the market today and best of all, **SUCCESS IS GUARANTEED!**

MATIAS ROMERO...A natural path to a new experience...and it's only one step away.

MAKE A DATE WITH MATIAS ROMERO

*HIDDEN CREEK ECONOMY MATIAS ROMERO MUSHROOM FARM (One tube of mycelia and three growing chambers	\$30.00
*HIDDEN CREEK DELUXE MATIAS ROMERO MUSHROOM FARM (Two tubes of mycelia and six growing chambers	\$40.00
or order the Original RENAISSANCE <i>CUBENSIS</i> MAGIC MUSHROOM FARMS	
*HIDDEN CREEK RENAISSANCE <i>CUBENSIS</i> ECONOMY FARM (One tube of mycelia and three growing chambers	\$25.00
*HIDDEN CREEK RENAISSANCE <i>CUBENSIS</i> DELUXE FARM (Two tubes of mycelia and six growing chambers	\$35.00
Single Tubes of MATIAS ROMERO mycelia	ea. \$22.00
Single Tubes of RENAISSANCE <i>CUBENSIS</i> mycelia	ea. \$17.00

FOR MORE COMPLETE INFORMATION ON MUSHROOM GROWING, READ:

MAGIC MUSHROOM CULTIVATION
by Steven H. Pollock, M.D. \$5.50 ppd.



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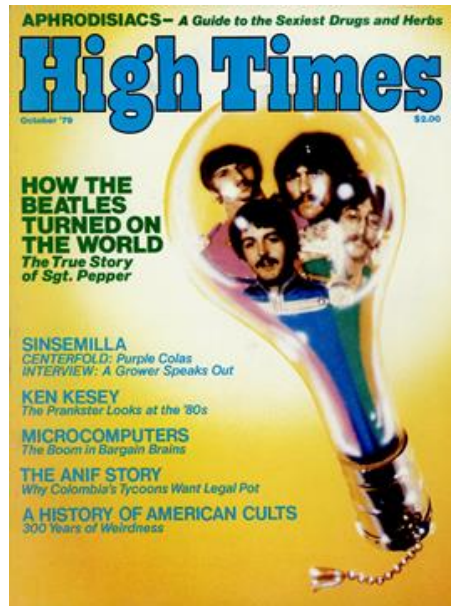
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High Times

OCTOBER 1979



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